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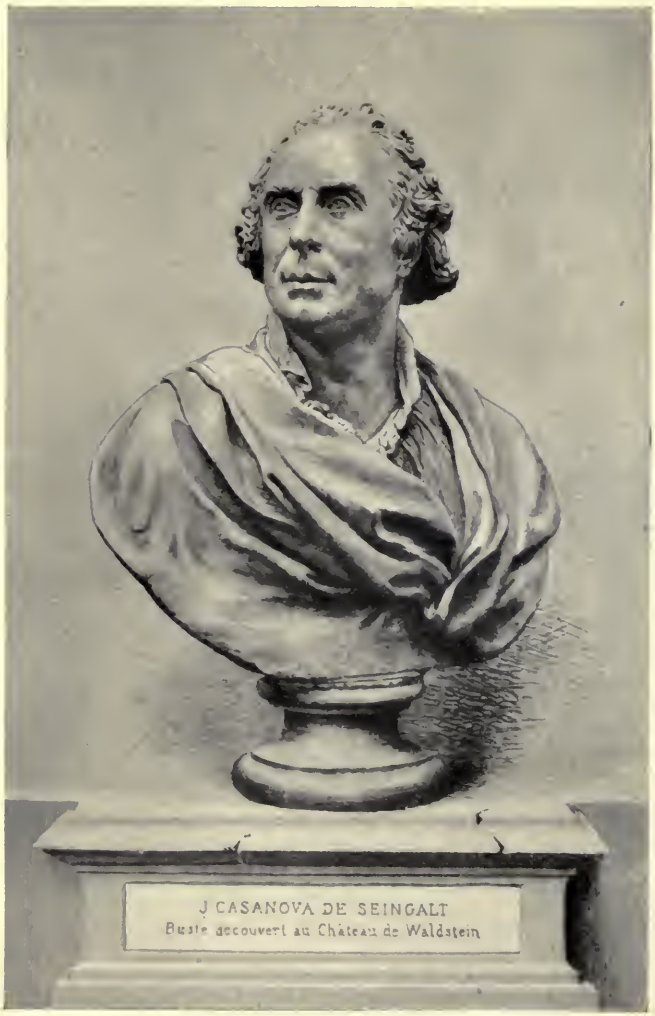
THE MEMOIRS OF
JACQUES CASANOVA DE SEINGALT


J CASANOVA DE SEINGALT
Buste decouvert au Château de Waldstein

THE MEMOIRS OF
JACQUES CASANOVA
DE SEINGALT

THE PRINCE OF ADVENTURERS

A New and Abridged Edition, with
Introduction, Two Portraits,
Notes, and Appendices

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II

LONDON
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ERRATA

Vol. i. page 334, for 'Xantes' read 'Zante.'
,, ,, 344, ,, 'rhine wine' read 'Rhine wine.'
,, ,, 374, ,, 'Lyon' read 'Lyons.'
,, ,, 349, ,, 'Manheim' read 'Mannheim.'

MEMOIRS OF
JACQUES CASANOVA DE SEINGALT

CHAPTER XXX

A COMPANY OF PLAYERS

One day, in the *foyer* of the Comédie Française, I met little Poinsinet.[1]

'What has become of Lord Lismore?' I asked.

'He wrote to his mother, and told her he was going to India. He said if you had not been kind enough to give him a thousand louis, he would have been thrown into a Roman prison.'

'I was interested in him; I should like to go with you to see his mother.'

'I will introduce you, and I am sure she will ask you to stay and sup with her.'

I found my lady, who was still beautiful, with M. de Saint-Albin, Archbishop of Cambrai, her superannuated lover, who spent the whole of the revenue of his see on her. He was the son of the Regent and an actress. He had supper with us, but he only opened his mouth to put something in it; as for my lady, she talked of nothing but Lismore,

[1] Antoine Alexandre Henri Poinsinet was the son of the notary to the Dukes of Orleans, and succeeded largely through influence. He wrote the scenarios to numerous comedies and lyric tragedies, one of which, called *Le Cercle, ou une Soirée à la mode*, was played at the Théâtre Français. He was the butt of the literary and aristocratic society into which he forced himself for years, no trap seemed too evident, no misapprehension too gross, for him to fall into. Thackeray dilates on him in his *Paris Sketchbook*.

whom she lauded to the skies. I held my tongue; for though I knew him to be a worthless scamp, it was not my place to say so.

I had nothing more to do in Paris, and I was only waiting for the clothes I had ordered to be finished, when an unfortunate occurrence obliged me to precipitate my departure. I do not like to speak of this occurrence, for it very nearly cost me life and honour, not to mention a hundred thousand francs.

I was walking in the Tuileries gardens when I met La Dangenancour, a well-known dancer. The last time I was in Paris I had tried in vain to make her acquaintance, but this time she accepted my advances. I invited her to dine with me at Choisy,[1] and while walking in the garden before dinner we were joined by two adventurers and their female friends. We all dined together; but just as we were about to return to Paris I missed a ring which I had taken off my finger to show one of the men, Santis. It was a pretty miniature set in diamonds, and had cost me twenty-five louis.

I asked Santis politely to return it to me. He replied that he had already done so.

He persisted in his assertion, and his friend, a Portuguese named Xavier, declared he had seen him hand it to me.

'You lie!' I cried; and seizing Santis by the cravat, I told

[1] Choisy, a village about seven miles from Paris, was a great resort of pleasure-seekers in the seventeenth century. The superb château was built in 1682 by *la grande Mademoiselle*. At her death it passed first into the hands of the legitimate, and then the illegitimate, sons of Louis XIV. The Duc de la Vallière sold it to Louis XV., who spent enormous sums on it, chiefly to please the Duchesse de Châteauroux, who was fond of the place. The original building was too small to contain all the favourites and their followers whom Louis gathered there. He built another and smaller château beside the original building, and here took place some of the most scandalous of his orgies. Both these monuments of royal vice, with their precious furniture and priceless paintings, were swept away by the Revolution. The large outbuildings, now forming part of a porcelain factory, are all that remain. The very name Choisy-le-Roi is menaced, for an enterprising mayor has already petitioned Government to suppress the obnoxious word *King*, and remove this painful stigma from the inhabitants of a free and Republican village.

him he should not leave the house till I had my ring again. The Portuguese came to his friend's rescue, but I fell back and drew my sword. The hostess rushed in screaming, and the girls shrieked too. Santis then said, if I would step aside with him for a moment, he would explain everything. Thinking he was ashamed to give the ring back before so many people, I followed him into the garden. Xavier jumped into the carriage with the girls, and they drove off to Paris.

In the meantime the adventurer, pretending to laugh, said it was all a joke, that his friend had the ring in his pocket, and would give it me back when we got to Paris.

'This is another lie,' said I; 'your friend said he saw you hand the ring to me. Do you think I am green enough to be taken in with such a story?'

Saying this, I tried to lay hold of his watch chain; but he whipped out his rapier and made a pass, which I parried; then pressing on him, I ran him through the body. He fell, calling for help. I sheathed my sword, and without paying any attention to him, I stepped into my *fiacre*, and drove away. I got out at the Place Maubert, and went a round-about way to the Hotel of the Holy Ghost, where I was staying. I was sure no one would come to look for me there, for even the host did not know my name.

I spent the rest of the day packing, then went to tell Madame d'Urfé of my adventure. I begged her to confide what she intended for me to Costa, who would join me at Augsburg. I ought to have told her to send it me by one of her servants, but my good genius had abandoned me that day; besides, I trusted Costa.

He leaves for Strasbourg precipitately. His reasons.

I had four post-horses put to my carriage, and never stopped till I got to Strasbourg, where I met Désarmoises, whom the reader will remember I had last seen at Turin, and le Duc. Having nothing to detain me in Strasbourg, I wanted to cross the Rhine at once, but Désarmoises persuaded me to go with him to see a lady who, he declared, had postponed her journey to Augsburg simply for the pleasure of seeing me, and of

travelling with me if it could be arranged. Her name was Renaud; she was a dancer whom I had met eight years before at Dresden. We left together the following day, she in her carriage with her maid, and I in mine with Désarmoises; but at Rastadt we changed, and she and I went on together. We became very friendly; she told me all her affairs, and I told her as much of mine as I wanted her to know. Speaking of Désarmoises, she said I ought to prevent him using the title of marquis, to which he had no right.

His reasons for adopting a title.

'And while we are on this subject,' she added, 'I would advise you to renounce false names and false qualities. Why do you call yourself Seingalt?'

'Because it is my name, my dear; but that does not prevent those who knew me in former years calling me Casanova. I am both Casanova and Seingalt. You understand that, don't you?'

'Yes, I understand. Do you know your mother is at Prague, and very badly off? Her pension has been cut off on account of the war.'

'I know, but I do not neglect my filial duties; I have sent her some money.'

'I am glad to hear it. Where will you lodge at Augsburg?'

'I shall take a house, and if you like you can be the mistress of it, and do the honours.'

'That will be delightful. We will give good suppers, and pass our evenings playing cards. I will engage to find a good cook—a Bavarian, say—and we will cut a fine figure at the Congress.'

We went to 'The Three Moors' at Augsburg, but they could not take us in there, as the whole hotel was retained by the French minister. My banker, M. Carli, found me a nice furnished house with a garden, which I took for six months.

La Renaud had to go to Munich, and persuaded me to go with her. We stayed at 'The Stag.' As my business and hers were quite distinct, I hired a carriage and footman for her, and one for myself.

Gama had given me a letter for Lord Stormont, the English minister to the Bavarian Court. His Britannic Excellency received me very well, and told me that when the time came he would do what he could; Lord Halifax had already spoken to him of my mission. I also had a letter for de Folard, the French minister, who invited me to dine with him. During the four fatal weeks I spent at Munich, his house was the only one I frequented. I say fatal weeks, for during that time I lost all my money. I was obliged to pawn over forty thousand francs' worth of jewellery, which I have never been able to redeem; and worse than all, I ruined my health. My assassins were La Renaud and Désarmoises, both of whom owed so much to me.

A confession of weakness.

I have done many a foolish thing in my life; I confess it as candidly as did Rousseau, and with less vanity than he; but the worst thing I ever did was to go to Munich when I had no earthly business there. But I had come to a crisis in my life. The evening I had spent with Lismore, my party at Choisy, my trust in Costa, my connection with Désarmoises, my *liaison* with La Renaud, my inconceivable idiocy in letting myself be cheated at faro at a court where the players were renowned throughout Europe for their skill in manipulating the cards to their own advantage—yes, I had been going *crescendo* from folly to folly since my departure from Turin!

I played every day, and it soon became difficult for me to pay my debts. When I had exhausted my credit at the bankers I had recourse to the Jews. Désarmoises and La Renaud were my intermediaries, and the latter soon succeeded in making herself mistress of all I possessed. This serpent, newly crept out of hell for my discomfiture, emptied my pockets, and undermined my health. I was completely under her sway. The two accomplices played into each other's hands. Désarmoises shared his profits with La Renaud. He invited all sorts of people to my rooms, and entertained them at my expense; the most scandalous scenes, which I was powerless to prevent, took place there every night.

The Dowager Electress of Saxony, who had at first shown interest in me, mortified me deeply on the last two occasions on which I presented myself to her.

'Every one knows, sir, that you are living with La Renaud, and the conduct of your establishment is doing you an immensity of harm. Perhaps it is done without your authority, but I advise you to put a stop to it at once.'

Anxiety with regard to the offerings of the marquise.

She little knew how I longed to do so, and how my hands were tied! A month had passed since I left Paris, and I had no news of Madame d'Urfé or of Costa. I fancied that my dear friend was dead, or that some one had opened her eyes to certain facts, which would have amounted to the same thing, so far as I was concerned.

I could not go to Paris, to see for myself; my purse was empty. I was troubled; I was beginning to feel the depression that comes of increased age. The careless confidence of youth, the sense of self-reliance was gone, and yet experience had not taught me wisdom. But my strength of character was not entirely broken down. I took a sudden resolution one day, said farewell to La Renaud, and went off to Augsburg, thankful that Désarmoises had decided to stay behind with the unworthy creature he had introduced to me. My servants preceded me, and I found my pretty little house all ready. I went straight to bed, determined not to leave it till I was dead or cured. The celebrated surgeon Kefalides undertook to do the latter. I followed his advice, dieting myself severely, taking baths and mercurial frictions, but at the end of six weeks I was worse than before, and as thin as a lath.

Two varieties of the medical treatment of the day.

I would have nothing more to do with Kefalides, and it was Doctor Algardi who prepared me ninety pills, composed each one of eighteen grains of manna. I took one every morning, with a large glass of milk and water; I took more milk and water in the evening, and some barley broth. I had no other nourishment for two months and a half. Thanks to this heroic treatment, I recovered.

It was during my illness that I learned Costa had gone off

with the diamonds, watches, snuff-boxes, linen, and embroidered clothes which Madame d'Urfé had sent me by him. Fortunately the letter of credit for fifty thousand francs which she gave me at the same time had been confided to other hands, and arrived just in time to relieve me from the poverty into which my misconduct had plunged me. Costa goes off with the booty.

Then I discovered that le Duc was robbing me. I would have forgiven him, but in so doing I should myself have been compromised. I kept him, however, till my return to Paris at the beginning of the following year.

Towards the end of the month of September, when it was definitely settled that the Congress would not take place, La Renaud passed through Augsburg, but did not dare to come near me, for fear that I should force her to give up certain things of mine she had appropriated. Four or five years later she married an individual named Böhmer, the jeweller who gave Cardinal de Rohan the famous diamond necklace for Marie Antoinette. She was in Paris when I went back there, but I did not go to see her. I should have slit Désarmoises's ears for him, but he wisely kept out of my way, and died poverty-stricken in Normandy. La Renaud becomes the wife of Böhmer, of diamond necklace fame.

Then I began to enjoy myself. Anna Midel, my excellent cook, had been idle too long; she had enough to do now to satisfy my appetite, which was gluttonous. For three weeks I was furiously hungry, and could not eat enough; my guests watched me with stupefaction, and my doctor predicted I should die of indigestion, but indeed the more I ate the stronger I grew.

One morning a woman, ugly, but lively and talkative as only an Italian can be, presented herself at my house, and begged me to intercede for her and her company with the magistrates of the town. She was ugly, as I have said, but she was a compatriot and poor, so without even asking her name I promised to help her, and I obtained the favour she demanded. A company o comedians.

I went to the first performance, and saw that the leading actor was a Venetian; twenty years before he and I had been

schoolfellows at the Seminary of St. Cyprien. His name was Bassi, and, like me, he had abandoned the priesthood. Fate had made an actor of him, and judging from appearances, not a successful one; he seemed miserably poor. I felt a kindly interest for the companion of my youth, and went behind the scenes when the curtain fell. He presented me to his wife and to his daughter, a pretty girl about fourteen; then calling up the other members of the company (of which he was the director), he introduced them to me as his friend. These good people, seeing me wearing an order and ribbon, took me for a famous cosmopolitan charlatan who was then in Augsburg, and for some reason best known to himself Bassi did not undeceive them. When the comedians had exchanged their theatrical rags for their everyday rags, the ugly Signora Bassi laid hold of my arm, and told me I must go home to supper with them. I let myself be persuaded, and by and by we arrived at their abode, which was much as I had expected to find it. An immense room on the ground floor served as kitchen, dining-room, and dormitory. One-half of a long table was covered with a torn and dirty cloth, on the other half was a kettle, in which the dishes left from dinner were being hastily washed for supper. A candle-end, stuck in a bottle's neck, lighted this hole of a place, and Signora Bassi snuffed it continually between her finger and thumb.

The humours of the Bassi troupe.

One of the actors, who played assassin and highwayman, and was therefore allowed to wear immense moustaches, acted as cook and butler; he served us an enormous dish of warmed-up meat, floating in a quantity of muddy liquid dignified by the name of sauce. The famished family tore the meat up with fingers and teeth, for lack of knives and forks, and then sopped up the gravy with huge hunches of bread. A big pot of beer was passed from hand to hand, and in spite of all this squalor, every one was gay. 'In what, after all, does happiness consist?' I asked myself. The cook then brought a second dish, full of bits of fried pork, and the banquet was over. I had excused myself from partaking of it.

Scenes under his management.

After supper Bassi told me his adventures, which were in no way extraordinary, while his daughter sat on my knee. He said he was going to Venice for the carnival. I wished him good luck, and when he asked me what my profession was, I answered thoughtlessly that I was a doctor.

'That is as good a trade as any,' said he, 'and I am glad to say I can make you a present which will be of much use to you.'

'And what may this present be?'

'A recipe for Venetian treacle; it will cost you four sous a pound to make, and you can sell the same quantity for two florins.'

'I shall be delighted to have the recipe. And now, tell me, are you doing well here?'

'I must not complain for a first performance. I have paid all expenses, and given each actor a florin. But I don't know how I am going to manage to-morrow, for my actors have struck, and refuse to play unless I give them each a florin in advance. I haven't a sou in my purse, and nothing to pawn. It will injure them as well as me, though, for I am certain to make fifty florins to-morrow.'

'How many are there of you?'

'Fourteen, including my own family. Can you lend me ten florins? I will pay you back to-morrow.'

'Certainly, but on condition you all come to supper with me at the tavern near the theatre.'

The poor devil was beside himself with gratitude, and undertook to order the supper at a florin a head. I wanted a hearty laugh, and knew that the sight of the fourteen hungry creatures stuffing themselves would furnish it.

But next evening there were only between thirty and forty people in the theatre; and poor Bassi, after paying the orchestra and the lighting, had to come to me for another ten florins. I told him we would talk about it after supper.

The repast lasted three hours. I ordered several bottles of marquisat wine, principally to please the soubrette, a girl

from Strasbourg, with a pretty figure, a delicious voice, and an indescribable way of pronouncing Italian.

Before leaving the inn, I made the following speech :—

He subsidises the company for a week.

'Gentlemen and ladies, I take you into my service for a week at the rate of fifty florins a day for the entire company, but you must play for my benefit, and must pay the expenses of the theatre. You must let the seats at a price which I decide. If the takings amount to more than fifty florins, you will share the profits among you. Furthermore, five persons of the company, whom I shall choose, must sup with me every evening.'

My proposition was received with cries of joy. Pen, ink, and paper were sent for, and an agreement was drawn up and signed then and there.

'For to-morrow,' I said, 'we will have the tickets at the usual price. I invite you, Bassi, and your family to supper to-morrow. Bring the soubrette with you, and her dear harlequin, from whom, I see, she does not like to be parted.'

Poor Bassi had no better luck next night. He brought me ten florins, all that was left when the expenses had been paid.

'Courage!' said I, 'things will mend in a day or two.'

We had a good supper, and I amused myself with little Bassi and the soubrette, without noticing poor jealous harlequin, who did not like the liberties I was taking with his sweetheart. She did not like them either, for she wanted harlequin to marry her. I tired of his sulky face at last, and took him by the shoulders and turned him out of the room. The scene then became painful, for the pretty soubrette wept bitterly, while Bassi and his wife laughed at her, and told her it was harlequin who had been rude to me in the first instance. She was inconsolable, however, and declared she would never sup with me again, unless I made it up with her lover. I said I would do as she wished, and a present of four sequins restored harmony.

I ordered Bassi to put up posters next day, announcing that the prices for the theatre would be two florins in the pit, a ducat in the boxes, and nothing at all in the gallery, which

was to be opened gratis to the first comers. He looked somewhat scared, and protested that we should not sell one ticket.

'May be,' I answered. 'You will ask the police to give us twelve men to keep order. I will pay them.'

'We shall want them. All the scum of the town will come for the free seats.'

'We shall see. At any rate, it will give us something to laugh over at supper.'

I went to see harlequin in his garret, and soothed him with two louis, and a promise to respect his mistress.

Bassi's poster set the whole town in a roar. He was treated as a madman; but when it was known that it was I who was the enterprising speculator, tongues wagged more busily than ever. When the evening came, the galleries were crammed, but the boxes and pit were empty. Only half a dozen of my friends were there, and a strange young man whom I strongly suspected of being a woman in disguise. The actors surpassed themselves, and the gallery applauded frantically.

The supper that night was most uproarious; every one was wild with excitement, except poor modest harlequin, who hid his face in his hands and remained motionless. Finally, I emptied my purse on the table, while my guests scrambled over one another to clutch at the spoils. Then I went back to my hotel and slept heavily. I was awakened by my servant bringing me a citation to appear before the burgomaster immediately. I was curious to know what he could want with me, as I was sure I had not in any way transgressed the laws of the town.

On appearing before him, the worthy magistrate addressed me in German; but as I could not speak a word of that language, he began to speak in Latin; not the Latin of Cicero, but the pedantic speech taught in the German universities.

'Why,' he asked, 'do you go under a false name?'

He justifies his territorial appellation.

'My name is not false. Ask the banker Carli, who has just cashed a cheque for fifty thousand florins signed with it.'

'I know, but your name is Casanova, and not Seingalt. Why do you take this name?'

'Because it pleased me; and by taking it I have made it so completely my own, that if any one else dared to use it I would use all possible means to prevent him.'

'How can you prove the name belongs to you?'

'Because I am the author of it, but I am Casanova as well.'

'No, sir, you must be one or the other. You cannot have two names at the same time.'

'Spaniards and Portuguese often have half a dozen.'

'But you are an Italian; and besides, how can one be the author of a name?'

'It is the easiest thing in the world. The alphabet belongs to everybody, that is undeniable. I took eight letters of this common property, and combined them so as to produce the word Seingalt. The word pleased me, and I have adopted it as my name, firmly persuaded that no one else has ever borne it before me, and no one can bear it without my consent.'

'It is an extraordinary idea, and you back it up with reasoning which is more specious than valid. Your name can only be what your father's was before you.'

'You are wrong, I think. The name which you yourself inherit has not existed always. It was fabricated by some one of your ancestors, who did not receive it from his father. You must agree with me, Herr Burgomaster.'

The Burgomaster is persuaded.

'I do, but it is a new idea.'

'On the contrary, it is as old as the hills. I can bring you to-morrow a string of names, all borne by living people, and all invented by them for their own use and pleasure.'

'But you must admit that the law forbids false names.'

'False names, yes, but nothing is more real than mine. Your own honoured name, which I have not the pleasure of knowing, is not more really yours; for, after all, it is possible that you are not the son of your father.'

He laughed, and showed me to the door, saying he would speak to my banker about me. I was going there myself, and naturally hastened to get there first. Carli laughed, and said the burgomaster was a good sort of man, stupid, but good-natured enough.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE GRAND OPERATION

I REACHED Paris the last day of the year 1761, and went straight to an apartment in the Rue du Bac, which my good kind Madame d'Urfé[1] had engaged for me, and which she had furnished with the greatest elegance and taste. The rooms were hung with superb tapestries which had belonged to Réné of Savoy, and on which were represented scenes illustrating the great operations of magic. Paris, December 31, 1761.

I was three weeks in my beautiful lodgings without going anywhere or seeing any one. I wanted to convince the good lady that I had returned to Paris solely to fulfil the promise I had given her, that I would by spells and enchantments cause her to be re-born, and in the form of a man.

The preparations for the grand operation took three weeks. We had to pay a separate devotion to the genius of each of the seven planets on days specially consecrated to them. Then I was to go to a place, the locality of which would be miraculously disclosed to me, where I should find a virgin,

[1] The d'Urfés came from Suabia. It was not until they had been many years in France that their name was corrupted from the original Wulfe into d'Urfé. They became possessed of vast estates in le Forez, a district of Auvergne, among others Champoly (Puy de Dôme), where their historic château is built on the summit of a mountain. This château was begun early in the thirteenth century by Wulfe the Valiant, a crusader, son-in-law of Guy, Comte de Forez. It was called Ulphi—in old documents *Ulphiacum*. The next change was Urphé. It is a regular fortress, and was formerly protected by a deep moat, thick walls, and battlemented towers. Two of these latter are still standing, and are known as 'd'Urfé's towers.' The château now belongs to the Montbrison family. The views from it are very extensive, embracing the mountains of Dauphiné and Savoy.

the daughter of an adept. This virgin would bear a son, the secret of whose birth would be known only to the brethren of the Rose ✠ Cross.

Her son would be born alive, with a 'sensitive soul.' This, translated into plain language, means that he would be sentient, but not intelligent. Madame d'Urfé was to receive him into her arms at the moment of his birth, and was to keep him in bed with her for seven days and seven nights. At the expiration of this period she would die, while holding her mouth pressed to the child's mouth, and her soul would, at the moment of death, pass from her body into his, and be then, and not till then, endowed with intelligence.

The ceremonial of the grand operation.

After this transmigration, I was to have charge of the child and bring him up, as his tutor and guardian of his inheritance. All she had was to be his. When he was three years old, Madame d'Urfé would regain consciousness.[1] I should then fully initiate her in the grand science.

The sublime madwoman, who believed absolutely in the feasibility of it all, was burning with impatience to see the virgin who was to be the chosen vessel. I had hoped that the directions of the oracle would inspire her with a certain repugnance, as, after all, according to them, she had herself to die, and I counted on her natural love of life to postpone the climax. But she was so terribly eager that I was obliged to make a pretence of keeping my vow, and to go in search of the mysterious virgin.

A person of not too scrupulous a morality, and whom I could rely on to follow my instructions, was necessary to me. I bethought me of La Corticelli. She must have been in Prague for the last nine months; and I had promised her, when I last saw her at Bologna, that I would join her there before the end of the year. But I had just come from Germany, and my memories were not of the pleasantest;

[1] Madame de Créquy mentions a significant clause: that the marquise was to make arrangements with her children with regard to her inhumation, which was of course to be a nominal affair.

besides, it was a long journey. I decided I would send her the money for her travelling expenses, and arrange a place of meeting nearer Paris.

To Metz in search of La Corticelli. Jan. 25, 1762.

I chose Metz. M. de Fouquet, a great friend of Madame d'Urfé's, was governor of the town, and her nephew, the Comte de Lastic,[1] was there with his regiment. I left Paris with an ample letter of credit, a well-filled purse, and laden with presents from my faithful old friend.

I had dismissed le Duc on arriving in Paris; I really could not forgive him. I deposited him in the Rue Saint-Antoine with his trunk, and without a character or certificate, although he implored me not to abandon him. I never heard of him again, and I often regretted him, for he was an excellent servant. I ought, perhaps, to have remembered the important services he rendered me at Stuttgart, Soleure, Naples, Florence, and elsewhere, but I was vexed at the effrontery with which he had compromised me before the magistrate at Augsburg. I should have been disgraced and convicted of theft if I had not turned the tables on him, and so proved his guilt. I thought I had done a good deal for him in saving him from the clutches of the law.

I would not engage another servant; my confidence was deeply shaken by the way the last two had served me.

On reaching Metz, I sent fifty louis to La Corticelli, telling her to come with her mother as soon as she could, and holding out, as an inducement, a promise to make her fortune, though I did not say how.

I wiled away the time of waiting in company with a dear little actress named Raton. She was so amiable and so gentle, I was sorry I had sent for the Italian, but it was too late to change; and on returning from the theatre one evening, I was greeted by the news that 'my wife, my daughter, and a gentleman had arrived from Frankfort, and were waiting for me.'

[1] The de Lastics, like the d'Urfés, were of an old Auvergnat family. It is said that the young Comte Harold de Lastic was the first French officer killed in the Franco-Prussian war.

'Imbecile!' said I, 'I have neither wife nor daughter.'

This denial did not prevent all Metz from believing that my family had joined me.

La Corticelli flung her arms round my neck, laughing, as was her wont, and her mother gravely presented the gentleman who had accompanied them from Prague. He was an Italian named Monti. Having no further use for him, I recompensed him, and sent him back by the coach to Frankfort.

I found La Corticelli improved. She had grown, and her manners were better.

'Why did you let your mother say she was my wife?' I asked. 'Do you think it is flattering to me? She ought to have said she was your governess, if she did not wish to speak the truth.'

'She would rather be whipped than pass as my governess. She thinks a governess is something disgraceful.'

'She is an ignorant fool, but she must be made to obey. How smart you are! Have you made your fortune?'

'I found a generous friend at Prague. Now tell me all about this part you want me to play?'

'You will know all in good time.'

The mock descendant of a family.

The next day we left Metz for Nancy, from whence I wrote to Madame d'Urfé, telling her I was returning with a virgin, the last scion of that noble family of Lascaris[1] which had once reigned at Constantinople. I begged her to arrange one of her country houses for our reception. We should have to remain there some time, preparing and executing our cabalistic ceremonies. She answered that everything was ready for me

[1] Theodore Lascaris, son-in-law of the Emperor Alexis III., when driven out of Constantinople by the Crusaders in the twelfth century, founded a new empire, which lasted until the expulsion of the Latins from Byzantium in 1260. One of Theodore's descendants, Eudoxia, married the Count of Vintimille, and his descendants took the name of Lascaris, though they had really no right to it, as Eudoxia died childless, and the count was succeeded by the children of his second wife, Renée of Savoy, who married Jacques d'Urfé in 1554, and brought the name of Lascaris into the family.

at Pont-Carré,[1] an old château about four leagues from Paris, and that she would welcome the *princess* with all the marks of the warmest friendship. 'The more so,' she added, 'as the Lascaris family is closely allied to ours, and that I am to be re-incarnated through the instrumentality of this fortunate maiden.'

I felt it was necessary, if not to damp her ardour, at any rate to hold it somewhat in check, and I told her that for certain reasons Mademoiselle de Lascaris must be treated as a countess, not as a princess. She would be accompanied by her governess, and we would arrive Monday in Holy Week. I passed twelve days at Nancy, drilling La Corticelli in her rôle, and struggling with her mother, who strongly objected to be the humble servant of the Comtesse de Lascaris. I had great difficulty in overcoming her objections, and it was only by alternately bribing and threatening that I finally triumphed. I have bitterly repented my persistency; the mulishness of this woman was inspired by my good genius to prevent me from committing the worst action of my life.

The feudal reception of La Lascaris.

On the stated day we arrived at Pont-Carré, the drawbridge was let down, and Madame d'Urfé received us, standing in the doorway surrounded by her retainers, like a general surrendering his garrison with all the honours of war.

The dear woman, who was only mad from excess of intelligence, greeted the 'princess' so warmly, that the latter would have been much astonished had she not been forewarned. She took her in her arms tenderly, and called her her beloved niece, explaining to her the connection between the houses of Lascaris[2] and d'Urfé, which permitted her to give herself the title of aunt.

[1] This château, which came to the marquise from her own side of the family, and from which they took their territorial title, was in the forest of Armainvilliers, in the department of Seine-et-Marne.

[2] Casanova was no doubt aware of the history of the Lascaris family when he chose this surname for his accomplice, one of the names borne by all the d'Urfés, and his suggestion of an accidental choice of it is probably only an attempt to throw a little dust in our eyes. He had the grace in his old age to be ashamed of

To my great surprise, my feather-brained little Italian listened to all this with complaisance and dignity, and never once laughed, though, God knows, it was funny enough!

Madame then conducted us to her apartment, where she went through mysterious fumigations, incensing the blessed maiden, who accepted her homage with the calm dignity of a goddess. This ceremony concluded, she flung herself in the priestess's arms, and was again embraced.

At table the countess was gracious and chatty. Madame d'Urfé was so captivated by her that she did not notice her bad French. As for Madame Laura, who only spoke Italian, she was given a comfortable room, where her meals were served to her, and which she only left to go to Mass.

Pont-Carré was a sort of fortress, which had sustained more than one siege during the civil wars. It was square, as its name implies, with four battlemented towers, surrounded by a wide moat The rooms were very large. The air was infested with venomous gnats, who devoured us, leaving blisters all over our faces. I had agreed to stay there for a week, and I could find no pretext for shortening my visit, so was forced to make the best of it. Madame had a bed placed in her room for her 'niece.' On the fourteenth of April I supped soberly, and a quarter of an hour later madame appeared, escorting the virgin Lascaris. She sprinkled her with perfumes, covered her with a superb veil, and gravely presented her to me.

On the nights succeeding the countess slept with her aunt; on the last day of the month I was to question the oracle.

The oracle is crossed by d'Aranda.

I deemed it prudent to say that the little Aranda, who was with us at Pont-Carré, had spoiled the combination by staring at us all over the top of a screen!

the manner in which he treated Madame d'Urfé, and he is unwilling that one should know how cunningly he laid all his plans to entrap her.

It is hardly likely that a *grande dame*, as his unfortunate old dupe undoubtedly was, would have received his *protégée* with such marks of honour had she not really believed her to be a descendant of the pseudo-royal house of Lascaris.

Madame d'Urfé was in despair, but the oracle consoled her by saying that what had been impossible in France during the April moon might be possible in another country during the May moon; but that the curious youth, whose influence had been so contrary, must be sent away for at least a year.

Aranda was immediately despatched to Lyons.

I had a reason for getting rid of Aranda. I saw that La Corticelli was taken with him, and that her mother was favouring their intrigue, and was very angry at my opposing her daughter's inclinations.

The question now was to find a place where the spell could be repeated. We fixed on Aix-la-Chapelle, and in five or six days everything was ready for the voyage.

La Corticelli was very angry with me for having sent away the object of her caprice, and began to behave very rudely to me. She even went so far as to threaten me if I did not bring Aranda back.

'It does not become you to be jealous,' she said, 'and I am my own mistress.'

To appease her and her mother, I promised to take them back to Bologna after our sojourn at Aix-la-Chapelle, but I was far from easy in my mind.

La Corticelli is presented to the Margrave of Baireuth and the Duchess of Würtemberg.

Madame d'Urfé, the supposed countess, a favourite waiting-maid named Brougnole, and myself, travelled in a berline; la Signora Laura and another maid came after us in a cabriolet; two servants in livery were on the box of the berline. We stayed one night at Brussels, and one at Liége. At Aix we found a numerous and distinguished company. A large ball was given, at which Madame d'Urfé presented my Countess of Lascaris as her niece to the two princesses of Mecklembourg. The 'Countess' received their attentions with ease and grace; she particularly attracted the Margrave of Baireuth and the Duchess of Würtemberg and her daughter. These ladies took such a fancy to her that they kept her by them all the evening. I was on thorns for fear she should betray herself. She danced with such grace that she excited the admiration

of the whole party. Every one complimented *me* on her fascinations. I suffered a perfect martyrdom, for I fancied these compliments were ironical, and that people had discovered the opera dancer in the disguised countess. As soon as I could speak to her alone, I begged her to dance like a young lady, and not like a ballet-girl; but she was proud of her success, and declared that she would not dance badly to please me or any one else.

All this so disgusted me, that I would have got rid of her then and there had I known how, but I swore to myself that she should lose nothing by waiting. Be it a vice or be it a virtue, the desire for vengeance once aroused in my heart, I never rest until it is satisfied!

The medium has convulsions.

The day after the ball Madame d'Urfé gave La Corticelli a case containing a beautiful watch set with brilliants, a pair of diamond earrings, and a ring with a rose diamond weighing fifteen carats; the whole was worth sixty thousand francs. I took the case into my possession, for fear she should go off without my consent. On the day of the full moon I breakfasted with Madame d'Urfé, but she was very downcast. It was precisely on that day, at three minutes past four, that the spell was to be repeated, and the divine Lascaris, the chosen vessel, was in bed pretending to have convulsions!

I pretended to be terribly put out, but secretly I was glad, for I saw a chance of revenging myself on the perfidious Corticelli, and told madame that the subject had been tampered with by an evil spirit, and that I must seek a better. Then I went up to see La Corticelli.

'So you are ill, my dear,' said I; 'it seems you have convulsions?'

'I am perfectly well, but I shall continue to have them until you give me back my jewel-case.'

'You are becoming spiteful, my poor child; your mother is advising you badly. As for the jewel-case, if you behave like this, you will never have it.'

'I will reveal everything.'

'You will not be believed, and I shall send you back to Bologna without any of the presents madame has made you.'

'Give me back my jewel-case at once, or I will tell that old madwoman of yours the whole story, no matter what happens!'

I looked at her for a minute or two, and left the room without a word. I closeted myself with Madame d'Urfé, and we spent the afternoon putting questions to the oracle, and obtaining replies, each one more obscure than the other. She gathered from it all, however, that poor Lascaris had gone mad; that she had been spoilt by a black spirit, an enemy of the Rosicrucians; and that should she have a child, it would be a gnome.

Madame asked what we must do now, and was told she must write to *Selenis*, in the moon.

Madame d'Urfé corresponds with the Moon.

This nonsense ought surely to have cured her; but she received the answer jubilantly. She was acquainted with the ceremonies of moon-worship, and knew what to do. To begin with, we must wait till the moon was in its first quarter. This was so much time gained. In the meanwhile we agreed that Lascaris was mad, and that we would pay no attention to anything she might say in her delirium. Her mind was possessed by an evil spirit, who inspired her. Still, as we considered her to be pitied rather than blamed, we allowed her to join us at table, but she slept with her governess.

As I had lost heavily all the time I was in Aix, I was obliged to pawn La Corticelli's jewels to pay my gambling debts; and should have been in a sorry plight had I not met an Englishman named Martin, who invited me to go halves with him in his bank. I could always make more out of Englishmen than French or Germans. Things went so well that in eight or ten days I redeemed the jewels, paid my debts, and pocketed a good round sum.

La Corticelli was furious with me. She told madame everything, the whole history of her life, and how we had become

acquainted; but the truer her tale, the more did the good lady believe her insane.

This is how I managed the correspondence between Madame d'Urfé and the moon. On the appointed day we supped in a garden outside the town. In a room on the ground floor I had prepared everything, and had in my pocket the letter which was to come down from the planet. In the room was a large bath full of tepid water, mixed with essences, in which we were to plunge the moment the moon rose, one hour after midnight.

When we had burnt aromatic spices, and repeated certain mysterious prayers appropriate to the worship of Selenis, I hid my letter in my left hand and led madame to the bath, by the side of which was an alabaster cup full of spirit of juniper, which I set on fire, pronouncing cabalistic words which I did not understand myself, and which she repeated after me. She then handed me her letter addressed to the moon, and I burnt it. She declared she saw the characters she had herself traced mounting up a stair of moonbeams.

Selenis replies on glazed green paper.

After about ten minutes my letter appeared on the surface of the water. It was written in a circle, letters of silver on glazed green paper. Madame d'Urfé received it with unction, and laid the precious epistle on a white satin cushion, while we perfumed ourselves. Then I told her to read it. She obeyed, but was grieved to find that her hypostasis was postponed until the coming of *Quérilinte*, whom she was to meet with me, at Marseilles, in the spring of the following year.

Next night there was another ball; and La Corticelli, eager to humiliate me, danced as it is not permissible for a well-born young person to dance. She pirouetted, cut capers and cross-capers, threw up her leg; in fact, went through all the antics of a ballet-girl. I was in agonies. An officer who perhaps did, or did not, know that I passed as her uncle, asked me if she was a professional dancer. Another said he had seen some one very like her at Prague during the carnival. I saw I

must hasten my departure from Aix, or the miserable girl would cost me my life.

This time we travelled madame and I alone, La Corticelli with her mother and the two maids following us. We did not start without difficulty. Tears, prayers, insults, curses, all were showered on me, but I remained inexorable, and madame only laughed at the follies of her pretended niece.

We went from Aix to Liége, and from there to Luxembourg, through the Ardennes. The Ardennes form one vast forest, whose legends of ancient chivalry have furnished Ariosto with his finest pages. The necessaries of life in this wild country are hardly to be found; and what we call vices, virtues, morality, immorality, are equally wanting. The town of Bouillon[1] in my day was the freest city in Europe; and the Duke of Bouillon was so proud of his jurisdiction, that he preferred his prerogatives to all the honours of the Court of France.

We stayed some time at Sulzbach, where madame had friends, and where I should have been terribly bored but for cards. La Corticelli was now trying to regain her jewellery by way of my favour. She dared not ask me for it point-blank.

Among the visitors at Sulzbach was a Madame Saxe, who would have been charming had she not had a jealous officer always attached to her petticoat strings. This officer, whose

[1] Bouillon, 'the freest city in Europe,' was situated in a deep gorge of the Ardennes. In Casanova's day it possessed about 4000 inhabitants, contained tanneries, oil and cloth factories, and did a flourishing trade in cattle and ironmongery. Godfrey, leader of the first crusade, inherited the title of Duc de Bouillon from his uncle, but sold the duchy in 1095 to the Bishop of Liége to meet the expenses of his Eastern expeditions. In the fifteenth century Bouillon was captured from the bishops by the Seigneurs de la Marck, but Charles V. compelled them to return it. Finally, in the reign of Henri II., and by the treaty of Câteau-Cambresis, it was given to the La Tour d'Auvergne who had married the heiress of the La Marcks. It remained in this family till the Revolution. Napoleon used it as a prison and a salt depôt in 1814; in the re-division of land it fell to the share of the Low Countries. (Madame d'Urfé was aunt to the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne).

name was d'Entragues, liked to play picquet, and she made a point of sitting constantly at his side. He was a handsome man, though too thin. He came up to me one day after dinner and asked me if I wanted my revenge, for the previous night I had lost heavily.

'I don't care about it,' I answered; 'we are not a match. I play for my pleasure, but you play to win.'

'Do you mean to be offensive?'

'Not at all, but each time we play you give up after an hour or so.'

'You ought to be glad; for as I play better than you, you would lose considerably if I continued.'

'I am not so sure of that.'

'I can prove it.'

'Done—but the first who leaves the table loses fifty louis.'

'I accept, but money down.'

A gambling bout *à l'outrance.*

I ordered the waiter to bring cards, and I laid down four or five rouleaux of a hundred louis each. We began at five louis a hundred, having each one put fifty louis to one side for the wager. It was three o'clock when we sat down, and at nine d'Entragues said we had better go to supper.

'I am not hungry,' I said, 'but you are free to go if you like, only I shall pocket the hundred louis.'

He laughed, but his friend Madame Saxe looked cross. I paid no attention to her. All the onlookers went to supper, came back, and stayed with us till midnight, when they left us alone. D'Entragues now saw what manner of man he had to deal with, but he said not a word, and I only opened my lips to score. We played on quite quietly.

At six o'clock in the morning the water-drinkers began to reappear; they congratulated us on our persistency, but we were absorbed in our game. The louis were piled up in a heap on the table.

At nine Madame Saxe arrived and Madame d'Urfé. The ladies advised us to take a cup of chocolate. D'Entragues consented, and thinking I was worn out, said—

'Let us agree that the one who first asks for something to eat, or absents himself from the table for more than a quarter of an hour, or goes to sleep in his chair, loses the bet.'

'Agreed,' said I, 'and I adhere to any other condition you choose to propose.'

The chocolate was brought in; we took it, and then continued the game. At twelve we were called to dinner; we answered together that we were not hungry. At four o'clock we agreed that each should take a cup of broth. At supper-time things began to look serious. Madame Saxe proposed we should share the wager. D'Entragues would have agreed to this, but I refused. He had won a hundred louis, and might have renounced the wager with a profit, but he was avaricious. I did not despise the money, but my honour was what I had at stake. I was still fresh; he looked like a dug-up corpse. As Madame Saxe still insisted, I told her I was sorry to have to refuse her, but I had determined to win or die at my place. I had two ends in view—to frighten d'Entragues by my resolutions, and to spoil his play by making him jealous. Madame Saxe looked at me with hate in her eye, and went off; but Madame d'Urfé said to d'Entragues, 'My good sir, how I pity you!'

We played all night. I watched the face of my adversary more closely than I watched his cards. I saw it get haggard and drawn; he made mistakes, confused his hand, counted badly—I was no less worn out than he. I felt myself growing weaker. I hoped each moment to see him fall down dead before I expired myself in my chair. At daybreak he left the room for a moment. On his return I told him he had been away more than a quarter of an hour. This little squabble brightened me up; it changed my thoughts and my tactics. At nine o'clock in came Madame Saxe. I had been winning.

'Now, sir,' said she, 'it is for you to give way.'

'Madame, if it is to please you, I am ready to withdraw my bet.'

The words, pronounced in a tone of exaggerated gallantry, excited the jealous d'Entragues, who replied in his turn that he would go on till one or other of us fell dead.

'You see, most amiable lady,' said I, making eyes at her, which in my then state must have been somewhat languid and dull, 'that I am not the intractable one.'

They brought us some broth; but d'Entragues, who had reached the last stage of weakness, turned sick directly he had swallowed it, rocked on his chair, and, covered with sweat, fell fainting on the floor. He was carried to bed. I gave six louis to the marker, who had marked for forty-two hours, put my gold in my pocket, and walked down to the apothecary's, where I took a slight vomitive. I then went to bed and slept till three, when I got up and had dinner.

D'Entragues did not appear till the next day. I expected him to pick a quarrel with me, but I was mistaken. He came and embraced me.

'It was a mad wager,' he said, 'and you gave me a lesson I shall remember all my life.'

La Corticelli disappoints him.

A few days after this we went on to Basle, where we should have stayed longer but for an event which seriously annoyed me. I had made it up with La Corticelli to a certain extent, and I came in one night about one o'clock, and not feeling sleepy, I took a candle and went to find her. As I was passing through Madame Laura's room, the old lady laid hold of my dressing-gown, and begged me not to disturb her daughter, who, she said, had been ill all the evening and had need of sleep. I pushed the old woman aside, and entering the daughter's room, found her, and not alone. I had a good pair of pistols in my pocket. I began to laugh, and asked who was the lucky mortal I was about to throw out of the window?

Trembling with terror, poor Corticelli caught me by the hand and begged me to forgive her. 'It is a young nobleman whose name I don't know,' she said.

'A young nobleman whose name you don't know, wanton!' cried I. 'Well, he shall tell it me himself.' I grasped one of

my pistols, and seizing the boy's arm, 'Who are you, fine sir, if you please?'

'I am the Comte de B——, canon of Basle.'

'And this is how you fulfil your ecclesiastical functions?'

'O sir, I beg you to pardon me and madame; I am the only guilty one.'

I sat still and watched them for a quarter of an hour in absolute silence. Neither moved. It was my revenge. Then I said to the boy, for he was little more, 'Now go—and be more careful in future,' and gently pushed him out of the door. Next day I told La Corticelli to pack up her trunks and not to leave her room until the carriage came. She is dismissed.

'I shall say I am too ill to travel.'

'Say what you like; no one will pay the slightest attention to you.'

I went to Madame d'Urfé and told her the night's adventures, and we decided that I should escort the countess and her governess to Geneva, and from there send them back to Italy.

I never spoke once to my companions during the journey, or even looked at them. At Geneva, where I stopped as usual at the hotel where I had stayed with Henriette, I hired a carriage to take them to Turin. I told them I should see them there in the course of a few months; and if I had good reports of the daughter's conduct, I would reward her. She begged me to give her the three splendid dresses and a fur mantle which madame had ordered for her. I said we would talk about that at Turin. I felt no pity for her; besides, she was far better off than she was when she came to me. She had plenty of clothes, linen, jewellery, and a fine watch I had given her, besides money.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE SPANISH LADY

The departure of La Corticelli took a weight off my mind. The first person I visited was the town councillor whom I had not written to since I left Florence, and he actually shed tears of pleasure at seeing me. He asked me to sup, and told me that Monsieur de Voltaire had sold his house, *Les Délices*, to the Duc de Villars, and had gone to live at Ferney. When he had left me, I sat down to write some letters, amongst others one to Madame Lebel, my former housekeeper, to tell her I would go and see her at Lausanne if she was still there.

He writes to his bad angel, Pogomas.

I also wrote to Ascanio Pogomas, otherwise known as Giacomo Parsano, a Genoese poet, whom I had known at Leghorn, and who was then at Berne. My evil genius inspired this act; it occurred to me I could present him to Madame d'Urfé as an adept; he had an imposing face and figure.

In the course of a day or two I received an express letter from Madame Lebel, begging me to go to Lausanne, where she and her husband would meet me at her mother's house.

Madame Lebel is one of the ten or twelve women whom I have tenderly loved. As my wife she would have made me perfectly happy, had fate reserved that happiness for me; but perhaps, with a character like mine, I was right in not attaching myself irrevocably, although now, in my old age, my very independence constitutes a kind of slavery. If I had married a woman clever enough to direct me—to subjugate me—I should have saved my money, I should have had children, and

I should not be as I am to-day—alone in the world, and penniless!

He revisits an old love at Lausanne.

I timed my journey at Lausanne so as to arrive about an hour before Lebel and his wife would be there. The good mother Dubois was astonished to see me. After she had got over her surprise, I gave her two louis to get us a good supper.

At seven the married couple appeared, bringing with them an infant of eighteen months, who was my living image. I gave the child a superb gold watch with my portrait, to be kept for him till he was grown up. I saw that child again at Fontainebleau when he was twenty-one. We remained two hours at table, during which I related to them in detail all that had occurred to me since I last saw them. As for their history, its lack of incident was the best guarantee of its peaceful character. Madame Lebel was beautiful still. I did not find any change in her; the change was in me. She thought me looking far less fresh and spirited than when we parted. She was right; La Renaud had blighted me, and the faithlessness of La Corticelli had caused me much wearing annoyance. After the tenderest protestations of affection, husband and wife went off to Soleure, and I returned to Geneva.

A few days later I returned to Lyons, expecting to find Madame d'Urfé there, but she had gone to Berne, where she had property. She had left a letter for me, in which she said she would be glad to see me as soon as possible, so I set off at once. She received me as she always did; and I told her that I should be obliged to leave her shortly and go to Turin to meet Frederic Gualdo, who was then chief of the Rosicrucians. I added that he would come to Marseilles with me, and then she would be perfectly happy. These somewhat vague directions prevented her from returning to Paris, at any rate until she had seen us. The oracle also told her that she must await further instructions at Lyons.

I wanted fifty thousand francs, and Madame d'Urfé said she would require fifteen days in which to procure them. We

spent this time at Lyons, where I made the acquaintance of Madame Pernon, the wife of a rich merchant. I laid out a great deal of money at her husband's shop, and supplied myself with a rich and elegant wardrobe.

When the money arrived, Madame d'Urfé handed it over to me, with three beautiful dresses which she had promised to Countess Lascaris; but which, I can assure you, La Corticelli never laid eyes on. One of these dresses was composed of very rare and perfect sables.

He leaves Lyons for Turin.

I left Lyons equipped like a prince, and started for Turin, having stayed one day at Chambéry to see M. M. number two. At Turin I found La Corticelli and her mother lodging with a respectable-looking woman named Pacienza. They were both as meek as lambs, but I was careful never to be alone with the daughter. Frederic Gualdo, *alias* Pogomas, whom I had destined to play the part of the Rosicrucian, had one of those singular faces which inspire, not respect, but a certain ill-defined uneasiness, which is neither more nor less than a natural presentiment. Sooner or later the owner of the face proves to be either a cunning scoundrel or a cold-hearted pedant.

The god of dancing.

The dancing academy of the celebrated Dupré[1] was then at the zenith of its reputation; and as I had promised to do something for La Corticelli, I gave her lessons. The idea pleased her, and I accompanied her to the school. All the dancers, male and female, of the opera were there, the latter accompanied by their mothers, who made a background of

[1] Dupré, who for his talents and his stature was surnamed the Great, was one of the most celebrated dancers of the eighteenth century. He was a superbly handsome man. A contemporary wrote of him—

'Ah! je vois Dupré qui s'avance!
Comme il développe ses bras!
Que de grâces dans tous ses pas!
C'est ma foi! le Dieu de la danse!'

It is difficult to realise any masculine dancer exciting such world-wide admiration and enthusiasm as he did. On retiring from the stage (with a pension), he founded a school of dancing at Turin. It was evidently not a success, for after some time he disappeared, and the date and place of his death are unknown.

worthy women rolled up in shawls and muffs. Dupré told me that if La Corticelli would take pains, she might become a *virtuosa*, for she had wonderful natural gifts.

The quondam Countess Lascaris minced about, giving herself the airs of a favourite, and showing off before the other girls, who whispered and tittered when she laid her hand on my sleeve, saying she wanted ribbons for this and laces for that. I paid Dupré for three months' lessons in advance; it was weak, I own; but I wanted to pose as a *grand seigneur* before all these young women. There was one among them who interested me particularly. She was tall, with fine delicate features, and was dancing with a man who, when he had occasion to find fault with her, spoke so grossly and harshly, that my blood boiled. I had noticed a woman among the parents whom I instinctively felt must be the mother of the girl I was watching. I was right. She told me she was from Lucca, and was a widow, and poor.

A ball at Dupré's.

'How is it you are poor, young and beautiful as you are, and with a daughter like that?'

She gave me a significant glance, and at that moment the girl, who was called Agatha, came up and asked her for a handkerchief to wipe her face.

'Allow me to offer you mine, signorita.'

Mine was white, and perfumed with essence of rose; and when she handed it back, I said, 'You cannot return it without having had it washed, my pretty lady.'

She smiled. The ice was broken, and we made acquaintance.

I persuaded Dupré to give a ball at my expense. All the dancers were invited, and only professionals were to be allowed to dance; but tickets were issued at a ducat each, which admitted ladies and gentlemen to supper and as onlookers. Agatha had no dress to appear in, so I asked Madame Dupré to buy her one from me. It was a rich Lyons silk, trimmed with point d'Alençon. The innocent girl, and her equally innocent mother, had no idea of its real value. I had the

The earrings of Agatha.

privilege of assisting at her toilette that day at Dupré's, and I noticed that her earrings were sadly out of keeping with the rest of her toilette. So drawing the diamond pendants which Madame d'Urfé had meant for La Lascaris from my pocket, I fastened them in her ears.

'You 'd say they were diamonds,' said La Dupré.

So they were, but I said they were paste.

When I got to the ball I found her dancing with Lord Percy, the son of the Duchess of Northumberland, a wild young fellow who was spending immense sums on the most senseless excesses. I had great difficulty in getting Agatha away from him; he wanted her to dance with him all the evening.

We danced minuets and country dances, then the ladies partook of refreshments liberally. The popping corks of champagne bottles made a continuous rumble. It was magnificently done. Madame Chauvelin sat down by Agatha and complimented her on her diamond earrings.

'Not diamonds, only paste,' said the candid Agatha; 'and it was Monsieur here who lent them to me.'

Madame Chauvelin laughed out. 'M. de Seingalt is taking you in, my dear!'

Agatha blushed, for my silence confirmed Madame de Chauvelin's assertion, and every one could tell that I was courting her.

Next day the mother of Agatha came to see me, and took chocolate with me. She wanted to know if the earrings were real or not. I assured her that they were, and that I meant to give them to Agatha. She kissed me, and promised to further my suit with her daughter. Thinking over it all when she had left me, I put her down as the most sensible of all the dancer's mothers I had ever known, and I thought of her almost as tenderly as I did of Agatha.

A few days after the ball Madame de Saint-Giles, who at that time was the leader of society in Turin, and whose every word was law, sent for me. After talking of indifferent

matters for a little while, she led the conversation round to La Corticelli, who, she told me, had spread a report that I owed her money, and that I had given diamonds which belonged to her, and which were a present from Madame d'Urfé, to another dancer.

'La Corticelli lies,' said I; 'and as you know Madame d'Urfé, be so good as to write to her. If that noble lady tells you that I am wrong, be assured I will pay whatever may be claimed of me. I have a hundred thousand francs in the bank here, which more than represents the value of the earrings. You can take my word for it, however, that I had a perfect right to dispose of the jewels as I thought fit.'

Madame de Saint-Giles did not accept my explanation; and after again trying to persuade me to settle with Corticelli then and there, she lost her temper, and told me she would make me sorry for not having listened to her; she would publish the whole story, and it would not be to my credit. I answered that I never regretted my actions, and that threats never influenced me.

Earl Percy of Northumberland.

About a week after, some one sent me a manuscript account of what had taken place between La Corticelli, Madame d'Urfé, and myself; but it was so badly written, so badly put together, and so full of absurdities, that no one could read it without yawning. I did not see Corticelli again till we met in Paris six months later.

The pretty Agatha had by now earned her earrings. She was so gentle and so tender, and I was so much in love with her, that if it had not been for the unforeseen event which I am about to relate, I should probably never have parted with her. As it was, I was the agent of Providence in the advancement of her fortune. It will be objected that Providence might have chosen more moral means, but why try to restrict Providence to the narrow circle of prejudice? She has her own methods, which may seem to us obscure, because we are shortsighted.

The young earl was now desperately in love with my

mistress. He followed her about wherever she went, behind the scenes at the theatre, at rehearsals. He visited her every day, and did not neglect any of the usual means of seduction. She invariably returned his presents, and kept me informed of all that took place, and we used to laugh over his infatuation together. I was sure of her love, so his efforts rather flattered my vanity than otherwise. Lord Percy himself was at last so convinced of her fidelity that he changed his tactics and attacked her through me.

He tries to drive a bargain for Agatha.

Frankly and boldly, as is the way of men of his nation, he came one morning and asked me for some breakfast. I received him *à la française*, that is to say, with politeness and cordiality, and put him completely at his ease. Then he told me he loved Agatha, and proposed an arrangement which made me laugh heartily, but did not offend me, because it was so very English.

'I know,' he said, 'that you have been very attentive to Redegonde, the pretty dancer. She is mine. Will you take her in exchange for Agatha, and what do you want over and above?'

'You are as amiable as you are amusing, my dear lord, but you must own it would take a mathematician to work out this sum! How much does Agatha outvalue Redegonde? Redegonde has qualities, no doubt, but she is not to be compared to Agatha!'

'I know that, so I ask you to name your own surplus.'

Lord Percy was immensely rich. I might have asked twenty-five thousand guineas, and I am sure he would have given them; but I did not care for Redegonde, so I would have none of his bartering. I have never regretted my conduct in this affair. To-day even, when a hundred thousand francs seems a treasure to me, I congratulate myself on my delicacy.

I put the question by. I told him I had great sympathy for him, and that the exchange might therefore come about naturally in the course of time, but that the principal factors would have to be consulted.

'As for Redegonde,' he said, 'I am sure she would consent.'

'I am not so sure of Agatha.'

'That is my business. What I want to know is, does my project please you, and how much do you want to balance things; for, as I said before, your Agatha is worth more than my Redegonde.'

I was amused at it all; but though I was for the present devoted to Agatha, I knew myself, and I resolved to act for the best as regarded her future.

I told Agatha about it that evening when she came to supper, and she laughed heartily.

'Tell me, my dear, would you care for the exchange?'

'I would do as you wished. If his offer is excessively to your advantage, I would advise you to accept.'

I knew she was joking, but I would have preferred a different answer. I became serious, and she pensive.

The next day I breakfasted with my Englishman, and told him Agatha was willing, but I must see Redegonde.

'Let us all go masked to the ball at the theatre,' he said. 'We will leave together and sup at a house which belongs to me, then we can settle the affair.'

We met each other as agreed, and after the ball Lord Percy's carriage took us to his house. The first person I saw in the dining-room was La Corticelli.

I was indignant. I called Lord Percy aside, and told him it was a trick unworthy of a gentleman.

He replied, laughing, that he had expected me to thank him, as he was giving me two for one.

It was impossible to be angry with him. 'You are mad,' said I, and taking Agatha by the hand, we left the house. I would not use his carriage, and we returned home in sedan chairs. Lord Percy held his tongue about the trick he had tried to play me, and you may be sure I did not mention it; but he did not renounce his pretensions to Agatha. I have already said he was very rich; he spent money lavishly, sparing nothing for his pleasures; and in a country where gold is always scarce, his guineas opened every door to him.

One evening Agatha told me that the manager of the Alexandria theatre had offered to engage her as second dancer for the carnival.

'He offers me sixty sequins,' said she, 'and I have promised him an answer to-morrow morning. Do you advise me to accept?'

'If you love me, Agatha, you will refuse all engagements for a year. I shall not let you want for anything, and I will get you the best masters, so that you will then be able to command five hundred sequins a year.'

'But sixty sequins is a good price.'

'You can have them without dancing. Tell the manager you are not going to appear on the boards for some time.'

'As you like, but I think I had better put him off by asking an exorbitant sum.'

'Very well; tell him you want five hundred sequins.'

She came to me next day, and in fits of laughter said the manager had not refused what she asked; he had simply said he must think it over. The following afternoon he brought her the contract, according to her conditions, to sign.

I had a suspicion that it was Agatha who was being paid for, and not her talents, and I asked the manager what surety he could give that the salary would be duly paid. He mentioned a well-known banker. I had no more to say, and the contract was written out double and perfectly correct. The mystery was soon explained; Lord Percy was behind the manager.

The compact is ratified by Agatha.

I might still have been an obstacle in the Englishman's path, but the contract was signed for a year, and I was obliged to return to France to join Madame d'Urfé; and now that peace was declared, I wanted to go to England. I decided to give up Agatha, but I made Percy settle a good sum on her. I was curious to see how he would manage to gain her affection, for he was not prepossessing. We supped together every evening, always with Agatha and her mother, and I saw that Lord Percy's constant attentions were producing

their effect, so I made up my mind to leave for Milan sooner than I had intended.

'My lord,' said I, 'you know I am deeply attached to Agatha, and that she is happy with me, but I am your friend; and as you adore her, I will do what I can to promote your happiness without any question of exchange or reward. I will leave you in possession of the dear girl, if you will promise me never to abandon her; and if you should have to leave her at any time, for any reason, to give her two thousand guineas.'

'My dear friend,' said he, 'I will give her them at once if you like.'

'No, for I don't want her to know anything of this arrangement.'

'Very well; I will give you a paper in which I will agree to pay her this sum when we part.'

'Unnecessary; your word as an Englishman is sufficient. But as we are none of us masters of the future, promise me that you will take measures to insure this sum to her at your death.'

'I give you my word.'

Conclusion of the bargain between the Venetian and the Englishman.

From that moment the Englishman fell more and more deeply in love, and made the handsomest presents to Agatha and her mother, presents which under other circumstances I should not have allowed her to accept. She listened attentively to my advice as to her conduct with her new lover, and it is to these counsels that she largely owed her happiness, for he made her fortune for her. She did not leave the stage, however, for some time.

I was not a man to take gifts from another, but Lord Percy found means to make me a splendid present.

I told him I thought of going to England, and should be glad if he would give me a letter of introduction to the Duchess his mother. He drew a portrait of this lady, surrounded with superb diamonds, from his pocket, and handed it to me, saying—

'There, my dear friend, is the best letter of recommendation

I can give you. To-morrow I will write to my mother that you will present it to her in person, unless, indeed, she begs you to keep it.'

'Her Grace, my lord, will see that I aspire to that honour.'

There are some ideas which would never occur except to an Englishman!

I parted from Agatha with tears, but her grief was greater still.

I had met at Count Borromeo's house a certain Count A. B. who conceived a violent liking for me. He dined and supped with me often, and on several occasions I lent him money. One day, in a burst of confidence, he told me that without my help he must have died of hunger, as he was absolutely destitute of money just then. He was in the service of Spain, his wife was a Spaniard, a Barcelonese, and, according to him, a sparkling brunette of twenty-five or twenty-six years old. He invited me to stay with them at Milan, an invitation I ought to have refused, knowing them to be poor, but I was curious to see this Spanish lady. She wrote the most witty letters, and I pictured her sensible as an Englishwoman, passionate as a Spaniard, gracious and caressing as a Frenchwoman.

The Spanish countess.

But she was quite different from what I had expected. She was pretty, but too small, and too serious. She had written asking me to bring her two pieces of taffetas; and when I told her I had executed her commission, she thanked me, saying her chaplain would reimburse me. We were four at supper; the count was gay, but the little lady maintained an obstinate silence, only answering our remarks with a slight smile. She never raised her eyes from her plate, but found frequent fault with the food, addressing her complaints to the chaplain.

After supper the taffetas was brought in; it was to make her a domino with paniers, according to the extravagant fashion of the day.

When the count accompanied me to my room, he begged

me to pardon his wife's Spanish taciturnity, assuring me I should like her extremely when we were better acquainted.

My room was large and comfortable, but the rest of the house was poorly furnished. The servants' livery was worn and shabby, the table linen was patched, the dinner service was in earthenware, and the same girl was lady's-maid and cook. Clairmont, my French valet, whom I had recently engaged, told me he was miserably lodged in a little room leading out of the kitchen. The chaplain was one of those domestic priests so common in Italy, who are boarded and lodged in the house, and who perform in return a hundred little services. This one said Mass in a neighbouring chapel in the morning, occupied himself with the housekeeping, and was the very humble servant of madame.

He came to me in the morning and asked me to say he had paid me three hundred francs for the taffetas if madame should question me.

'That is strange advice from one of your cloth,' said I. 'Do you advise me to tell a lie? No; I shall tell her the truth.'

'You do not know the lady, sir, and you do not know the ways of the house; however, I will speak to her husband.'

The count was as frightened of his haughty wife as the poor priest was; and to pander to her vanity, he agreed to say that he and I had settled for the silk between us.

I was writing letters in my own room when the husband and wife came up to present to me the friend of the family, Marchese Triulzi, a man of about my own age, tall and well made, with pleasant manners. He said that he had come for the pleasure of meeting me, and also to warm himself by my fire. 'There is only one fireplace in the house,' he said, 'and that is in your room.'

My valet Clairmont had been unpacking my things, and had spread them out on two chairs. Among them were some ladies' cloaks, and a superb dress in crimson *gros de Tours*, trimmed with sable, which Madame d'Urfé had ordered for La Corticelli. As all the chairs were occupied, the marchese

drew the stiff little countess to him and made her sit on his knee like a doll. She blushed, and tore herself away.

'Old as you are,' she said, 'have you not learned the respect due to a woman like me?'

'Truly, countess,' he said, 'I do respect you, and so I could not allow you to stand while I sat!'

He then turned to me, and looking at the clothes, asked if I was expecting some lady?

'No,' I said; 'but I hope I shall find some one in Milan worthy of these presents.'

The dinner at the house of the Spanish countess.] 'You had better stay and dine, marchese,' said the count; 'and as you swear by your own cook, send for your dinner.'

The marchese agreed, and the whole meal came from his house—linen and china, wine, valets, and all. This served to explain his footing in the house to me. He did all the talking, and did not spare the countess; but I saw that his raillery was only intended to correct her absurd haughtiness.

After dinner they went off to the opera in his carriage, and the count and I went in mine. The first person I saw there was my dear Teresa Palesi, whom I had left in Florence. I determined to pay her a visit as soon as I could escape from my host.

In the morning Clairmont informed me that a young woman wished to speak to me. A tall well-made girl came in, and offered me her services, to wash and mend my linen and lace. I admired her deeply.

'Where do you live, signorita?'

'In this house, on the ground floor, with my parents.'

'What is your name?'

'Zenobia.'

'Your name is as pretty as you are. Will you let me kiss your hand?'

'No, for my hand is engaged. I am to be married before the end of carnival to a tailor.'

'Is your betrothed handsome and well to do?'

'No; I am just marrying him to have a house of my own.'

'A very good reason, and one which I highly approve. Go and fetch your tailor; I have some work for him.'

I had only just finished my toilet when she returned with her future husband, a little shrivelled-up creature.

'Well, sir, so you are going to marry this charming girl?'

'Yes, my lord; we have already been called in church, and are to be married in ten days.'

'Why not to-morrow?'

'You are in a hurry, illustrissimo.'

'I should be if I was in your place. Now, look at this silk; I want you to make me a domino to wear at the ball to-morrow, and here are ten sequins on account, on whatever your bill may be.'

He went off joyfully, leaving his sweetheart behind. I spent half an hour chatting with her, gave her my laces to mend, and then drove into Milan to see my dear Teresa, who received me with speechless emotion, for we had never ceased to love each other tenderly, and told me she was no longer living with her husband, who had become impossible. She made him an allowance on condition that he remained in Rome. Cesario, she said, was with her in Milan. She was practically free, and I loved her as dearly as I had done eighteen years ago, but I was now quite incapable of concentrating my affections on any one woman.

He meets Teresa Palesi again.

The Countess A. B. began to be a little more friendly, and at dinner that evening teased me about my long absence.

'I know where you passed the afternoon,' she said. 'The lady has a lover who will abandon her if you visit her too often.'

'Then I will take his place, madame.'

'You do well to devote yourself to women who appreciate your presents. I know you only bestow them after they have proved their predilection for you.'

'A rule, madame, from which I never deviate, for I find it is a sure means of never being disappointed.'

'Your friend is evidently of your way of thinking; only a mercenary person would put up with a Greppi.'

I did not wince at this name, which was that of my banker; indeed, I was glad that Teresa should have such a wealthy and powerful protector.

We were interrupted by the arrival of Triulzi, who had come to fetch madame to take her to the play. I went with her husband to a gambling-house, where I lost twenty ducats, and then on to the opera, where I lost two hundred more. I could not help laughing at the poor count's distress; he little knew that I had a hundred thousand francs deposited with the very Greppi whom his wife despised so.

The countess, who knew of my losses, asked me if I wanted to sell my sable dress.

'I am told,' she said, 'it is worth a thousand sequins.'

'That may be, madame, but I would rather sell anything else.'

'The Marchese Triulzi would like to buy it to make a present of it.'

'I am sorry I cannot oblige him.'

She said no more, but I could see she was vexed.

As I left the opera I met Teresa in her sedan chair. She bade me to supper with her; and placing my carriage at the count's service, I took a chair and followed her. What a happy evening we spent! I asked her if it were true about Greppi? She said he was only a friend, and that, moreover, as she was rich, she intended to remain independent.

The countess haggles for the sable dress with Casanova.

The tailor brought me my domino next afternoon, and the countess asked me if I would be kind enough to take her to the ball in my carriage, and she would do without Triulzi. I took this as an advance on her part; and as soon as we were side by side, I told her that the sable robe was at her disposition if she would be kind to me in return?

'You insult me, sir, and I am the more astonished because you of all people ought to know better.'

'My dear countess, there is no insult in admiration. Forgive me if I am too bold; make me happy, and wear the dress, which will become you mightily.'

'I could only forgive you if I loved you, and your gross behaviour is more calculated to make me detest you.'

'My manners are the outcome of my temperament. I cannot brook delay; waiting cools my ardour. You would rather see me timidly adoring, I suppose?'

'No matter what you were, I could never care for you.'

'We are agreed on that point; I do not, and I never could, care for you.'

'And yet you would spend a thousand sequins on me.'

'Not for love of you, but because I want to humiliate you, and mortify your insupportable pride.'

God knows what the proud Castilian's answer would have been, but just then the carriage stopped at the theatre door. We separated; she went to her box, and I to the gaming-table, where I spent four hours neither winning nor losing, but the last half-hour I lost heavily. On the road home the quarrel began again.

'I know you lost at the tables to-night, and I am glad. The marquis will give you a thousand sequins for the dress. You had better accept his offer; it may bring you luck.'

'It would bring you luck as well; for, of course, he intends the dress for you.'

'Perhaps.'

'You will never get it so. You know the only way to obtain it. I don't care a pin for the money.'

'And I don't care a pin for you or your dress.'

'The same to you.'

Negotiations are broken off.

We continued to exchange courtesies of this kind till we reached the house.

The count came into my room to condole with me.

'Triulzi would give you a thousand sequins if you liked,' he said; 'that would set you up again.'

'For the sable dress, eh? I would rather give it to your wife, but she says she won't take it from me.'

'I am surprised, for she is wild about it. You must have

wounded her pride somehow. Take my advice; sell it to Triulzi!'

'I will think about it, and give you an answer to-morrow.'

I rose early next morning and called on Greppi the banker. I drew out a thousand sequins, at the same time begging him not to mention my private concerns to any one. On returning I found the count seated in front of my fire.

'My wife is furious with you,' he said, 'and she won't tell me the reason.'

'The reason is that I will not let any one give her that sable robe but me. She won't accept it from me, but I do not see why she should be furious about it.'

'It is foolish of her, no doubt, but listen to me. You seem to despise the money, and I congratulate you on being able to do so. The sum would make *me* happy. Sacrifice vanity to friendship, take the thousand sequins from the marchese, and lend them to me.'

I burst out laughing at this proposition, and the poor count blushed with shame. I embraced him, adding maliciously—

'I will sell the dress to Triulzi, but I won't lend you the money; I will give it to your wife. But, remember, she must make herself agreeable. Now I hope you quite understand me, and if you can arrange it that way, my dear count, I am willing that she shall wear the dress.'

'I will see,' said the poor husband, and left the room.

My valet Clairmont came in to announce a visitor. It was a young Venetian named Barbaro, whom I had known intimately in bygone times. He also had been a prisoner in 'The Leads,' and was an exile from his country.

'I saw you losing last night,' he said, 'and for the sake of our former friendship I have come to propose to you a means by which you can make a great deal of money. But you must let me present you to several rich young men who are fond of cards, and who generally lose.'

'Where am I to meet them?'

'In one of the best houses of Milan. If you consent, I will

take the bank, and am certain to win. I only want you to furnish the funds to start the bank.'

'I imagine you are a very good dealer?'

'I am.'

This was as much as to tell me he cheated.

'My dear compatriot,' said I, 'I cannot accede to your proposal till I have seen the company you want to introduce me to.'

I sent for my carriage, and we drove to a house on the outskirts of Milan. Here he introduced me to a handsome old man, a respectable-looking lady, and two young girls—cousins. He announced me as a Venetian, in disgrace with the state, but a bachelor, and rich enough to snap my fingers at their lordships. I certainly had every appearance of wealth. My costume was gorgeous; my rings, snuff-boxes, chains, my watch set with diamonds, my diamond and ruby cross, which I wore on a wide crimson ribbon, gave me an appearance of importance. The cross was the Order of the Spur which the Pope had given me. I had carefully removed the spur, so that no one could guess what it really was; and one would no more say to a gentleman, 'What order is that?' than one would say to a lady, 'How old are you?'

I left off wearing this cross in 1765, when the prince palatine of Murcia told me to get rid of the rubbish! It was he who knocked away the first stone from the arch supporting the kingdom of Poland.

The old man of the house was a marchese; the two cousins each bore the title of marchesa; they were very beautiful. I wanted to find out more about them, as I had no confidence in Barbaro. In half an hour visitors began to arrive, on foot and in carriages, several well-dressed ladies and equally well-dressed young men. We were about twenty in all. We sat round a large table and played a game called 'Bankruptcy.' When I had lost a few sequins, I left with Barbaro.

'I will lend you two hundred sequins,' I said; 'but as I don't want to lose them, you must find me security for them. You

must give me half your profits, but be careful not to let any one know I am interested in your game. If I think any one suspects us, I will punt against you and ruin you.'

'You can rely on my discretion; besides, it is to my advantage to have people believe the bank belongs to me.'

I met Triulzi at the opera that evening.

The marchese buys it for her.

'*À propos de rien*,' said he, 'I hear you have decided to let me have the sable robe. I am very much obliged to you, and will give you the fifteen thousand francs whenever you like.'

'You can send for the dress to-morrow morning. By the bye, I saw the young ladies at church, who interest me immensely—two cousins, the Marchesa Q. and the Marchesa F.'

'I know them; they are of very good family, and I have never heard a word against them except that they are poor. I have been told that one of them has a lover, but it is a secret. I can introduce you to them if you like.'

Triulzi's servant came in the morning and carried off the much discussed dress. It was a Friday, and the marquis dined with us. He sent a superb fish dinner, and arrived soon after himself, with the dress in a basket. He presented it ceremoniously to the proud Spanish lady, who was profuse in her thanks. He laughed like a man who was used to these little things; but told her that if she was wise she would sell it again, as every one knew she was too poor to wear such a costume. This not very flattering remark drew down on his head a torrent of abuse. 'Why,' she asked, 'had he been such a fool as to give her a dress which she could not wear?'

During the dispute the Marchesa Menafoglio was announced. The dress spread out on the table attracted her eyes at once, and she said, 'I would like to buy that.'

'I did not buy it to sell again,' replied the countess with acrimony.

'I beg pardon,' said the other lady, and changed the conversation. But when she had gone, the Spaniard gave vent to her anger, and fell foul of Triulzi, who retorted with the most stinging sarcasms wrapped up in exquisitely

polite form; till at last, baffled and worn out, she went to bed.

Triulzi handed me the fifteen thousand francs, and took his leave. When he had gone, the count told me, if I had nothing better to do, I might keep his wife company, as he had some business to attend to.

'My dear fellow,' said I, 'I have the thousand sequins in my pocket, and if she is reasonable I will give them to her.'

I went up into my room and deposited the gold Triulzi had given me, and took the notes I had drawn that morning in their place. This was a piece of foolish ostentation. I was anxious to prove that the marchese's money was nothing to me, for I had plenty besides.

Zenobia just then brought me my ruffles. I was fool enough to suggest that she should send her tailor packing and live with me. Luckily she was not such a fool as to imagine I meant what I said.

I found madame in bed. After I sat down beside her I inquired tenderly after her health, and complained of the cold.

'Are you not going out?' she said. 'You have your *robe de chambre* on, and your hair is not done?'

'I would rather stay with you, if I may.'

'Will you sacrifice your gambling to me this evening?'

'Willingly. I have already lost heavily, and I don't want to lose the money the marchese has just handed me for the dress you would not accept from my hand.'

'It would be a pity to lose such a sum.'

'It will not be lost, for I intend to give it to you. But I feel very chilly. May I shut the door?'

'No; I prefer it open.'

'Then I will say good-bye, madame. I am going back to my nice warm fire.'

'You are a very bad man; but you can stay, you amuse me.'

I stayed, but—was it because I remembered the bought dress, or was it because I remembered the fair Zenobia, the

tailor's betrothed, who had been busy mending my linen? Be it as it may, the beautiful Spaniard found me insensible to her fascinations.

The humiliation of the Spanish lady.

How deeply she was mortified only a woman could say, and I did not behave generously.

'It is not my fault, madame, if your charms have so little power over me. Here are fifteen thousand francs to console you.' So saying I laid them down on the table and left her.

I was detestable, I feel it; but my instinct served me, as the sequel of the story will show.

Her behaviour at dinner next day astonished me. She was so serenely affable and polite that I was sorry for having insulted her so outrageously. When her husband left us alone, I said that I knew I was a monster, and that I feared she must hate me.

'You a monster! On the contrary, I am most grateful to you. I can't imagine what you can possibly have to reproach yourself with?'

I took her hand, and was carrying it to my lips, when she bent down and kissed my cheek. I blushed crimson with shame and repentance.

There was a masked ball at the opera that night. I wore a costume in which I flattered myself no one would recognise me. I even changed my snuff-box, watch, and purse. The contents of the latter, to wit seven hundred Venetian sequins, I lost in less than an hour. Every one expected to see me beat a retreat after this; but taking another purse from my pocket, I began to stake doubles or quits. Luck was with me. I soon broke the bank, and rose from the table the richer by two thousand eight hundred and fifty-six sequins. As I went downstairs two pretty female masks accosted me, telling me that '*Messer Grand*'[1] was waiting for me at the door. From this I concluded that they had penetrated my disguise, though I had no clue to their identity. One of them asked me for a pinch of snuff. I handed her my box, at the same time press-

[1] The Grand Inquisitor.

ing a spring, which disclosed a painting in the lid. They both looked at it, then—

'For shame!' they said. 'As a punishment for your impertinence, you shall never know who we are.'

Vexed with myself for having offended them, I followed them; and meeting Barbaro, learned from him that they were the two charming cousins—the Marchesa Q. and the Marchesa F.

Towards the end of the evening a mask dressed as a Venetian boatman was invited by a Venetian peasant-girl to dance the *forlana*[1] with her; and to prove that he had a right to wear his dress, he accepted, but acquitted himself so badly he was hissed. I have always been passionately fond of the *forlana*, and I asked the peasant if she would try it with me. She accepted, a circle was formed round us, and we danced it twice. This is enough for any man; but a young girl, dressed as a shepherdess, and wearing no mask, asked me to dance it with her. I had not the courage to refuse, and went through the performance again. She danced divinely, and made a double turn round the circle three times. I was exhausted and out of breath, but it seemed as if she could go on for ever. At the end she whispered my name in my ear. Surprised and delighted, I asked for hers. She said she was a Venetian, and that I should know who she was if I would go and see her at the 'Three Kings.'

'I am there with my father and mother, who are old friends of yours.'

'You will see me on Monday.'

The wedding of Zenobia.

Tired as I was, I was only able to sleep for a couple of hours, for we were all going to Zenobia's marriage—count, countess, marquis, and myself. The wedding dinner was to be at a country house called the 'Apple Gardens.' There were about twenty guests in all, good plain country people. They were a little disconcerted at first, but we soon put them at their ease. There were many pretty girls among them, but I was too much taken up with the bride to pay attention to them. The dinner

[1] *Forlana*, so called because it is the national dance of the peasants of Friuli.

lasted three hours; it was abundant, and the wines exquisite, but no one knew that I had provided the funds. We all sang, or recited poetry; and we rose from table in the highest of spirits. Everybody embraced his or her neighbour, and I could not help laughing when I saw the haughty countess offer her cheek to the wizened little tailor. Dancing began when the fiddles arrived. The bride opened the ball by dancing a minuet with the bridegroom. She danced gracefully, if not well; but the tailor, whose legs were made only to be crossed, was so comical, I thought the countess would die a-laughing. After the minuets refreshments were handed about, with a profusion of *confetti*, a coloured sweetmeat which they make at Milan better than they do at Verdun.

When the ball was over, I asked the tailor if I should take his wife home in my carriage. He was a man of sense, and looked flattered. Less ambitious than Cæsar, he was satisfied to come second with a beautiful woman.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE IMAGE OF WAX

I was going to the opera next night, and should most probably have finished the evening at the gaming-table, but I met Cesarino, and spent two delightful hours talking with him. He opened his heart to me, and begged me to speak to Teresa for him. He had a strong desire to be a sailor, and he assured me he felt convinced that if his mother would allow him the funds necessary to engage in commerce, he should make his fortune. I promised I would do what I could.

After supping soberly with the dear youth, I went to bed. I remained in my room next day, and did not see the countess until after dinner. Her husband had gone to San Angelo ; and as she was alone, common politeness compelled me to pay my respects to her and to apologise for not having presented myself at table. She was very amiable, and told me I was to do exactly as I liked in her house. I was sure she was playing a game, but I wanted her to think me her dupe. I said fatuously that when Lent came I would make up for the dissipations of the carnival, which had engrossed me to her detriment.

The Spanish lady studies revenge.

'I hope so,' answered the perfidious Spaniard, with one of those enchanting smiles peculiar to a woman who is possessed of the lust of revenge. At the same time, she offered me a pinch of snuff, and took one herself.

'But what is this, dear countess?' I asked. 'This is not snuff!'

'No ; a powder which is good for headaches. It makes one's nose bleed.'

I was vexed, but said laughingly that I was not suffering from migraine, and that I did not like my nose to bleed.

'You will not bleed much,' she said, still smiling, 'and it will do you good.' She had hardly spoken when we both sneezed three or four times running, and a moment after a drop of blood fell on my hand. She took up a silver bowl which was on the table.

'Come nearer,' she said, 'for I am beginning to bleed too.'

So there we were, holding our heads over the same basin. In a few minutes the bleeding ceased, and we washed ourselves with cold water in another basin.

'The mingling of our blood,' she said, 'will cause a great sympathy between us, perhaps a friendship which will end only with the death of one of us.'

I did not pay much attention to her words, but the reader will see how short a lease she gave this friendship. I asked her to give me a little of the powder, but she refused; neither would she tell me its name, declaring it was a friend who had given it her. On leaving her I sought an apothecary, and described the powder and its effects to him, but he knew no more than I did. He could only say that euphorbia sometimes did produce bleeding of the nose; but it was not a question of 'sometimes,' the result had been immediate. This little incident gave me food for reflection. Madame was Spanish, and she evidently hated me—two reasons for attaching importance to what had occurred. The following day Clairmont informed me that a Capuchin friar wished to speak to me. I told him to give him alms and send him away; but the monk refused the money, saying he must see me alone.

The Capuchin friar to the rescue.

He was an imposing old man. I went to meet him, and offered him a chair with a low bow, but he took no heed of my civilities.

'Sir,' said he, still standing, 'pay attention to what I am going to say to you. If you despise my warning, it may cost you your life. When you have heard me to the end, do exactly what I tell you to do, but you must not ask me a

single question, for I cannot answer. You will guess, no doubt, that my silence is due to the inviolable seal of confession, which all Christians must respect. My vow and my good faith are above suspicion, for I have no interest to serve in seeking you. I am impelled to speak to you. I have no doubt it is your guardian angel who uses me to your salvation. God will not abandon you. Tell me if my words move you, and if I can safely tell you what is in my heart.'

'Be assured, reverend father, that I have listened to you with attention and respect. Speak; your words not only move me, but inspire me with a kind of terror. I promise to follow your advice if there is nothing in it contrary to honour and common sense.' Under the seal of confession.

'Good; but you must also promise me that however this affair turns out, you will not compromise me by any indiscretion. You will not speak of me to any one. You will not say to any one that you know me or that you do not know me.'

'I swear it to you on my faith as a Christian. But speak, I implore you; I am burning with curiosity.'

'You must go alone, to-day, before noon, to such and such a square, such and such a house, ring at the left-hand door on the second floor. Tell the person who opens it that you wish to speak to Madame ——. You will be admitted without difficulty; I do not even think your name will be asked; but if it is, give an assumed one. When you see Madame —— speak to her quietly and gently; try and gain her confidence. She is poor; give her two or three pieces of gold; this will win her to you. Then tell her with assurance that you will not leave the room till she gives you the little bottle which a servant gave her last night with a letter. Be firm if she refuses, but do not make any noise. Do not allow her to leave the room or to call in any one. If needs be, promise her double the sum the other party is to pay her, if she will give you the bottle. The amount will not be serious, but anyhow your life is of more value to you

than all the gold of Peru. I cannot say more, but tell me before I go that you will obey me.'

'Yes, reverend father, I will be directed by the angel who has brought you hither.'

'So be it, and God bless you.'

I did not feel inclined to laugh, ridiculous as the worthy priest's conjuration appeared. There is a lingering remnant of superstition in me which I have never been able to get rid of. Besides this, the Capuchin looked honest and trustworthy. I took the paper on which I had written down the address, put two small pistols in my pocket, and set out for the mysterious house. Clairmont accompanied me as far as the square, when I bade him wait.

Discomfiture of the sorceress.

I was admitted into the presence of a hideous old woman. I gave her two sequins, whereupon she said she knew I was in love, and that it was my own fault if I was unhappy, but that she would give me something to help my case. I knew by this I was speaking to a supposed sorceress. The famous Bontemps of Paris had used much the same language to me. But when I told her I would not leave the room without the famous bottle and all that went with it, her face became horrible to see. She trembled violently, and tried to leave the room, but I opened my pocket knife and brandished it at her head. But when I offered her double the sum which had been promised her by my enemy, she quieted down.

'I shall lose six sequins,' she said, 'but you will gladly give me twice that amount when you see yourself, for now I recognise you.'

'Who am I?'

'You are Giacomo Casanova the Venetian.'

I drew twelve sequins from my purse and laid them on the table. The old woman was moved to tears.

'I should not have caused your death,' she said, 'but I should have caused you to love madly and to suffer.'

'Explain yourself.'

I followed her into a small room filled with extraordinary

things—bottles and phials of all sizes, stones of all colours, metals, minerals, nails, both large and small, pincers, a furnace, and a quantity of formless and hideous statuettes.

'Here is your bottle.'

'What is in it?'

'Your blood mixed with that of the countess, as you may read in this note.'

I then understood what it was all about, and I wonder now I did not burst out laughing. Instead of that, however, my hair stood on end at the thought of the abominable Spaniard, and a cold sweat covered my body.

'What would you have done with the blood?'

'I should have anointed you with it; you shall see how.'

She opened a casket about two feet long, in which was a naked wax figure lying on its back. My name was written on it; and although it was clumsily and badly made, my features were recognisable. The image wore a cross and order like mine. Certain parts of the figure were most monstrously out of proportion, and I could not help laughing, it was so ill modelled.

'Laugh away!' said the witch, 'but it would have been the worse for you if I had bathed you in that blood, according to certain rites I alone know, and it would have gone harder still with you if I had then laid your image on a burning brazier.'

'Well, it belongs to me now. Here are your twelve sequins! Now light a fire, and I will melt down this little monster; as for the blood, allow me to throw it out of the window.' The old woman was delighted to see me melt the wax, as she doubtless feared I should carry all these things away as evidence against her. She said I was an angel of goodness, and besought me to pardon her and not to tell any one what had passed. I swore that not even the countess should know. Then the old hag offered, for another dozen sequins, to make the countess fall madly in love with me. I told her I did not care about it, and advised her to give up her hideous trade, which sooner or later would bring her to the stake. The burning of the image.

In spite of the money this nonsense had cost me, I was not

sorry to have followed the advice of the Capuchin, who seriously believed I was a doomed man. I think he must have got wind of the affair from the confession of some servant who had taken the blood to the sorceress. I was determined that the countess should never guess I had discovered her little plot, so I was more polite to her than ever. It was lucky for me that she pinned her faith in witchcraft, or she might have had recourse to hired assassins to revenge her.

I made her a present of a fine mantle; and as I was kissing her hand—

'I dreamt,' said I, 'that you were so angry with me you hired ruffians to murder me.'

She blushed violently, and said she had not taken leave of her senses. After that I left her very pensive, plunged in a gloomy reverie. Whether she thought better of it or not, I cannot tell, but at any rate she gave me no further cause for complaint.

The masquerade.

The reader will remember the two pretty cousins to whose house Barbaro had taken me, and whom I had met again at the masked ball. I had become very friendly with the brother of one of them, an officer, and through him was now an accepted visitor at the house. The girls were consumed with a desire to go to a grand masquerade which was to be given in Milan, and in which their parents would not allow them to take part. I offered to manage it for them, but they declared that some one would be sure to recognise them. I was determined to carry it through. I hired an apartment of four rooms, in a lonely street; and when I had got so far in my preparations, asked permission of the young lieutenant.

'I see no objection; only a certain young nobleman, a great friend of mine, and an admirer of my cousin, ought to be of the party.'

'With all my heart. Be ready, all of you, on Sunday, at twilight. We will meet, sup together, after that we will disguise ourselves and go to the ball. How tall is your sweetheart? What kind of man is your cousin's friend?'

'My sweetheart is two inches shorter than my sister, and is plumper. My friend is built much as you are; if you were dressed alike, you might be taken one for the other.'

'Now leave me to think it out.'

I had need of a trustworthy person and a tailor. Naturally, I thought of Zenobia and her husband. I told the tailor to take me to the best *costumier* in Milan.

'Show me, sir, the handsomest dresses you have for men and for women.'

Beautiful clothes spoilt.

He spread out a dozen before me. I chose a blue velvet suit lined with white satin, and a sulphur-coloured velvet suit lined with satin of the same tint, two pairs of breeches in velvet pile, with coats and waistcoats of embroidered silk. I then chose for the ladies a flame-coloured satin, and a lilac satin, and a striped *peau-de-soie.* I bought two men's shirts, three ladies' smocks, and handkerchiefs, and several odd yards of velvet, silk, and satin. I paid two hundred ducats for all these things; but only on condition that if any one found out where I had bought them, the *costumier* was to take them back, no matter in what condition they might be, and return me my money. When we got back to my rooms, I locked the door on the tailor and told him I would blow out his brains if he breathed a word to any one of the work I was going to give him. I then spread the finery on the table; and taking up a dagger, I made cuts and tears in the coats and breeches in every direction, laughing the while at his piteous face when he saw me thus spoil good clothes. I then handed him the odds and ends of stuff.

'Here, my good fellow,' said I, 'is the work I have cut out for you. Now fall to and patch them up with as much taste and as striking a contrast as you can, so that each patch produces its effect. You have no time to lose. I will have your meals served to you here, but you won't leave this room till all is finished. I am going to fetch your wife, so that you can work together—and you may sleep in the next room.'

'But for the love of God, sir, why have you treated these

fine clothes like that? And are you going to use the dresses in the same way?'

'Precisely.'

'What a pity! My wife will weep over them.'

'I will console her.'

On my way to fetch Zenobia I bought five pairs of pearl-grey silk stockings, two beaver hats, two caricature masks for the men, and three natural ones for the women, and three plates in painted porcelain. I put Zenobia and my purchases into a sedan chair, and so back to my rooms, where we found the tailor busy.

A woman's imagination is always more lively than a man's. As soon as Zenobia grasped my idea, she fell to with a will, and slit and tore the dresses so that they should incite admiration in spite of their raggedness. They were the most ill treated about the throat, shoulders, and arms, so that the batiste chemises would be visible underneath, and the fringed petticoats would allow quite half of a pretty leg to be seen.

The work was done by Saturday; the ball was to be on Sunday. I dismissed the tailor with six sequins, but kept his wife to wait on my three beautiful beggar women, whom I had not let into the secret.

'You, sir,' said I to the young officer, 'must have a carriage with four horses, and it must take all four of you outside one of the gates and bring you in at another. You can walk to the ball from my rooms, and return to them in sedan chairs. In this way we shall put people off the scent.

I had determined to dress myself as a Pierrot; there is no disguise which better destroys one's identity, as it hides the colour of the skin. Ten years ago I wore the very same costume in the convent at Murano. The tailor made me a fine new suit, and in the pockets of the trousers I put the new purses, each containing five hundred sequins. By seven o'clock on Sunday the table was set for supper. At five minutes after the hour they arrived. My friend's friend, the marchese, was charming, young, handsome, rich,

very much in love with the pretty cousin, whom he treated with great respect. The lieutenant's mistress was charming, and devoted to her lover. After supper I said—

'As I am not going to be with you, I must tell you your rôles. You are to represent five beggars—two men and three women—in rags.' The beggars.

I was secretly amused at their dismal faces when I made this announcement, and went on—

'You will each of you have a platter in your hand, and you will go arm in arm through the ballrooms, asking for alms, and playing your beggarly parts. Now come along and put on your rags!' So saying, I flung open the bedroom door. The first thing they saw was the beautiful Zenobia standing among the piles of rich but ragged raiment.

'Ladies,' said I, 'here are your dresses, here are your chemises, your stockings, and your handkerchiefs. On this toilette table are sundry other articles which may be useful to you. Here are your masks, and here are the plates to receive the alms. These garters will show your abject poverty, and the holes in the stockings will prove you have not even the means to buy silk to darn them with. These bits of string will fasten your shoes instead of buckles, and we will make holes in your shoes, which you will carefully wear down at heel.'

While I was rattling this off, I saw admiration take the place of disgust on their faces.

'Now, gentlemen, here are your ragamuffin's clothes. I forgot to lacerate the beavers, but that is easily done. What do you think of them? Now, ladies, we must leave you. Shut the door, because you must change your smocks.'

The marchese was enthusiastic. 'What figures we shall cut!' he cried. 'Magnificent! these superb clothes all torn and tastefully patched—a gorgeous piece of burlesque!'

In half an hour we were ready. The torn stockings, the broken shoes, the fine lace ruffles all in jags, the long floating hair, the beautiful porcelain plates cracked on purpose, all

made up an *ensemble* of the most sumptuous misery. The girls were longer in dressing than we were. On account of their head-dresses, they let their hair stream down their backs in most admired disorder. That of Marchesa Q. was the longest; it fell below her knees. Their white arms, shoulders, throats, and legs peeped through the holes in the costumes. We could not suppress our cries of admiration.

A scene at the masquerade.

I showed them how to move their heads piteously but not awkwardly, how to use their handkerchiefs so that the holes and the fineness of the cambric would be noticed. We put on our masks, and started. I went in first; and as there were twenty other Pierrots, no one took any notice of me. Five minutes later every one was running to the door to see the curious cortège. The marchese was between the two cousins, who were walking slowly and stiffly. The Marchesa Q., with her flame-coloured dress and her magnificent hair, attracted great attention. The gaping crowd pressed closer. The orchestra struck up a minuet. Three masks in dominoes invited my three beggar girls to dance with them. They refused, showing as an excuse their slippers down at heel.

After following them about for some time I went into the card-room, where I saw Canano, who was playing for high stakes. A man of about my height and figure was playing against the bank, double or quits. He won three times in succession; then gathering up his money left the table, and I slipped into his vacant chair.

'I believe that was the Chevalier de Seingalt,' said a lady, when he had left the room.

'No,' answered some one, 'for I have just met him in the hall dressed as a ragamuffin, with four others.'

I went on quietly putting sequins on a card without counting them. I lost six or seven times in succession. I heard some one whisper to Canano—

'That is not Seingalt; he does not play that game; besides, he is dancing.'

Then the luck turned; my card turned up three times, and I won more than I had lost. I put the lot, double or quits, on one card, won, and ceased playing, for I saw the bank was in distress. Canano paid me; and while he was shuffling the cards some one cried, 'Here come the beggars!'

Canano looked fixedly at the marchese, and suddenly asked him for a pinch of snuff. 'Now,' thought I, 'they will find out who it is!' but to my joy, the marchese modestly drew a paper screw of snuff from his pocket and handed it to the banker. Every one burst out laughing, and the marchesa stretched out her hand and begged alms of the banker.

He stakes on the hair of the marchesa.

'I can't feel sorry for any one with such glorious hair,' said Canano. 'If you will stake it on a card, I will count it as a thousand sequins.'

She took no notice of the compliment, but held the plate to me, and I dropped a handful of sequins in it and into those of her companions.

'Pierrot seems to like beggars,' said Canano, laughing.

The ragged crew then bowed low and went off.

The Marchese Triulzi, who was beside him, said, 'The ragamuffin in straw colour is certainly Casanova.'

'I am sure of it,' said Canano; 'but who are the others?'

'We shall find out; but their disguise is really expensive, for all the things are new.'

I had won in all two thousand five hundred sequins, for which Canano gave me a note of hand, which I put carefully in my pocket. I went to a box on the third tier, where I had given my friends rendezvous.

'Our pockets are full of dragées,' said the girls; 'every one loaded us with sweetmeats.'

'You have made us all so very happy,' said the lieutenant's sweetheart.

'*La fin couronne l'œuvre*, mademoiselle, and I hope the end will be better than the beginning.' Saying this, I gently pressed the marchesa's hand, and felt her fingers tremble in mine.

'Let us go down now, I want to dance, and as a Pierrot I know I shall make you all laugh.'

We put on our masks, and I went down first. After playing tricks on the harlequins and columbines, I recognised Teresa in a domino, and invited her, awkwardly, to dance a country dance.

'You are the Pierrot who has just broken the bank?' she said. I nodded, and she put her arm through mine.

I danced like a madman, keeping time and step always, so as not to spoil the figure, but throwing in many queer capers. After the dance I took her back to the box where the banker Greppi was waiting. Then I took a sedan chair and went back to my rooms, where I was soon joined by the beggars. The young ladies changed their costumes, and the lieutenant accompanied them in chairs to the gate, where their carriage was to meet them. The marchese remained with me. He told me politely that he would like to reimburse me at least one-half of the money I had spent on their entertainment.

The beggars sup with the marchese.

'I was afraid you were going to humiliate me by some such request,' I answered.

'I had no intention of humiliating you, and I will not insist. Now it is I who am humiliated.'

'No—for I count on your good sense. You see, money is no consideration to me, and I give you my word of honour you shall pay all the expenses of the next fête.'

The carnival lasts four days longer at Milan than anywhere else, which shortens Lent by almost a week. There were three more masked balls to take place; before the last one the lieutenant came to see me.

'The marchese,' said he, 'invites you to sup with him, and the beggars; but as he has a surprise in store for us, he wishes me to ask you to lend him your rooms for some hours beforehand, and to allow your amiable waiting-maid to assist him.'

'Willingly,' said I. 'Tell the amiable marchese that everything here is at his disposal.'

On the appointed evening, when we were all assembled, the marchese told us we had better dress before supper.

'Ladies,' said he, pointing to an enormous bundle, 'here are your things. Madame Zenobia will assist you while we dress in the other room.'

He took up another packet, and when we three were alone he opened it. We all burst out laughing when we saw women's clothes—chemises, embroidered slippers with high heels, superb garters, and richly laced nightcaps. Nothing was forgotten, silk stockings with red and yellow clocks, stays, petticoats, fichus, fans, workbags, rouge-box, masks, gloves, all was perfect! We helped each other to dress, and when all was done we looked shabby enough, except the young officer, who might have passed for a pretty woman.

We opened the door, and saw the three girls standing with their backs to the chimney-piece dressed in men's clothes, looking like three young pages, minus the effrontery. We men on the other hand presented ourselves with affected modesty and an air of timid reserve, which ill accorded with our inches. After two hours at table we rose, and gloom overcast the two beautiful cousins. They did not at all like going to the ball in this guise, and said so.

'Very well,' said I; 'we will play games, make punch, and amuse ourselves, and when we are tired we will go to sleep!'

On Shrove Tuesday, as there was no ball, I went to the tables, where I lost all the money I had about me. I was just leaving when a woman, disguised as a man, gave me a card and made signs to me to play on it. I laid it down before the banker, telling him I would stake a hundred sequins on it. I lost, and lost nine hundred more in succession, for which I gave a note, payable next day. As I was leaving the rooms the ill-omened mask, accompanied by another mask, came up to me, and the latter, taking my hand, whispered that if I would go to the inn of the 'Three Kings' next morning, I should meet an old friend.

'Who is the friend?'

'Myself.'

'And who are you?'

'Follow me to the end of the arcade,' he said, 'and you will see.'

A meeting with Croce.

When he took off his mask I recognised Croce. I knew he had been banished from Milan, and I understood his reasons for not giving his name in public.

'I am surprised to see you here,' I said.

'I should think so; I only dare come because it is carnival time and I can remain masked. I am trying to force my relations to pay me my due; but they put off as long as they can, in hopes that I shall be obliged to go away.'

'But shall you leave even if they have not paid you?'

'I shall be forced to. Give me twenty sequins, so that I can go off on Sunday morning. My cousin, who owes me ten thousand francs, will perhaps refuse to give me a tenth of it; if he does, before I leave I shall kill him.'

Your masked friend here has made me lose a thousand sequins, which I don't know how to pay.'

'I know. I am an unfortunate wretch, and bring bad luck to all my friends. It was I who told her to give you the card.'

'Is she from Milan?'

'No; she is from Marseilles, and is the daughter of a rich commission agent. I fell in love with her, and she eloped with me. Unfortunately for her, I had plenty of money then, but lost it all at Geneva. Help me to get away, I implore you.'

Touched with compassion, I went back and asked Canano to give me twenty sequins, which I handed to Croce.

Early on Monday morning Clairmont brought me an unsigned letter, which read as follows—

'Sir,—Have pity on a most unfortunate creature! M. de Sainte-Croix has gone away and left me. He has not paid his bill here. God alone knows what will become of me. Come, I implore you, if it is only to advise me!'

I dressed hastily and ran to the 'Three Kings,' where I found a young woman of most interesting appearance. I read in her face candour, modesty, and injured innocence. She begged

pardon for her boldness; and begged me to dismiss a woman who was sitting in the room with her.

'I do not know what she wants,' she said, 'for I only speak French, but she has been here for the last hour. I think she wishes me to understand that she can be useful to me, but I do not feel inclined to accept her help.'

'Who told you to come here?' said I to the woman.

'A man-servant, who said that a young foreign lady was here all alone and in great distress. I came out of kindness; however, I see I am not wanted. I leave her in good hands, and I congratulate her,' and with a cunning smile the creature withdrew.

The poor girl then told me in a few words what I already knew—that she had left her home with Croce, who called himself M. de Sainte Croix. She added that he had been at the tables ever since receiving my twenty sequins, and that on Sunday morning he had disappeared, leaving no address.

'He has left Milan, I am sure,' she said, 'and what am I to do. The landlord is clamouring for his bill. If I sell everything I might manage to pay it; but what would become of me then?'

'Would you dare to return to your father?'

'Yes, sir, certainly; my father would forgive me if I declared myself willing to enter a convent.'

'Well, then, I will take you to Marseilles myself, and meantime I will find some honest people who will look after you.'

Croce leaves his victim to Casanova.

I paid the bill, which was modest enough; then I left the poor girl, telling her to keep her door locked and to receive no one till my return. I went to Zenobia and asked her, in the presence of her husband, if she could find a little corner for my protégée.

'I will give her my place,' cried the tailor, like a good fellow, 'she can sleep with my wife. I will take a room near by, and she can stay as long as she likes.'

I wrote a few lines to the young woman and sent them by Zenobia. The next day she was comfortably installed with

these good people, a little cramped for room perhaps, but quite happy, and looking extremely pretty.

I was in a most virtuous humour, but I apprehended some difficulty in maintaining that attitude during our voyage to Marseilles.

I had nothing more to do in Milan, but I had promised the count to spend a fortnight with him at San Angelo, a country place belonging to his family. He had a married brother who lived there, and he was constantly telling me how delighted this brother would be to make my acquaintance.

On the fourth day of Lent I said good-bye to Teresa, Greppi, and the Marchesa Q., and the count and I set off for San Angelo. The countess did not care to join the party, but stopped at Milan with Triulzi. We arrived at San Angelo in three hours, and found that our hosts were waiting dinner for us.

CHAPTER XXXIV

CLEMENTINA

A description of a feudal castle.

The feudal château of San Angelo is at least eight centuries old, and without any positive style of architecture to guide one as to the exact date of its construction. It is composed of a ground floor divided into a number of small rooms, a second story containing several very large and lofty apartments, and above these a series of wide garrets. The walls, which time has cracked in several places, are of an immense thickness, and prove that our ancestors built for posterity, which is more than can be said of us; for we are beginning to build in the English fashion—that is to say, for the lifetime of one man. The stairs, which are flagged with large stones, are so worn in places that it behoves one to go up and down carefully. The floors are all of brick; and as they have been repaired from time to time, they form a kind of marqueterie more curious than agreeable to the eye. The windows are in keeping with the rest of the building; in some places the panes are missing altogether; and in others the sashes are too wormeaten to support the weight of glass, so they generally remain open, and have not even shutters. Fortunately, the climate is mild. As for the ceilings, there are not any, huge beams cross and recross the rooms, and birds' nests and spiders' webs do their best to make up for the lack of decoration. This Gothic palace—I cannot call it castle, for there is neither tower nor keep, only over the *porte cochère* an enormous escutcheon, which the family keep in good order with the greatest care—is a monument of the ancient nobility of the Counts of A. B., and

they think it a great deal finer than the most magnificent dwelling of recent date. There are three or four suites of rooms in separate wings of the castle, which are in better repair than the others, and these suites are occupied by the actual owners, three in number—Count A. B., my friend; Count Ambrose, his brother, whose guest I was; and a third and younger brother, an officer in the Spanish Walloon Guards, just now away with his regiment, and whose rooms I occupied.

Count Ambrose came to meet me on the castle steps as though I had been a great lord; the two big doors were wide open; but I did not take undue pride to myself from this fact, realising that it would have been impossible to shut them without their falling to pieces!

The greeting of Count Ambrose.

The noble count, his cotton nightcap in his hand, and somewhat negligently dressed, greeted me in a dignified yet modest little speech. He said his brother was wrong to invite me to the contemplation of their poverty; that I should not find the comforts to which I was accustomed. At the same time, he added, I might count on finding a *Milanese heart*; this is a phrase which the good people of Milan use constantly. They are as a general rule honest, hospitable, and frank, very different from the Piedmontese or the Genoese.

Count Ambrose then presented me to the countess his wife and to his two sisters-in-law, one of whom was remarkably beautiful, but shy and awkward. The other was one of those women of whom nothing is to be said; she was neither ugly nor pretty; women such as she can be counted by the hundred. The countess had the face of a Madonna, of an angelic sweetness and candour. She was from Lodi, and had only been married two years. The three sisters were very young, very noble, and very poor. During dinner Count Ambrose told me he had taken her in her poverty because he set more store by character and morals than birth.

'She makes me happy,' he said. 'Though she brought me no fortune, she has taught me to consider everything which we do not possess as superfluity.'

'That,' said I, 'is true philosophy.'

The countess smiled at him; and taking from the arms of a servant a charming baby of five or six months old, began to nurse it. I am sure if Raphael had seen her, we should have had another sublime picture from his brush.

Dinner at the castle.

The dinner would have been excellent without the made dishes, which were detestable. The soup, boiled salt pork, sausage, creams, vegetables, game, *mascarpon* cheese, preserved fruits, were all delicious; but his brother had told him I was a *gourmet*, and poor Ambrose had tried to give me some *entrées* that were simply abominable. Politeness compelled me to taste them, but I promised myself it should be the last time. After dinner I drew my amphitryon to one side, and told him his table was perfect with its ten natural courses, and had no need of made dishes. After that day we had the most simple and delightful fare.

There were six of us at table, all lively and talkative except the beautiful Clementina. This was the name of the young countess who had impressed me so. She only spoke when directly addressed, and always blushing deeply; but as it was only by speaking to her that I could get a glimpse of her bright eyes, I put many questions to her, until at last I saw that it really embarrassed her, so I left her alone, hoping to be better acquainted with her by and by.

Finally I was conducted to my apartment. There was glass in the windows, and curtains, but Clairmont told me he did not dare unpack. As there were no keys to either doors or wardrobes, he would not be responsible for my valuables, he said. I thought he was right, and I sought my host.

'I do not believe there is a key in the whole place, except to the cellar,' he said; 'but in spite of that, everything is perfectly safe. There are no thieves in San Angelo; and even if there were, they would not dare show their noses here.'

'I do not doubt you, my dear count,' said I; 'but it is my duty to suppose there are thieves everywhere. My own

valet might seize this opportunity to rob me, and I could not bring it home to him.'

'I quite understand; to-morrow morning the locksmith shall put keys to your doors, and you will be the only one in the house who deems it necessary to take precautions against robbers.'

I told Clairmont not to unpack my trunks till next day, and I went off with Count A. B. and his sisters-in-law for a walk, Count Ambrose and his wife remaining at home.

'We will go and pay a visit to a certain pretty penitent,' said the count. 'She is, or was, a Milanese Läis, who had such a reputation for beauty, that all the rich men of the city and of neighbouring towns came to pay her homage. The door of her house was opened and shut a hundred times a day. About a year ago the pious people began to cry scandal. Count Firmian had orders from Vienna to shut her up in a convent. Maria Theresa has no tolerance for mercenary beauty, and the beautiful sinner was compelled to make a general confession, and a lifelong penitence was imposed on her. Cardinal Pozzobonelli gave her absolution, and conferred on her the sacrament of Confirmation, changing her baptismal name of Teresa to that of Mary Magdalene. We are the hereditary patrons of a convent consecrated to penitents; it is a most inaccessible place, where the recluses live, deprived of all worldly pleasure, and subjected to every privation. They can only work and pray; they see no other man than the priest, who says mass daily in their chapel.'

This story touched me deeply; my eyes filled with tears. Poor Mary Magdalene! Barbarous Maria Theresa!

As soon as we were announced, the superior came to receive us, and we were shown into an immense hall, when I at once distinguished the celebrated penitent from among some homely and insignificant young women. As soon as we appeared the poor girls laid aside their knitting or their needlework, and rose to their feet. Magdalene impressed me in spite of the severity of her costume. What beauty! What dignity! My profane

eyes, instead of seeing the enormity of her sin, saw only her loveliness. Her beautiful eyes were fixed on the ground; but suddenly raising them, she looked at me, and cried 'Good God! What do I see! Holy Virgin Mary, come to my help! Horrible sinner! away!—leave this place—although indeed it is more fitting that you should be here than me.'

The Milanese Lāis attacks Casanova.

The Superior said hastily, 'Sir, I beg you not to take offence; the poor creature is not in her right mind—unless, indeed, she has recognised you——?'

'I have never seen her until to-day, madame.'

'Then, sir, please to forgive her; she is not responsible.'

As a matter of fact, I thought her violent apostrophe showed more wit than madness. She resented being made a show of. Tears coursed down my cheeks; the count laughed. A moment later she broke out again, and begged the Superior to send me away. The abbess reminded her that she was the greatest sinner present, and the poor Magdalene left us, weeping bitterly.

Could I have entered Milan at the head of a victorious army, my first act would have been to release this unfortunate being from the female tyrant set over her. I would have thrashed the honey-tongued abbess with a horsewhip if she had tried to oppose me. She told us that poor Magdalene was not evil-natured, and she believed that if God would only keep her from madness she would become in time a saint like her namesake. 'She has begged me,' she said, 'to take the pictures of Saint Louis of Gonzaga and Saint Anthony of Padua out of the oratory, because they distract her thoughts from religion.'

On the way back to the château I noticed that Clementina, on my arm, smiled occasionally to herself. I asked her why?

'I am laughing at the surprise you showed when that poor creature told you you deserved to be shut up in a convent.'

'Perhaps you think so too?'

'God forbid! But, tell me, why did she attack you and not my brother-in-law?'

'Probably because she thinks I look a greater sinner than he.'

'That can be the only reason,' agreed Clementina.

In the evening we were joined by a lady and her daughter, and a young abbé, a relation of the count's. This latter displeased me greatly; he pretended he had met me at Milan, and he made sheeps' eyes at Clementina. I went to the window—how useful windows are!—and looked out till the count came and fetched me. I already loved Clementina.

Cards were brought in, and counters of different colours, and I took the bank, laying thirty ducats on the table before me. This was a great sum for such a company. At the end of three hours supper was announced; everybody had won except the poor abbé, who had lost about twenty sequins.

He went away after supper in a very depressed frame of mind. The count accompanied me to my room, and on wishing me good night told me I could sleep in peace; for if my door had no lock on it, neither had that of his sisters, who were my neighbours.

To my great surprise and astonishment, Clementina appeared in my room while Clairmont was putting my hair in papers.

Clementina mends his linen.

'Sir,' said she, 'as we have no waiting-maid to take care of your linen, I beg you to permit me to look after it.'

'*You*, charming countess!'

'Yes, sir, and please do not raise any objections. I shall be pleased to do it, and I hope I shall give you satisfaction. Give me the shirt you intend to wear to-morrow.'

'I must bow to your wish, countess.'

Clairmont and I dragged the trunk containing my linen into the room. I opened the trunk, and said, 'I want a shirt, a collar, a waistcoat, under-drawers, a pair of stockings, and two pocket handkerchiefs every day; the choice of them is indifferent to me. I leave you mistress of my wardrobe, as I would you were mistress of all else. More blessed than Jupiter, I shall now sleep peacefully. Adieu, charming Hebe!'

I sent Clairmont to tell the count I would do without locks on my doors. How could I insult them all so!

While Clairmont was dressing my hair next morning, Clementina came in with a basket.

'I hope you will be pleased with me,' she said.

I looked at her. There was not the slightest sign of false shame on her face; she had no idea that she had in any way derogated from her position.

The count came in just then, and thanked her simply for having taken such good care of his friend. He drew a letter from his pocket; it was from the abbé, begging him to ask me to wait beyond the time generally allowed for debts of honour, as he could not pay the twenty sequins for at least a week.

'Tell him, my dear count, to pay me when he likes; but tell him, at the same time, not to play this evening, as I should take no notice of his stakes.'

'But if he played ready money?'

'He would only be playing with my money until he has paid me. It is only a trifle, and I do not want him to distress himself about it.'

'He will be much mortified.'

'So much the better,' said Clementina; 'it will teach him not to play beyond his means.'

'Dear Clementina,' said I, when the count had left us, 'tell me if you are vexed at the way I have treated the abbé; if so, I will give you the twenty sequins, and you can hand them over to him. He can pay me before us to-night, and make a good effect.'

'Thank you,' she answered, 'but I am not sufficiently interested in the abbé to accept your offer. As I said before, it will be a good lesson for him.'

We continued to talk together. When the count returned, he professed to be surprised at finding us still *tête-à-tête*.

'I wish,' said he, 'that you two would fall in love with one another.'

'You wish to see us both miserable then,' said Clementina.

'And how so, fair countess?' I exclaimed.

'I, because I should love a most inconstant man, and you, because you would be sorry for destroying my peace of mind.' So saying she ran off. The count cried—

'Dear Clementina is rather too romantic, but she will grow out of that.'

We then went to bid good morning to the countess, whom we found nursing her baby.

'Do you know, my dear sister,' said the count, 'the Chevalier is in love with Clementina, and she returns his affection.'

The countess a match-maker.

'I should be delighted,' said the countess, smiling, 'to be related to him by marriage.'

The word marriage is a magic word that often admits of a more flattering construction. I bowed low in acknowledgment, though I must admit that that particular word always touched a very sensitive chord in my heart.

After dinner we went to visit the lady who had joined us last night. We met a canon at her house who took the deepest interest in me, and who asked the name of the order of which I wore the cross and ribbon.

Had the worthy gentleman been a man of the world, he would never have put such an indiscreet query. There are a great many things which are never done in good society, and this is one of them.

A disquisition on orders.

The order of the Golden Spur is an order which is much derided, and it is positive torture to me to have it mentioned, whereas an allusion to my decoration would have pleased me mightily, if I could have said it was the Golden Fleece. I may say that my cross was a veritable cross to me, a real burden; but as it was very magnificent in appearance, and imposed on fools, I was never seen without it.

The Portuguese order of Christ is as much out of favour as the Golden Spur, because the Pope has the power of bestowing it as well as the king. No one thought anything of the Red Eagle until the King of Prussia became Grand Master of the order. Thirty years ago an honest man did not dare

to wear it, because the Margrave of Bayreuth sold it to any one who chose to give good ready money for it.

The blue order of Saint Michael is highly considered to-day, because it is only bestowed by the Elector of Bavaria, for formerly no one would wear it, because it could be bought for a small sum from the Elector of Cologne, and was worn by a crowd of people more fit to carry ladders on their backs than crosses on their breasts.

The craze for orders grows with the corruption of manners; the more unworthy one feels oneself to be, the more one is desirous of distinction. Thus the vanity of man and the venality of governments have caused these decorations to be no longer an honourable distinction. There are so many signs, cordons, and devices now, that the most accomplished courtier cannot flatter himself he knows them all. Besides the orders in the gift of crowned heads and small princes, there are those bestowed by all sorts of obscure chapters, private societies, academies, hunting associations, musical associations, pious associations, and amongst them all perhaps associations of conspirators and rogues.

Feminine decorations.

As for feminine decorations, every man of the world knows better than to ask the meaning of a closed locket, an aigrette placed in a conspicuous position, a portrait worn on the left side or the right, as a bracelet or in a ring. One must content oneself with loving and admiring all women without seeking to penetrate their little mysteries. It is now an accepted rule in polite society not even to ask a man what country he hails from. A Norman or a Calabrian is bound to offer an excuse for his nationality, in the same way that a man from the Pays de Vaud will always call himself Swiss. Neither must one ask a nobleman what his armorial bearings are, for fear of embarrassing him, should he not be conversant with heraldry. I remember when I first went to France, fifty years ago, I was considered impolite because I asked a young countess her Christian name; she did not know it! In London it is the height of rudeness to ask a person's religion. It may be

the same in Germany, for a Herrenhuter or an Anabaptist does not care to own to his faith. The surest way then of offending nobody is never to put a question at all, not even to ask a man if he has change for a louis.

Clementina was delightful during dinner. When I reproached her with filling my glass too often, she answered—

'You ought not to complain; you yourself gave me the name of Hebe!'

'Good; but don't you remember Jupiter dismisses her?'

'Yes, but I also know why, and I am not so clumsy.'

'Very well, then, instead of Jupiter, I will call myself Iolas. Now are you satisfied?'

'No; Iolas was old.'

'So was I yesterday, but you have renewed my youth.'

Her beautiful eyes flashed lightnings and chilled me. This is an everyday phenomenon. A great passion in man is a mighty conflagration, which is inaugurated by a corresponding degree of cold. The chill I felt then would have killed me if it had lasted a minute longer.

This little discussion proved that Clementina was well versed in mythology. When I had an opportunity I asked her sister where she had been educated.

'In the country, but she always shared my brother's studies with his tutor Sardini. It was she alone who profited by his lessons, for my brother did nothing but yawn.'

I begged her to let me see her library and her writings.

'I should be ashamed,' she said, 'and I have not studied at all for the last two years. We only see good people who talk of nothing but their houses and their harvests. You are the first person I have met here who cares for literature.'

'My dear,' said her sister, 'literature is out of your sphere, or the sphere of any woman. *Belles lettres*, poetry, and philosophy are no good in the mistress of a house, and your taste for science may prevent your finding a good husband.'

'I am quite prepared for that, and have made up my mind to die single, only it does not say much for men, that is all.'

I asked her so persistently to show me her books, that after coffee she took me to a little room leading out of her bedchamber. She had only about thirty volumes in all, but they were well chosen.

She handed me a paper; and after glancing over it, I read aloud an anacreontic song, with my best and most expressive voice and manner. Every now and then I changed a word or a syllable; and far from being offended, she thanked me for the correction.

He buys the hundred best books at Lodi.

Next morning at daybreak I went to Lodi, without telling any one of my expedition. Then I bought about a hundred books, many of them translations from French, English, and Spanish, and gave them to Clementina, who was delighted, and sent for a carpenter and ordered him to make her a bookcase with glass doors and locks. Her pleasure more than repaid me.

Next day I rose early, and went to wish the sisters good morning in their room. The Countess Eleonora was dressed, but Clementina was still sleeping.

'My sister,' said Eleonora, 'was reading till three o'clock this morning. These books will drive her crazy. Let us play her a trick; lie down beside her.'

I lay gently down. The pretty sleeper stirred, and threw out an arm, thinking it was her sister by her side. When she turned and wished that mock sister good morning with a kiss, Eleonora's burst of laughter surprised her.

'Very pretty!' said she ironically, 'and I congratulate you both.'

'And I,' said I, 'have received the first kiss of my beautiful Hebe!'

'It counts for nothing; I thought I was kissing my sister.'

'No matter, the kiss has produced its effect. Iolas is rejuvenated.'

'Love watches us,' she said, 'and mocks our danger!'

'Let us lay down our arms before him,' said I.

'No,' said she, 'for he would turn and rend us. But if mere kisses can kill, then let us die!'

She then bade me leave her. She loved me, but she loved literature and learning better. This gave her absolute immunity from merely human passion. I went to my room, and wrote in *terze rime*, after the style of Dante, the account of my feelings. I read it to Clementina, and tears rolled down her cheeks, and I had the satisfaction of hearing her remark that she was now convinced that with regard to love and lover's vows, it was a case of 'All or Nothing!'

CHAPTER XXXV

HE WINS AND LEAVES CLEMENTINA

CLEMENTINA'S calm and balanced demeanour proceeded, as I have said, from absence of feeling. I could not, try as I might, inspire her with a passionate desire for me such as I felt for her. I read to her from Ariosto the moving episode of Fiordespina, Princess of Spain, the lover of Bradamante, but it left her cold. I then resolved to try and foster passion in her by the almost infallible method of procuring for her new and unaccustomed pleasures. I decided to take the whole family to Milan and give them a sumptuous banquet at my rooms over the pastrycook's. I did not mean to tell them where we were going till we were well on the road, for fear my friend Count A. B. should deem it necessary to warn his wife of our arrival and present his sisters-in-law to her.

I wrote to Zenobia to have three dresses made of fine Lyons silk for three young women of condition. I sent her the measures, and described exactly how I wished them trimmed. That designed for the married sister was to be pearl-coloured, with a rich trimming of Valenciennes. The dresses were to be ready and spread on my bed by a certain day. At the same time I wrote to the pastrycook, ordering a sumptuous dinner for eight persons. I told the countess that I desired to have the honour of entertaining her and her family at dinner, but begged her not to ask any questions as to time and place. She and her good husband entered at once into the spirit of the thing, and agreed to follow wherever I should lead.

'Then,' said I, 'everybody must be ready to-morrow at eight

o'clock. You need take no thought of anything; the carriages will be here to the moment.'

I had included in my invitation the widow lady already spoken of and the good canon; this latter more especially, because as he lost more or less money to me every evening, it was in reality he who was defraying the expenses of the entertainment.

A visit to Milan as a bribe.

At eight o'clock we were all assembled at breakfast. Men and women alike could not help betraying their intense curiosity as to our destination. When the carriages arrived I put Clementina and the Countess Ambrose with her baby in mine. When all were ready,

'Now for Milan!' I cried.

'Milan! Milan!' exclaimed the guests, and off we started in the midst of laughter and acclamations. Neither of the sisters had ever been to Milan.

'What will my wife say, I wonder?' said Count A. B.

'Nothing, for she will not know, and in any case I am responsible. You will all dine with me at an apartment which I inhabit *incognito*.'

'My dear,' said the countess to her husband, 'you have been talking of taking me to Milan for the last two years; the Chevalier Seingalt has arranged it all in a few hours!'

'True, my dear, but I intended to give you a month there.'

'If you would like to stay a month,' said I, 'I will manage it for you.'

'Thank you, my dear sir; you are really a most extraordinary man!'

We arrived at Milan at midday. The baker's wife came out to meet us, and begged the countess to confide her child to her, at the same time pointing to her own baby, which she held at her magnificent breast. The countess accepted her offer with grace and dignity. This unpremeditated scene delighted me.

I led my guests to my apartments, where I found not only Zenobia, but Croce's mistress, who had put off her sadness, and

was really quite interesting. A letter of recommendation written by the Graces on the forehead of Beauty is never dishonoured, for every one who has eyes and a heart pays on sight.

'Here are two very pretty young women,' said the countess. 'Who are you, my dears?'

Zenobia answered, 'We are the humble servants of the chevalier, and have the honour to serve you, ladies.'

My humble servants took the ladies' cloaks and followed them into my bedroom, where the three dresses were spread out. The countess, pointing to the pearl-grey one, exclaimed, 'What a lovely robe! Who does it belong to, chevalier?'

The dresses for Eleonora and Clementina.

'To your husband, madame, to do what he pleases with. I hope that he will give it to you, and that you will not affront him by refusing it. Here, count, this dress is for you, and I will blow out my brains if you do not take it.'

'My dear chevalier, we love you too much to drive you to such an act. This proceeding is worthy of you. I take your beautiful present with one hand, and give it with the other to her for whom it is intended.'

'What, my dear husband, is this magnificent dress really for me? How can I thank you both? I absolutely must put it on for dinner.'

The two other dresses were less rich, but more brilliant. One was of pink and apple-green striped satin, trimmed with feather flowers in the best possible taste; and the other was in sky-blue satin, sprinkled with bouquets of flowers, and trimmed with a thick mignonette ruching. Zenobia told Clementina the green one was for her.

'And how do you know, pray?'

'Because it is the longest, and you are the tallest.'

Eleonora declared that she was dying to try hers on, which she did, and Clementina put on the green.

When we left the room I embraced Count Ambrose cordially, and asked his pardon for the presents I had dared to offer to his family.

'You received me so well,' I said, 'that I could not but try to show my gratitude in some small measure.'

By and by the two pretty sisters reappeared in all the splendour of their new attire. They declared that the dresses fitted to perfection, and were lost in speculation as to how I obtained their measures so accurately.

The four eat three hundred oysters.

We sat down to table in excellent spirits. Everything was exquisite; but what crowned the feast was a hamper of oysters from the arsenal at Venice that my pastrycook had managed to get from the Duc de Modena's *maître d'hôtel*. We ate three hundred, for the ladies loved them, and the canon was insatiable, and we washed them down with endless bottles of champagne.

We spent yet another hour taking coffee and punch; then the ladies, donning again their morning costumes, took their places in the carriages. The dresses, packed in cardboard boxes, were put under the seat. Croce's mistress found an opportunity of telling me that she was very happy with Zenobia, and to ask me when I thought of leaving for France.

'You are to be at Marseilles,' said I, 'at the latest, fifteen days after Easter.'

I paid the baker a long bill, for we had drunk over twenty bottles of champagne, and we started on our homeward journey. The road seemed short: champagne, punch, and pleasure had made us all forgetful of distance. We did not reach the château of Saint Angelo till midnight, and we withdrew every one to his room, except myself and Clementina, who loved me now with her whole heart, and proved it.

Clementina's grief at parting.

'Do you imagine, dear Iolas,' she asked me, 'that I can live happily after your departure?'

'My dearest Hebe, for the first few days I know we shall both be miserable; but little by little we shall grow calmer, and even enjoy our regret in philosophic fashion.'

'A bitter sweetness, truly. I do not believe that philosophy can work such a miracle as that. You, sophist, will have, of course, certain consolations. Do not think I am jealous; I

should be ashamed to be; but I personally should feel myself contemptible were I to have recourse to those particular means.'

'Don't speak of it. My *consolations*, as you call them, are not worthy to tie your shoe-strings. One is the wife of my tailor, the other is a respectable young girl whom I am to take to Marseilles, where her home is, that she was foolish enough to leave with one unworthy of her. You will be from this hour, to the day of my death, the only woman to reign in my heart. I may, in moments of weakness, hold some other in my arms; remorse will avenge an infidelity in which my soul has no part.' His consolations.

'I cannot understand how when I am with you, and loving me as you say you do, you can speak of the possibility of being unfaithful to me?'

'I do not believe in the possibility, my angel; I only suppose it.'

'I do not see much difference.'

What could I say? Clementina reasoned well, though I reasoned better than she, but that was because I was not in love for the first time. Such words in the mouth of a woman one would like to make happy for ever are only to be answered with kisses and tears.

'Take me with you,' she said; 'I am ready to follow you anywhere, and I should be happy, I know.'

'I could not so far dishonour your family.'

'Then you do not think me fit to be your wife?'

'You are fit for a throne, and it is I who am unworthy of so perfect a wife as you. I must tell you that I have nothing in the world; I may be a beggar to-morrow. Alone, I fear no reverse of fortune; but I should kill myself if I saw you exposed to privation after having thrown in your lot with mine.'

'Why do I feel it an impossibility that your luck should ever turn, and also that you can never be really happy away from me? Your love cannot be as great as mine if you have so much less confidence in its endurance.'

'My darling, if I have less confidence, it is because I have more experience, and a far crueler experience than you, and one that makes me tremble for the future. Love, once touched by fear, loses in strength what it gains in reason.'

'That hard word reason! Must we then part?'

'Needs must, my beloved; but my heart will remain in your keeping. I shall adore you, though I leave you; and if fortune smiles on me in England, you will see me here again next year. I will buy land wherever you wish, and will settle it on you the day of our marriage; our children and the pleasures of literature shall occupy our lives.'

'What a dream! Why can I not go to sleep now, and only awake on the day when we realise these projects, or die if they are doomed not to be realised.'

'When you change your name for mine, dear one, you will be making a *mésalliance*. Will you mind that?'

'No, no; your hand and your name would be the height of my ambition. I shall never repent this. My whole family love you and cherish you. You cannot imagine how pleased I am when I hear them speak well of you; when they laughingly tell me I am in love with you, I answer that I adore you, and *you* know that I speak the truth.'

I cannot conceive now how a man like myself, free as the eagle in the air, could have made up his mind to leave such a prospect of happiness. But so it was. I only stayed seven days longer at San Angelo. From the good canon I had won, luckily, all the money I lost to the family; the last two nights I forced Clementina to go shares in my bank, and she gained a hundred sequins. The canon lost a thousand sequins, of which seven hundred remained, one way and another, in the hands of my friends, which repaid them for their hospitality. I promised to write, and to return the following year. I did correspond with them for some time, but I left off when misfortune fell upon me in London, and I lost all hope of seeing them again. As a matter of fact I never did, but I never forgot Clementina. Six years later, when I returned from

Spain, I learned that she had married the Marquis de N. three years after my departure, and was happy with him, and had borne two sons.

I gave Eleonora a fine cameo, bearing the image of the God of Silence, off my finger, and got into the carriage to go. All the family pressed round me, weeping and wishing me good-speed. All but Clementina. Pretending I had forgotten something, I rushed upstairs; she was lying sobbing desperately on the bed. I took her in my arms, and kissed her quivering lips for the last time. She never spoke. I laid her down again and tore myself away. I whispered to Eleonora to go to her sister, and without another word I flung myself into the carriage beside my friend Count A. B. We never spoke till we reached his house. We found his wife *en tête-à-tête* with the Marchese Triulzi.

He leaves Milan, 20th March 1765.

When I came to settle my accounts I found I was poorer by a thousand sequins than on my arrival in Milan, but I had been most extravagant. I got some letters of credit from Greppi for Marseilles, and one of ten thousand francs for Genoa, and after having kissed the hand of the beautiful Spaniard who had attempted my life, and thanked her for her hospitality, I left Milan, and have never been there since.

My travelling companion, who out of regard for herself and her family I will call Crosin, was charming. She looked very well bred, and her reserve showed she had been carefully educated. She passed as my niece, and I meant to hand her over to her father without seeking to gain her confidence or make her love me. She told me as we travelled that she was sure that M. de Saint Croix would never have abandoned her had he not felt sure that she had found an honourable protector in me.

'I admire your sentiments, mademoiselle, but I cannot share them. In my opinion, Croce (for that is his real name) behaved like a scoundrel; for, after all, he could not count on me with certainty. He did not love you, or he could not have left you in such a position.'

'On the contrary, he adored me; but there was no alternative, he must either have abandoned me or killed himself and me.'

'Neither the one nor the other; he should have sold everything he possessed and taken you home. You could have gone quite cheaply to Genoa, and from there by water to Marseilles. But I am wrong to blame him, for I see you still care for him.'

'I own it, and I pity him. I shall never see him again, and I shall never love another man. My mind is made up. I shall go into a convent. My father will forgive me; I was blinded by love.'

Mlle. Crosin's explanation.

'You would have left Milan with Croce if he had asked you, even on foot?'

'On foot, and in rags. It would have been my duty to do so; but he loved me too much to expose me to fatigues and misery.'

'And if you should meet him again at Marseilles, you would rejoin him?'

'Ah, no—never. I am beginning to recover my reason and my liberty of thought, and the day will come when I shall thank God for letting me forget him.'

An hour after our arrival at Tortona an old priest came to invite me to breakfast with the bishop, to whom the Marchese Triulzi had given me a letter of introduction, and the invitation included 'the lady who was in my company.' The countess's letter did not mention any lady, but the bishop was a Spaniard, and too polite to leave my niece, real or supposed, alone at an inn. She was delighted when she heard we were to dine out together, and made a very fair toilet for a traveller. At noon the bishop's carriage came for us. He was a very tall old man, four inches and more above my height; and in spite of his eighty years he was fresh and alert, well preserved, and solemn, as became a Spanish grandee. When my niece was about to kiss his hand, according to custom, he withdrew it affectionately and offered her the magnificent cross in amethysts and

diamonds he wore round his neck to kiss. She did so, saying, 'This is what I love,' at the same time looking out of the corner of her eye at me to mark the double meaning of her words—the allusion to *la Croix*.

There were nine of us at table—four priests and two young noblemen, who were most attentive to my niece, and to whose sallies she replied as a woman used to society. I noticed that the bishop, though he often addressed her, never raised his eyes to her. He was a prudent old gentleman, who knew peril when he saw it, and preferred not to expose himself, After coffee we said good-bye, and at four o'clock we left Tortona for Novi. The next day we arrived at Genoa, where Pogomas had taken an apartment for us—four well-furnished rooms, with a good view, *very comfortable*, as the English say, and they know how to take life easy. I ordered a good dinner; I sent word of my arrival to Pogomas, whom all Genoa knew as *Parsano*.

I repaired to a certain Signora Isolabella's, and presented Triulzi's letter of introduction. She introduced me to the Marchese Augustino Grimaldi della Pietro, her *cicisbeo*. Her face was pretty, her voice sweet. She must have been about thirty. I will not speak of her complexion, for she was plastered with red and white, so badly put on that these layers of paint spoilt completely her beautiful, expressive eyes.

I went home to supper, and sat down expecting to make a satisfactory meal, but everything was detestable. I told Clairmont to send the landlady to me, but she declared it was no fault of hers, everything had been prepared by my cook.

'My cook!' I ejaculated.

'Yes, sir, the one Signor Parsano has engaged for you. If he had asked me, I could have found you a better and a cheaper one.'

Parsano engages his own brother as cook.

'Engage him for me to-morrow.'

'With pleasure, but you must first get rid of the one you have, for he has taken up his quarters here with his wife and children.'

When Parsano came next morning, he remonstrated with me for having dismissed the cook.

'I engaged him by your orders,' he said, 'for the whole time you remain in Genoa. He is to be paid four francs a day and his food.'

'Show me my letter.'

'Here it is—"Find me a good cook, whom I will keep all the time I stay in Genoa."'

'Be so good as to note the clause "*a good cook*." The one you engaged is detestable.'

'He is a good cook, and he will bring an action against you.'

'You have signed a contract with him?'

'Yes. I was authorised to do so by you.'

The engaging of a cook.

'Bring the man up. I want to see him.'

When the cook appeared,

'Sir,' he said, 'I know my trade, as four thousand Genoese can testify.'

'That does not say much for their taste. The supper you gave me last night proves that you are only a spoil-sauce.'

Just then Don Antonio Grimaldi came in. When he heard the subject of our dispute, he laughed.

'My dear chevalier, don't go to law; you will only have to pay the expenses, for the documentary evidence is against you. The wrong is on the side of the man who engaged him without being certain that he knew his business, and that man must be either a knave or a fool.'

At these words Parsano interrupted, declaring loudly that he was neither the one nor the other.

'But you are the cook's cousin,' interposed the landlady.

This remark let in a flood of light on the subject. After telling the cook to withdraw,

'Parsano,' I said, 'do I owe you any money?'

'On the contrary, you paid me a month in advance. I am obliged to serve you for another ten days.'

'I make you a present of the ten days. You will either

leave me at once, or you will get rid of your cousin. Now understand me; you can go and think it over.'

About midday the landlady came up with the new cook, and gave me the contract Parsano had made with his cousin. This burlesque victory put me in good humour for the whole day.

At the house of Signora Isolabella that evening I observed that all the aristocracy of Genoa frequented her salons. Biribi, a regular cheating game if ever there was one, was just then the rage amongst ladies of quality, so every one was forced to play. It was prohibited at Genoa, which, of course, made it all the more popular. The prohibition naturally only applied to public rooms, as the Government had no control over private houses. A table was installed at Signora Isolabella's, whose owners went with it from house to house, and hostesses would invite their friends for the special purpose of playing. Though I hate the game, I was naturally obliged to do as others did.

He breaks the bank at biribi.

There was a portrait of the mistress of the house in the room in which the table was set, dressed as a columbine, and by chance one of the cards on the table was also a columbine; so out of pure gallantry I chose it, and staked on no other. Each player drew three consecutive numbers, the table was divided into thirty-six squares, and the winner was paid thirty-two times his stake, which, of course, gave an immense advantage to the bankers, who were three. The bank contained about two thousand sequins; the table, a fine tablecloth, and four silver candlesticks belonged to the bankers. At first I lost several times running, and every one was loud in their pity, then my card came up, and I won thirty-two sequins. I left them on the table, the card came up again, and I won a thousand. I again put fifty sequins on the columbine, and for the third time she came up. This broke the bank; and as there was not enough money to pay me, table, cloth, candlesticks, the whole paraphernalia, was handed over to me. It was my turn to be congratulated, and the bankrupt scoundrels were hissed out of the room. But when

the first transports were over, I saw that the ladies were much disconcerted, as there could be no more play. I told them to cheer up, I would take the bank, but with equal chances, that is, I would pay thirty-six times the stakes instead of thirty-two. Every one thought this delightful, and I kept them amused till supper-time, without much loss or gain. Before leaving I begged the signora to accept the table and appurtenances.

I met Parsano at the café a day or two after my success. Every one was talking of it, he said. 'But,' the rogue added, 'everybody says you must have been in connivance with the man who held the bag. You could not possibly have broken the bank otherwise.'

'My dear fellow, you annoy me with your repetition of idle gossip. Here, give this gold piece to your wife, and be off.'

The money gained below weight.

The piece was worth a hundred francs, Genoese money, and was one which the Government had recently issued. I thought no more of the matter; but while I was at dinner the following day I received a note, which I showed to Grimaldi:—

'I went to the bank to change the gold piece you gave me; it was weighed, and found to be ten carats below weight. I was asked where I got it. Of course I did not mention your name, so here I am in prison; and if you do not manage to get me out, I shall be tried, and as it is a hanging matter, I shall be forced to speak out. PARSANO.'

'It is a bad business,' said Grimaldi, 'such things lead to the gallows.'

'Well, let them hang the keepers of the biribi table; it will be a good riddance!"

'Signora Isolabella will be compromised, for biribi is strictly forbidden, as you know. I will speak about the matter to the State Inquisitors, and in the meantime write to Parsano to hold his tongue, and say that you will see no harm comes to him. The Government are very severe on coin sweaters, that is why you must be careful.'

We sent for a pair of scales, and on weighing the gold I had won we found each piece below weight. Grimaldi said he would have it broken up and sold to a goldsmith. Next day he brought me thirteen hundred sequins, the price of the gold. In the course of the next few days I lost over three thousand sequins to Grimaldi, one thousand of which I paid him then, for the other two I gave him notes. When these notes fell due I was in England, and in a very bad way, and was obliged to let them be protested. Five years later, when I was at Barcelona, a vile traitor persuaded him to have me arrested. This traitor was Parsano, who was then at Barcelona. Grimaldi had confidence enough in me not to continue the action against me, but it was a nasty business. I shall speak of it at greater length when I reach that period in my Memoirs; but I must here admit that every one who helped me in the perpetration of my follies with Madame d'Urfé betrayed me and turned on me, with the exception of a young Venetian girl, whom I shall speak of in the next chapter. In spite of my losses, I lived well, and was not lacking in money; for, as a matter of fact, I had only lost what I won at biribi.

Parsano's constant enmity.

My plans with regard to Madame d'Urfé were somewhat vague; I only knew I was to meet her at Marseilles. As for the miraculous virgin who was to be my acolyte, I had not troubled to look for her even. But coming events were written in the book of fate; and the destinies of a beautiful Venetian, whom up to that time I had never even heard of, were inextricably entangled with mine. It seemed as though Providence had taken me to Genoa solely for her benefit.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE REINCARNATION OF THE MARQUISE

Untimely appearance of his brother Jean.

On the Tuesday in Holy Week Clairmont came to tell me that a priest wished to speak to me who would not give his name. I ordered him to be shown in. As soon as he entered the room, he folded me in his arms and embraced me. This display of tenderness was highly displeasing to me. I took the abbé by the arm and led him to the window. He was my youngest brother, a ne'er-do-weel, whom I had never cared for, and had not seen for the last ten years.

I asked him what he was doing in Genoa, for he was ragged, dirty, and haggard, yet he was only twenty-eight, and had a magnificent head of hair.

'The story of my misfortunes, dear brother, is a long one.'

'How long have you been here, and who gave you my address?'

'The Count de B., whom I met at M. de Bragadin's.'

'Did you tell him you were my brother?'

'Yes, and he said I was your living image.'

'A great stupid lump of a fellow like you!'

'He did not think me that, for I dined with him.'

'In that costume! Really, you did me credit.'

'He gave me four sequins, which brought me here.'

'The more fool he. And now you are a beggar, I suppose? What do you want? I can do nothing for you. Why did you leave Venice, where, with your masses and your sermons, you could make enough to live like many another honest priest? I will go with you to your inn; but, mind now, you are to tell no one, above all, my servants, that you are my brother.'

'I ought to tell you that I am not alone at my inn, and it is alone that I must speak with you. . . .'

'I must first know that you are not with a band of thieves. But why that deep-drawn sigh?'

'I am ashamed to say I am with a woman.'

'A woman! and you a priest!'

'Forgive me; I was blinded by love and passion. I promised to marry her at Geneva. I dare not return to Venice, for I took her from her father's house.'

'And what do you propose to do at Geneva? They would not have you there; they would turn you out in three days. Come, we will go to your inn; I am curious to see the girl you have deceived. You can tell me your story afterwards.'

We went upstairs, into a miserable attic, where was a very young girl, tall, dark, handsome, and sprightly, who spoke proudly and without a trace of embarrassment.

'Are you the brother of this liar?' she said, 'this scoundrel who has deceived me?' A new charge.

'Yes, fair lady, I have that honour.'

'Honour, forsooth! Then be good enough to send me back to Venice, for I won't stay any longer with that scoundrel I was fool enough to listen to, and whose fine stories turned my head. He was to find you at Milan, and there you would give us the money to take us to Geneva, where, he says, priests can marry by joining the Reformed Church. He swore you expected us, and would wait for us at Milan. Where he got the money to come on here with I do not know. Thank God, he has found you at last, otherwise I should have started to-morrow on foot begging my bread. He sold all my things at Bergamo and Verona. Cursed be the day I met him! Thank goodness, I have not listened to him! I have his promise of marriage in writing; you can put it in the fire if you like; but do send me back to Venice, or I swear I will walk there.'

My brother sat listening to this long tirade, his head in his hands. I felt at once that I was called on to take charge

of the girl, who was a regular Venetian, bold and courageous, as I like them, and I knew I should easily find some one to take her home.

'I promise to send you back to Venice,' I said, 'and in the company of some honest woman.'

'Remember,' interrupted the abbé in a plaintive voice, 'remember the oath you took to be always true to me; you swore it on the cross.' So saying, he advanced—to meet a sound box on the ear. He turned meekly away, and began to cry.

'My dear,' I said to the girl, 'you are a regular little devil; for my poor brother's misfortune is his love for you.'

'That is no fault of mine. It is not the first time I have boxed his ears; I began at Padua.'

'True,' said the young fool, 'but you are excommunicated for striking a priest.'

'What do I care for your excommunication! If you say a word, I'll give you another!'

'Calm yourself, my child,' I said; 'you are right to be indignant, but you must not strike him. Take up your bundle and follow me.'

'Where are you taking her?' said Jean.

'To my inn. You hold your tongue! Here are twenty sequins, buy some clothes, and give those rags to the poor. I will come and see you to-morrow. As for you, madame, I will send a chair for you, for you must not be seen in my company after having come here with a priest. I will put you in charge of my landlady.'

My brother's breath was taken away by the present of the twenty sequins, and he let us go without a word.

Marcolina, the beloved of his brother.

When Marcolina, as my brother's recalcitrant sweetheart was called, appeared before me in her fresh costume, I remained open-mouthed at her extraordinary beauty. She coolly asked Mlle. Crosin who she was in her blunt Venetian fashion.

'I am this gentleman's niece.'

'Then if I were his sister by marriage, you would be my niece too! I should have liked to be called aunt by such a pretty girl!'

'How is Marcolina?' asked my brother next day.

'Do not be uneasy about her. She is well clothed, well lodged, and well fed. She is with our niece and her waiting-maid.'

'I did not know I had a niece.'

'You don't know everything. In three or four days Marcolina goes back to Venice.'

'Let me dine with you to-day?'

'Certainly not, and I forbid you to come to my inn; your presence would only distress that poor girl.'

'Well, I will follow her to Venice if I 'm hanged for it.'

'What will be the good? She hates you and beats you.'

'She will be as gentle as a lamb when she sees me in my fine clothes. But, tell me, if I let her return to Venice, and promise not to follow her, what will you do for me?'

'I will take you to Paris, and get you into the service of some bishop.'

'Good; take me to Paris, and I will go to our brother Francis, whose heart is not as hard as yours.'

'Very well, for the four or five days that we remain here you are not to leave this inn; you will be served with what you want to eat and drink. Our party will be a large one. I shall have with me, besides my niece and Marcolina, my secretary and my valet. We shall go by sea.'

By sea to Antibes.

I engaged a felucca to take us to Antibes, where we were to pass one night. Parsano and my brother met us at the boat, and we took provisions for three days. The little vessel was rowed by twelve men, and armed with two guns mounted on swivels and twenty-four muskets, so as to fight the corsairs if need be. Clairmont arranged my carriage and my trunks so skilfully that we were able to spread five mattresses. A serge awning covered the boat, from the poles of which he hung lanterns. Having warned my brother that I would have no

nonsense, or I would throw him into the sea, I allowed him to sup with us.

The wind being contrary next day, we were obliged to row all the time, and the following night the sea became so stormy that I resolved to put into Mentone. My two pretty friends were ill; and as for my unfortunate brother and Parsano, they could not hold their heads up. We all went to the inn. The landlord told me the Prince and Princess of Monaco were at Mentone, and I decided to pay them a visit. I had not seen the prince for thirteen years; it was he who had taken me to visit that abominable Duchesse de Rufé. He was a bachelor in those days, but was now married, and father of two sons. He had married the Marquise de Brignoles, a great heiress. I was kept waiting a long time in the prince's antechamber; and when at last he appeared, he greeted me coldly, though I addressed him as 'your highness,' a title no one gave him in Paris.

'It was bad weather that drove you in here?' he asked.

'Yes, prince, and with your permission I shall spend a day in your delicious town.' (I thought it anything but delicious!)

'As you please; the princess and I both like it better than Monaco.'

'I hope your highness will present me to the princess?'

Without even mentioning my name, he ordered a page who was standing by to present me to his wife, and the page, opening the door of a large room, said, 'There is the princess.'

She was at her piano, singing, but rose on seeing me and came forward. I was obliged to announce myself, which is always disagreeable; but her manners were so elegant that she speedily overcame my embarrassment. She was beautiful, as I have said, affable, and talented. Her mother, who knew the prince well, and knew that he would not make her happy, had opposed the marriage, but was obliged to give way when her infatuated daughter said—

'*O Monaco o monaca*' ('Either Monaco or a convent'). 'O Monaco o monaca.'

We were talking on various subjects, when one of the waiting-maids ran into the room, laughing and screaming, the prince following close on her heels. The princess affected not to see, and continued her conversation with me. I met the prince again as I was leaving, and he asked me to go and see them whenever I was at Mentone.

'Oh, certainly,' I answered, and without another word returned to my inn and ordered a good dinner for myself and my party. As we were sitting, a dandified young officer, with frizzled hair and smelling of musk, passed by; and seeing us through the open door, had the effrontery to ask if he might join us. I replied coldly that he would be doing us a great honour, which conventional phrase may be taken to mean either Yes or No; but a Frenchman who has made the first step will never turn back, and is not easily put out of countenance. After having shown off his airs and graces before the ladies, he said that he was surprised that the prince had not asked me to dinner with my amiable companions. I answered that I had not judged it necessary to mention them to him. An Italian Osric.

'Ah! now I understand! I am off at once to tell his highness of them, and I shall have the honour of dining with you all at the castle.'

We were still laughing at our self-invited guest and his impudence, when he reappeared, looking extremely pleased with himself. He transmitted to me a pressing request from the prince that I and my party would do him the pleasure of dining at the castle.

'I beg you,' I answered, 'to make my excuses to his Highness; and tell him that as the weather has become fine, we are going to profit by it, and leave as soon as we have made a hasty meal here.'

Our young Frenchman's face fell. He seemed deeply mortified, and left us with a low bow. Presently he returned to the charge; and addressing himself to the ladies, and completely

ignoring my presence, he told them that he had given such a vivid description of their charms to the prince that the latter had determined to dine with *them*!

'At his behest,' said the bold-faced scoundrel, 'I have told the landlord to add two places at table, for I shall have the honour to be of the party. In a quarter of an hour, ladies, the prince will be here.'

'Very good,' said I, without a moment's hesitation; 'but in order to receive the prince worthily, I must pay a visit to my felucca, and get a *pâté* I have there, which I know he will enjoy. Come, ladies.'

'You can leave them here, sir; I will keep them company.'

'Of course you would, but they also have some things to get from the boat.'

'Then may I come too?'

'With the greatest pleasure.'

I went on a little ahead, and meeting the landlord, I asked him what I owed him.

'Nothing, sir; I have just received orders to serve you with the best, and without charging you.'

'That is very handsome.'

He leaves Monaco hastily.

We went aboard the felucca; and while the officer was engaged in examining some of my appointments, I told the captain, in a low voice, that I wanted to start there and then.

'But the abbé, and your secretary, and two of my men are ashore!'

'No matter; they will come along and find us at Antibes; it is only thirty miles off, and they have money. Be quick.'

He unhooked the chain, and the felucca drifted at once from the quay. The officer came up and asked me what it meant.

'It means,' said I, 'that I am going to Antibes, and that I will take you with me, gratis, with pleasure.'

'Capital! but you are, of course, only joking?'

'Not at all; your society will be most agreeable.'

'The deuce! Put me ashore, I beg you. Pardon me, ladies,

but I haven't time to go to Antibes. Some other day I shall be charmed.'

'Put the gentleman ashore,' I said to the captain. 'Adieu, sir, and please thank the prince for having paid my hotel bill.'

The poor fellow stepped on to the quay, amid the laughter and ironical farewells of my sprightly companions. It was evident that he was in some dread of the prince's anger. We arrived at Antibes about six in the evening, and the following day Parsano and my brother turned up just as we were sitting down to dinner. We were all curious to know what had happened after our departure, and Parsano spoke.

The Prince of Monaco's officer is tricked.

'When we got back from our walk,' he said, 'we were surprised not to find the felucca. We went to the inn, where I knew you had ordered dinner, but all the landlord could tell us was that he was expecting the prince and an officer to dine with you. Just as I was telling him that his expectations were vain, for the boat had gone, the prince and his friend arrived. The former told the landlord in a rage that as he had let you go, he could go after you for his money. "Your highness," said the landlord, "the gentleman wanted to pay me, but I had received orders from you to charge him nothing, and I respected them." At these words the prince flung him a louis with very bad grace. I told him that we belonged to your party, and that you had not waited for us either. He laughed, and said that after all it was a good joke. "You can tell Signor Casanova from me," he said, "that I shall meet him again some day, and shall not forget the trick he has played on me."

'The landlord, who is a good fellow, laughed heartily when the prince had gone, and gave us a good dinner, as well as the two boatmen, saying the prince's louis would settle it all. After dinner we hired horses and went on to Nice, where we slept, and here we are.'

From Antibes we went to Fréjus, Luc, Brignoles, and Aubagne, where we spent the last night before getting to

He deposits 'his niece' at a friend's house in Marseilles.

Marseilles. By this time my 'niece' had become very dear to me, and I could not think of our approaching separation without shivering. But when we arrived in her native town I conducted her to the house of a friend, Madame Audibert. I sent my brother and Parsano to the Hotel of the 'Thirteen Cantons' with instructions to keep strict silence about me and my affairs, as I did not wish Madame d'Urfé, who had been waiting for me for the past three weeks, to hear of my advent through the mouth of others.

It was at Madame Audibert's that my niece had first met la Croix. This lady was intelligent. She had been fond of my niece from her childhood. It was through her that we hoped to induce her father to forgive her. It was arranged that I was to see Madame Audibert alone, leaving my niece and Marcolina in the carriage, and I rapidly recounted Mdlle. Crosin's misfortunes, and the happy chance which had brought her into my hands. I added that on the journey we had made the acquaintance of a rich and respectable young man, who was fully disposed to ask her hand in marriage within fifteen days.

'Go and bring her,' said Madame Audibert, 'and leave the whole affair to me.'

I made one bound to the carriage, and pulling her hood over her face, I gave my pretty charge into the arms of her friend. It was a delicious *coup de théâtre.* I wept from pleasure and regret. Clairmont brought up Mlle. Crosin's trunks, and I ordered the postillion to take me to the place where I had lodged before, and there I installed Marcolina.

We had visited the gambling-rooms at Antibes and San Remo; and Marcolina, beginning with twenty sequins I had given her, had come away with over a thousand ducats. I now gave her this money, which I had changed into gold. 'Take care of it,' said I, 'for a thousand ducats will gain you consideration in Venice. Do not weep, my angel, I leave my heart in your keeping, and to-morrow night I will come and sup with you.'

Hardly had I arranged my own rooms at the 'Thirteen Cantons' when Bourgnole, Madame d'Urfé's confidential maid, came to tell me, with her mistress's compliments, that she was alone, and impatiently awaiting me.

Our interview gave me fresh proofs of the extraordinary perversion of judgment exhibited in this poor woman, who, though in other respects most highly gifted and intelligent, was saturated to the point of mania with the falsest and most chimerical of doctrines. I contributed to her delusions, weaving a tissue of falsehoods, which had not even the appearance of likelihood. I delighted in it, and my heart had grown more and more hardened. I profited by the folly of a woman, who, indeed, had I not deceived her, would have fallen a prey to some one else. She deceived herself; but her error was her very life. I gave myself the preference, because between self and an unknown person it is self one always prefers, and because I thought that by taking advantage of the weakness of this enormously wealthy woman, I was not actually injuring any one, and was doing myself a great deal of good.

The joy of the marquise on seeing him again.

The first thing she asked me was, 'Where is *Quérilinth?*' And when I told her he was under the same roof as ourselves, she snatched her lace cap off her head and flung it up to the ceiling to show her joy.

'We ought to ask him to dinner. My house is open to him, chevalier, my table, my purse—everything.'

'Gently, gently, madame; you go too fast.'

'It is he who will rejuvenate me, in myself. My genius tells me so every night. Ask *Paralis* if the presents I have prepared are worthy to be offered to a Prince of the Rose-Cross by Semiramis.'

I did not know what these presents were; and I replied that before troubling *Paralis* with these questions, we must consecrate the offerings at the proper planetary hours, and that *Quérilinth* himself must not see them before this consecration. On this she took me into a neighbouring room and took

Madame d'Urfé's offering to *Quérilinth.*

from an escritoire seven packets. Each packet contained seven pounds of metal depending on each of the seven planets, and seven precious stones, each one weighing seven carats—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, chrysolite, topaz, and opals. I was determined that this treasure should none of it pass into the hands of the Genoese; so I told my excitable friend that we must inaugurate the consecration by placing each packet in an expressly prepared casket. It was now Friday, and I gained twenty-four hours, which was necessary for the manufacture of the cases. For a week after this I dined with Madame d'Urfé and Parsano and my brother. She thought him an idiot, and he was hurt, while I was amused. She bought him, however, some beautiful clothes.

Then I made the oracle suggest that I should go and stay in the country for seven consecutive days, and Madame d'Urfé made no objection. Thus I obtained a little relaxation. One day I went to Madame Audibert's, who told me she had spoken to my niece's father. The good man had promised that he would fetch her next day, and take her to her aunt's house. There she could quietly await the coming of her future husband. She was a little anxious at not having received any tidings of the young man, but I cheered her up and promised I would not leave Marseilles without having danced at her wedding.

'It seems to me,' said Marcolina when I told her, 'that you travel for the express purpose of rescuing damsels in distress; but I notice that the said damsels must be pretty.'

'I am inclined to believe it,' I laughingly replied. 'It is certain that several women owe their happiness to me, and I cannot reproach myself positively with having caused the unhappiness of any one.'

'God will reward you, dear friend.'

Marcolina's appetite.

If Marcolina's beauty and gentleness delighted me, so did her really excellent appetite. I have always had a weakness for women with good appetites. For the matter of that, with the exception of the poultry, which is not worth a straw, one

finds excellent cheer at Marseilles, especially if one can accommodate one's palate to the garlic which they put in everything, and which, employed in moderation, is a good stimulant.

Two days later, when I went to visit Parsano, I found him in bed, a doctor beside him.

'Are you ill? What is the matter with you?'

'Something which will teach me to be more careful in future.'

'You are an old fool. What effect do you suppose this will have upon the marquise?'

'I don't care a curse for the marquise. Let me alone.'

The scoundrel had never dared to speak to me in this tone before, and I thought it better not to notice it. I went up to my brother, who was in the corner.

'Why did you follow Marcolina home from the theatre yesterday?' said I.

'I went to remind her of her duty. I have ruined myself for her. I cannot return to Venice. I cannot live without her; you have taken her from me; what right had you to take her?' The brother's rebellion.

'The right of love, animal! The right of the strongest. She would not leave me now.'

'You have dazzled her with your showy ways.'

'You would have allowed her to die of hunger and misery.'

'You will leave her as you have the others. I would have married her.'

'Married her! renegade! and you a priest! As for me, I fancy I don't mean to part with her; but if I do, she will be very rich.'

'Do as you like, but at least I have a right to speak to her.'

'You have spoken to her for the last time, believe me.'

Saying so, I left the hotel, took a fly, and went off to find an advocate who would help me to get an abbé, a foreigner, arrested, a man who owed me money, although I had no documents to prove it.

'You can,' said the lawyer, 'have him arrested if you deposit a certain sum as guarantee. How much does he owe you?'

'Twelve louis.'

'Come with me to a magistrate, deposit the twelve louis; you can then have him watched, and it will be impossible for him to leave the hotel.'

As I did not wish to have a scandal in the place, I persuaded my brother to come with me, on pretence that I would take him to Marcolina. I took him to the Hôtel Saint Baume, and told him to wait. I then returned to the 'Thirteen Cantons,' paid his bill, and took his baggage with me to the Hôtel Saint Baume. I told the landlord of the latter that I would be responsible for the abbé's bill, but only on condition that he did not allow him to leave the hotel. I had my gentleman safe.

'To-morrow,' said I, 'you will please to leave for Lyons, and thence for Paris. You will give me a paper acknowledging your debt to me, and I will give you twelve louis before you leave, and will tear up the paper as soon as you are *en route*.'

'I am obliged to do as you wish,' said he weeping, 'for you are stronger than I.'

I got rid of him so, but I came across him again in Paris a month later.

Parsano's rebellion.

Before returning to Madame d'Urfé, I had another interview with Parsano, and asked him why he was in such a devil of a temper.

'I am in a devil of a temper,' he answered, 'because I feel sure that you are going to lay hands on twenty or thirty thousand crowns' worth of gold and diamonds which the marquise meant for me.'

'Possibly, but it is nothing to you what I take or leave. I can prevent you getting anything at all. If you think you have cause of complaint, go and see the marquise yourself; I do not prevent you.'

'And I am to submit to being made a catspaw of by you without doing myself any good; but don't flatter yourself that I shall take it so meekly. I want two thousand louis.'

'Go and find some one to give them you.' So saying, I left the inn quietly and went back to the marquise, and when we were at dinner I told her that I had reasons for suspecting that some antagonistic influence was at work on *Quérilinth*.

'We will question the oracle about him after dinner.'

The oracle told us that seven salamanders had transported *Quérilinth* into the milky way, and that the man who lay at the inn of the 'Thirteen Cantons' was none other than our enemy Saint Germain, whom an evil spirit had infected, so that he would become the murderer of Semiramis, who would die of the same malady from which he was suffering. The oracle further said that Semiramis must trust in Paralisus-Galtinarde (your humble servant!) to get rid of the villain Saint Germain; that she must not doubt but that the regeneration would ultimately be accomplished, for the words of the spell would now be transmitted to me from the milky way by the real *Quérilinth*, on the seventh night of our adoration of the moon. The oracle declared that I was to initiate Semiramis two days before the end of the ceremonial, when a beautiful water nymph would assist in the rite of purification. The water nymph whom I spoke of was to be none other than my pretty Marcolina.

Parsano tries to betray him.

The following day Madame d'Urfé showed me a letter she had received from Parsano, written in very bad French, in eight closely written pages. He assured her that I, Casanova, was deceiving her; and gave her his version of the whole story if she would grant him an interview. He assured her that I had come to Marseilles with two girls of light character; he did not know where I had hidden them. I asked her when I handed back the letter if she had had the patience to read it to the end. She answered that she had looked through it, but that the negro, as she would persist in calling Parsano, wrote in *ostrogoth*, and that she could not trouble to puzzle

out his meaning. This indifference suited me, as I particularly did not want her to suspect my water nymph.

I drew a bill of exchange on the banker Bono of Lyons, at the same time telling him to pay the sum of one hundred louis to Parsano; but only if he presented the note himself, and on a given day, after which date the bill was to be considered null.

He dismisses Parsano.

'You are an infamous traitor,' I said to Parsano; 'and Madame d'Urfé would not even read your letter. I have read it, and this is the answer. You can go to the hospital here till you are well, in which case I will give you one month's wages, for I dismiss you now; or you can leave Marseilles within twenty-four hours and go to Lyons. If you decide on this, I will make you a present of my old travelling chaise and twenty-five louis; furthermore, of this bill for one hundred louis, which you cash at Lyons, provided you arrive there within three days. Now choose!'

After a moment's reflection he declared he would go to Lyons, though, he added, it would be at the risk of his life, as he was seriously ill.

I now applied myself to the instruction of my water nymph as to the rôle she had to play. She was always telling me that the one thing that would make her really happy would be a knowledge of French and a reasonable expectation of my taking her with me to England. I had never allowed her to expect that, but I felt very sorry to leave such a woman as she was. I told her I should need her help now.

'I will do anything and everything you wish, dear friend,' she said.

'Listen, then. I will have a pretty little jockey's livery made for you; so attired, you will take a letter to the marquise, while I stay and wait for an answer. If she speaks to you, you must make her understand by signs that you are mute. This is not all. I shall want you to assist at certain rites which we shall perform in a few days, and which I could not execute without your help. You will dress and anoint

the marquise with a certain unguent. I shall welcome her into the order three times solemnly, and you must not speak nor laugh, or I shall be undone.'

'How old is the marquise?'

'She is nearly seventy.'[1]

'My poor friend! I pity you!'

I had a little green velvet vest and breeches made for her, with garters of silver braid. I bought her green silk stockings, and morocco shoes of the same colour; a green net cap, in the Spanish style, with a silver tassel, covered her lovely black locks. She looked so beautiful in it, that if she had shown herself in Marseilles every one would have followed her.

All preparations being completed by the Saturday, the oracle fixed on the following Tuesday for the great work of the reincarnation of Semiramis. The time chosen was the hour of the Sun, Venus, and Mercury, which in the magician's planetary systems follow each other.

The jewels are offered to Selenis.

On Monday night, when the moon was at full, I led Madame d'Urfé to the seashore, followed by Clairmont carrying the box full of offerings of jewels, gold, and precious metals, the weight of which in all amounted to fifty pounds.[2] I told madame that the moment had come. Then I bade the valet to lay the chest at our feet and go back to the carriage and wait. We were alone. We proffered a short formal prayer to *Selenis*, flung the chest into the sea, to madame's great satisfaction, and still more so to mine, for the box contained fifty pounds of lead. The real treasure was safe in my private apartment. Then I went home; and while Marcolina tried on her jockey costume, I wrote on white paper, in sympathetic ink, the letter which she was to hand to the marquise—

'I cannot speak, but I can hear. I have risen from the Rhone on purpose to purify you. The hour of Oromases has struck!'

[1] She was seventy-three.

[2] 'The Italian Impostor,' says Madame de Créquy, 'with a certain refinement of delicacy, never asked the marquise for money, but only for gems wherewith to make the necessary constellations.'

After we had supped, we issued forth on foot and sneaked into the house of the marquise. No one saw us. I hid Marcolina in a cupboard; then, throwing on my dressing-gown, I went to Madame d'Urfé to announce that *Selenis* had fixed to-morrow at midday. She was anxious about the promised water nymph. I made the oracle chide her for her doubts, and she pronounced a penitential prayer.

This ridiculous old lady killed all my remorse. She would say solemnly, 'To-morrow, dear Galtinarde, you will be both father and spouse to me. Propound this enigma to the wise men!' I got back to my room and let out Marcolina. We slept like tops. I gave her breakfast and shut her up again.

At midday precisely, on Tuesday, I entered the apartment of Semiramis; she was not there, but everything, including the bath, was prepared. A few minutes afterwards she came in; painted like a miniature, and quite radiant; on her head was a cap of superb lace; and a blonde fichu covered what had been, forty years before, the most beautiful throat in France. She wore an old dress, very gorgeous; earrings of superb emeralds, a necklace of seven aquamarines of the finest water, and a large emerald pendant surrounded by twenty brilliants. On her finger was a ring containing an enormous carbuncle, which she valued at a million francs, but which I knew to be only an excellent imitation.

I went down on my knees to kiss her hand, but she took me in her arms and embraced me. Then we dined, and Clairmont served us. Brougnole had been sent out for the day. The *menu* was composed entirely of fish. The marquise was a little uneasy, for the promised Undine showed no signs of appearing. I pretended to be anxious too. I kept looking at my watches. I calculated the planetary hours; I kept saying, 'Mars still rules the hour; we must await the hour of the sun.'

The ceremony of reincarnation.

At half-past two the doors of a large wardrobe were flung open, and a beautiful nymph stepped forth smilingly. She knelt to Semiramis and laid a paper on her knee. The marquise unfolded it; it was blank.

I handed her a pen, telling her to consult *Paralis* as to this message. The answer was given—

'That which is written in water can only be read in water.'

'I understand,' she said, and plunged the paper in the bath; in a few moments the characters appeared—

'I am dumb, but not deaf; I have come from the river Rhone to purify you by water. It is the hour of Oromases.'

'Purify me then, O divine spirit,' said Semiramis.

Marcolina, who was perfect in her part, delicately assisted the marquise to put her feet in the bath. Then in the twinkling of an eye she divested herself of her pretty costume, and entered the water up to her knees.

He baptizes the marquise.

'O nymph,' said I solemnly, 'deign to wipe the feet of Semiramis and to be the divine witness of her baptism. I embrace her to the glory of the immortal Horomadis, King of the Salamanders.'

Semiramis had once been beautiful, but she was then as I am now; yet she was gentle and affectionate, and absorbed in the contemplation of the nymph, whom she devoutly believed to be more than human. When, the rite completed, the Venetian was about to leave us, Semiramis, in a fit of gratitude, fastened her own magnificent necklace round her throat. Marcolina thanked her with a kiss and went and hid herself in the press.

The marquise asked me if all had gone well. I replied it had, and that the sign of the sun was now in her soul, and that in the beginning of February her other self would be born of the same sex as that of her divine progenitor; but that, lest evil spirits should render our work in vain, she must now go to bed for one hundred and seven consecutive hours. The good lady admitted the wisdom of this precept; she was tired out with excitement. I bade her farewell, telling her I must go and sleep in the country, to complete my orisons to the moon, but that I would dine with her the following day.

She left me in my room—hers adjoined—and as soon as the coast was clear I liberated my pretty prisoner. When we felt

sure there was no danger of being seen, we went off in a closed *fiacre* to the 'Thirteen Cantons,' and took out and gloated over the case containing the offerings to the seven planets, which I considered I had well earned. We were both dying with hunger, and did full justice to the supper which awaited us.

'Look,' said Marcolina, 'at the beautiful necklace your old madwoman gave me. What is it worth?'

'A thousand sequins at least. When you go back to Venice, you will be worth some five thousand ducats, and can choose a husband from among the rich bourgeois.'

'Keep it, my friend, and keep me with it; I want nothing but you. That poor old lady—she is very nice, for her age, and I can quite believe that some fifty years ago she was the first beauty in France! But now she is simply ridiculous. Does she really think she is to be born again?'

'Indeed she does, and the hope makes her wildly happy.'

The marquise is satisfied.

Next day I found the marquise sitting up in bed, dressed with the greatest elegance, her head arranged like a young bride's, and wearing an expression of satisfaction such as I had never seen on her face before.

'I know, my well-beloved Galtinarde,' she said, 'that I owe all my happiness to you.'

'I am glad to have been able to contribute to that happiness, divine Semiramis; but, remember, I was only an agent.'

Thereupon she began to reason with extraordinary clearness, though, alas! the pivot of her argument was utter nonsense.

'Marry me,' she said, 'and you will be the guardian of my child. In this way you will assure my fortune to me, and you will be the master of what I shall inherit from my brother, M. de Pontcarré,[1] who is very old, and cannot live much

[1] The object of Casanova's machinations was only a d'Urfé by marriage. At the behest of the Regent, who took a special interest in Mlle. Jeanne Camus de Pontcarré, as she was called—his 'nymph Egeria,'—a member of his '*plus étroit intrinsèque*'—Louis Christophe de la Rochefoucauld, Marquis de

longer. If you are not there to look after me next February, when I am reborn as a man, into what hands may I not fall! I shall be declared illegitimate, and shall lose eighty thousand francs income, which you might hold for me. Think it over, dear Galtinarde. And I must tell you that I already have manlike instincts. I am in love with that nymph. Did you ever see anything so beautiful? What a pity she is dumb! She must have a triton for a lover. I might be her lover when I become a handsome young man. Dear Galtinarde, I beg you to consult the oracle as to whether you ought not to marry me. It seems to me I ought to sell everything I possess and invest the money safely, so as to assure myself a good income in my nonage; for, as a baby, of course I shall be quite ignorant and unable to direct my affairs. I shall have to be educated, and that will need money.'

'We must be guided in all things by the oracle,' I answered; 'but rest assured of this, you will be my son, and when you are grown up I will allow no one to insult your birth.'

This assurance pacified the divine idiot, as I called her. No doubt I ought to have tried to disabuse her, but this would

Langeac, married, in 1724, this fair, frail daughter of Nicolas Pierre Camus, Sieur de Pontcarré, first president of the parliament of Rouen, and of Marie Françoise Michelle de Bragelogne, his second wife. This accommodating personage had succeeded his maternal uncle, who died childless. The magnificent race of d'Urfé was nearly extinct. It had exhausted itself. *L'Histoire Généalogique de France* says, '*La maison des Seigneurs d'Urfé est des plus considérables du païs* [sic] *de Forez. Ils portent du vair au chef de Gueles.*' Claude d'Urfé was a collector, and brought books back from Italy, and statues, which his puritanical descendant, the Comte de Sommerive, defaced and mutilated. Anne d'Urfé was a distinguished sonneteer, and, according to Casanova, an adept. He certainly left books of magic, which the poor old marquise doubtless used. Her library, which the adventurer was free of, was collected by Claude and Jacques d'Urfé and Renée of Savoy, as he was aware. Honoré d'Urfé, who was born in 1567, fought in the wars of the League and wrote *Astræa*, a pastoral romance. His descendant, Claude Lascaris d'Urfé, complained to his brother, the Bishop of Limoges, 'Is the name of d'Urfé only to be known by that wretched book? Can't one of us do something fine, to put it out of people's heads?' But nobody did, and the last direct male descendant died childless in 1724, a Bailli of Forez and officer of the king. The family of D'Urfé is now merged in that of the La Rochefoucaulds.

have been impossible; and had I succeeded I should only have made her miserable. She had grown used to feed on chimeras.

He gets rid of the marquise temporarily.

I was much exercised in my mind as to how to get rid of Madame d'Urfé, who was sorely in my way at Marseilles; but luck came, as usual, to my assistance. She was anxious to know what her next move was to be, and begged me to question the oracle very precisely on this point. This was my opportunity. The answer was that she must spend some time in devotion to the water-spirits, and that at a place where two rivers met. As she herself suggested that Lyons was watered by the Rhone and the Saône, nothing was more natural than for her to go to that city. She was to throw a bottle full of sea water into the Rhone and the Saône, and that she could manage by herself. Her departure was fixed for the eleventh of May, and I promised to join her in a fortnight.

As soon as she had left, I took up my permanent residence with Marcolina at the 'Thirteen Cantons.' I was able to give her four hundred and sixty gold louis as her share of our earnings, which sum, with what she had won at cards, constituted a capital of fourteen thousand four hundred francs. With this little fortune she could calmly face the future.

CHAPTER XXXVII

HENRIETTE AGAIN

The day after Madame d'Urfé's departure, Mlle. Crosin's *fiancé* arrived; and Madame Audibert, the young man, and myself went solemnly to visit the parents of the *fiancée*, 'my niece.' I felt nervous, as I had not yet seen Madame Crosin; but the worthy father was prepared docilely to receive me as his cousin, the Chevalier de Seingalt, who had taken such care of their daughter on her travels. The wedding day was fixed; Marcolina was invited to be present, and we decided that she might with safety accept, more especially as it was she who now addressed me as uncle. Her toilet for the occasion was elegant, but simple. The wedding banquet interested me because of the affection I felt for the bride. I was absorbed in the consciousness of a good action performed, I was the author of a comedy carried to a successful termination. All things considered, I thought the world was the better for my existence, that although I had not been born a king I was yet able to promote the happiness of others. The bride wished to take Marcolina to Genoa with her, promising to send her on to Venice in charge of some trustworthy person, but my dear would not hear of this project. 'I shall not go to Venice,' she said to me, 'until you send me there of your own accord.'

His 'niece' is married.

The day after the wedding I began to make preparations for leaving Marseilles. I kept the diamonds and precious stones which were among the planetary offerings, and took the money accruing from the metals to Rousse de Cosse the

He leaves Marseilles with Marcolina.

banker. As Madame d'Urfé was at Lyons, it was not likely I should want much money. I procured a letter of credit for Marcolina for the round sum of fifteen thousand francs, for I meant to send her back to Venice on the first good opportunity.

At five in the afternoon, when we were about a league from the '*Croix d'or*,' the shaft of my carriage broke, and it was impossible for us to proceed until it was repaired. The only house in sight was a fine one on our right, with an avenue of beautiful trees leading up to it. Clairmont went there to ask the whereabouts of a blacksmith. By and by he returned accompanied by two servants, one of whom begged me, with his master's compliments, to repair to the château and wait there till the wheelwright had mended the chaise. I accepted; and leaving everything in the charge of my faithful Clairmont, set out for the house with Marcolina. Three ladies and two gentlemen came forward to meet us; and one of them, in courteous style, congratulated himself on our little *contretemps*, as it procured for 'madame' the pleasure of placing herself and her house at our service. I turned to the lady of the house and thanked her, and hoped I should not impose upon her for long. She curtsied gracefully, but I could not see her face, as the mistral was blowing keenly, and forced her and her companions to keep their hoods closely drawn. Marcolina's lovely head was bare and her hair blowing about in disorder. She only answered with smiles to the compliments paid her. One of the men asked me if she were my daughter. I answered she was my cousin, and we were both Venetians. A Frenchman is so eager to flatter a pretty woman, that he is quite careless of the susceptibilities of a third party. He could not possibly have imagined Marcolina to be my daughter; for though she was twenty years younger than I was, I am generally given ten years less than my age.

The house in Provence.

As we drew near the house a mastiff rushed by, chasing a spaniel. Madame, fearing he would hurt it, sprang forward to its rescue, made a false step, and slipped. When her companion

raised her from the ground, she declared she had sprained her foot, and limped back to the house leaning on his arm. He returned after some moments' absence, and told us that the countess's foot was swollen and she had retired, but begged us to go up to her room. We found her in a magnificent bed in an alcove, darkened by heavy crimson satin hangings, and it was impossible to tell if she were young or old, pretty or ugly. I, the indirect cause of her accident, was in despair, and told her so. She answered in good Italian that it was a trifling price to pay for the pleasure of entertaining us.

'Your ladyship must have lived in Venice to speak my language so correctly.'

'No, sir; but I have had very intimate friends who were Venetians.'

A servant just then came in to say that the wheelwright said it would take four hours to mend the shaft, and he must take the carriage to his workshop. The countess declared that in that case we must positively sup and sleep at her house. I accepted gratefully, and sent word to Clairmont to bring our trunks up to the château. The table was laid in the countess's room, and I hoped to get a sight of her face at supper, but was disappointed, as she declared she would not take anything. All the time we were eating, however, she chatted with Marcolina and myself, speaking our language with fluency. The words 'my late husband' escaped her, and I concluded she was a widow, but I did not dare to question her. When Clairmont was undressing me at night, he told me her married name, but I was not enlightened.

The mysterious countess and Marcolina.

When the time came for us to retire, Marcolina declared that she was going to sleep with the countess, with whom her intimacy appeared to have progressed very rapidly. The countess seemed nothing loath, and agreed cordially.

I rose at daybreak, so as to hurry the wheelwright, and breakfasted in my carriage. When all was ready, I asked if the countess was visible. I was told that madame did not dare to receive me *en négligé*; but that she begged me, if I ever

came that way again, to do her the honour of staying at her house, whether alone or in company. This politely veiled refusal gave me displeasure; but I concealed it, and expressing my thanks to the gentlemen, and giving a louis to each servant, I called Marcolina, and we departed. I asked the Venetian girl how she liked the mysterious countess, and if she were young or old.

'She is simply charming,' she answered. 'She is thirty-three, and as beautiful as Mlle. Crosin. Look what she gave me!' and she showed me a superb diamond ring.

'But,' I said, 'I cannot understand why she would not let me see her face; it was treating me somewhat cavalierly.'

Marcolina now began to tease me, as usual, to take her to England. She confided to me that her uncle Matteo Bosè was footman to Monsignor Querini, the Venetian ambassador. To keep her quiet I promised to do so if possible.

We reached Avignon at sunset. I ordered supper, and fresh horses for five o'clock next morning. Marcolina, who hated spending the night on the road, was delighted that we were to stay at the inn.

'Are we at Avignon?' she asked.

'Yes, my dear.'

Marcolina discloses the identity of the countess.

'Then it is time for me to fulfil my promise to the countess! She made me swear not to tell you till we reached Avignon.'

'My dear child, how interesting! Speak, I beg you.'

'She gave me a letter for you. Can you forgive me for having kept it so long?'

'Certainly, you gave your word; but where is the letter?'

'Wait.'

She drew from her pocket a big packet of papers, which she slowly sorted through.

'This is my certificate of birth.'

'I see you were born in 1746.'

'This is a certificate of morality.'

'Keep it; it may come in useful. Come! come! Where is the letter?'

'I hope I haven't lost it!'

'God forbid!'

'Here it is. No; this is the written promise of marriage your brother gave me.'

'You can put that in the fire. *Where* is the letter?'

'Ah, thank God! here it is.'

'Yes, thank God; but it has no address!'

My heart was beating wildly. I broke open the seal, and found written, in place of the address, these words in Italian:—

'To the noblest man I have ever known in my life.'

Could these words be addressed to me? I opened the sheet; inside, on a blank sheet of paper, was written— Henriette's stratagem.

'*Henriette!*' and not another word.

Io non mori, e non remasi vivo.[1] Henriette! Yes, the note was in her very own style; it had the laconic eloquence peculiar to her. I remembered the last letter I had received from her—'*Adieu*'—and nothing more!

Henriette, whom I had loved so dearly, and whom, it seemed to me now, I loved more than ever!

'Henriette,' said I to myself, 'you saw me, cruel one, and you would not allow me to see you! You feared perhaps that you had lost some of your ancient charm, the beauty that sixteen years ago held me a willing victim? I love you still with all the strength of first love. Why did you not give me the pleasure of hearing from your own lips that you are happy? It is the only question I would have put to you, cruel one. I would not even have asked you if you love me still; for I know I am unworthy to be loved by you, I who have cared for so many women since I parted from you, the sweetest of your sex. Adorable and generous Henriette, I shall fly to you to-morrow, as you say your house is always open to me.'

But on maturer reflection, I concluded that she had tried to show me plainly that she did not wish to see me—not then, at any rate. I determined that I would respect her wishes; but, at the same time, I resolved not to die without seeing her again.

[1] I did not die, and yet I was killed.

The surprise of Marcolina.

Poor Marcolina breathlessly watched the effect of her communication. I turned and embraced her with a strange fury.

'Dear friend,' she said at last, 'you frighten me! You were as pale and motionless as a dead man. It lasted a full quarter of an hour. What is the matter with you? I was aware the countess knew you, but I did not imagine her name would have such an effect on you.'

'How do you know that we were once friends?'

'The countess told me so. She said if I wished to be always happy, I must never leave you; but, alas! I know that you want to send me away. I guess that you and she were once passionate lovers. Was it long ago?'

'Sixteen or seventeen years.'

'She must have been very young, but she could not have been more beautiful than she is now.'

'Marcolina, in pity, hold your tongue!'

'And how long did it last?'

'For four months of unclouded happiness.'

'I shall not be happy so long as that.'

'You will be happy for longer, dearest, but with another man nearer your own age. I must go to England to try and get my daughter out of her mother's hands.'

'You have a daughter! The countess asked me if you were married, and I said no.'

'You were right; yet when you see my daughter, you will know who her father is.'

He arrives at Lyons with Marcolina, and visits Madame d'Urfé.

I took an apartment at Lyons; and as soon as we were settled I visited Madame d'Urfé, who was living at the Place Bellecour. As soon as she saw me she said, as she always did on such occasions, that she had known I should arrive on that day. Thérèse Trenti's son, the little *soi-disant* Comte d'Aranda, was with her. I sent for him and embraced him tenderly. We spent the day in consulting the oracle about her will, with the object of providing for her after her reincarnation.

The oracle prescribed that her reincarnation must take place in Paris; that she must leave everything to her son, who would not be illegitimate, since Paralis would take care to send her an English gentleman who would marry her. Finally, the oracle ordered her to leave Lyons in three days, and take d'Aranda with her. D'Aranda had blabbed all to Madame d'Urfé, but I made the best of his indiscretion, as I had done in the cases of Parsano and la Corticelli. I was anxious to hand the boy over to his mother, who was continually writing me impertinent letters about him, and I wanted to get the girl in exchange, who, according to her mother, was a miracle of beauty and talent.

Parsano threatens to be dangerous.

On leaving Madame d'Urfé I went to visit Bono the banker, who told me Parsano, my greatest enemy, was still at Lyons.

'I saw him yesterday,' said Bono; 'he was deadly pale, and so weak he could hardly stand. "I shall surely die," he said, "for that scoundrel Casanova has poisoned me, but I will be avenged, and here at Lyons, where I know he is coming." He said abominable things about you. He declares that the whole world shall hear that you are the biggest rogue unhung; that you are ruining Madame d'Urfé with your blasphemous lies; that you are a sorcerer, a magician, a forger, a thief, a spy, a coin sweater, a poisoner, and, in short, the most infamous of men. He intends formally to denounce you, and to appeal to justice to punish you, for the attempts you have made on his person, his honour, and his life. He insists that you have administered a slow poison to him, and declares that he can prove his allegations against you. I think it my duty to warn you, and beg you not to despise the warning; you know the force of calumny?'

'Where does the wretch live?'

'I don't know.'

'Well, Lyons is not so large but what I can find him, and I should be obliged if you would give me the address of a good lawyer.'

'Here is the name of one of the cleverest, but think twice before you go to law; it is rather a scandalous matter.'

Madame d'Urfé was related to M. de la Rochebaron, the king's procurator; and had I known where Parsano was living, I could have hushed it all up. Although Parsano was a liar and a calumniator, I was not quite easy. I went back to my hotel and drew up a memorandum on the subject. I demanded protection against a traitor, who was hidden at Lyons, and who was attacking my life and my honour. But early next morning Bono came to dissuade me.

'The police,' he said, 'will make perquisitions to find out where Parsano is; and as soon as he gets wind of this, he will attack you, and so far from hiding, he will come forth and demand to be protected against *you*. It seems to me you have no very important business at Lyons; and that you could easily hasten your departure.'

The banker's advice.

'Run away from a Parsano! I should despise myself. My dear sir, that is not my theory of honour. I would rather die than leave here one hour sooner than I intended.'

As ill luck would have it, the lawyer whom Bono had recommended was precisely the one my enemy had chosen. The banker gave me a second address, and told me to lose no time, as in a criminal affair the first in the field has the greatest chance of success. He advised me not to set the police after Parsano, for 'Now we have brought an accusation against him,' he said, 'he needs must come forward and defend himself, or his own barrister even will forsake him.' The very next day I received a message from Parsano's lawyer, begging me to grant him an interview. His client, he told me, declared I had poisoned him. 'He swears,' he said, 'that he will have you condemned to death, for he has all his witnesses ready. He showed me twenty-five louis which you gave him at Marseilles, and which have all been clipped; he has two certificates from Genoa, stating that a nobleman there, Signor Grimaldi, had a quantity of gold pieces melted by a goldsmith, so as to prevent the Government from convicting you of

the same crime. He even has a letter from your brother, the abbé, which testifies against you. He is frantic with spite and disease, and wants to see you leave this world before he does. I should advise you, if I dared, to give him some money and get rid of him. He says he is the father of a family, and that if M. Bono will give him a thousand louis he will withdraw his charges against you. What do you say?' Negotiations with Parsano.

'What I say is inspired by righteous anger. I will never give one sou to an ungrateful villain whom I raised from misery, and who now brings an atrocious charge against me.'

My lawyer highly approved of my having refused to treat with the scoundrel, and the case was arranged to come on in the three days. On the second of the three, I met Bono at the café, and he told me he had heard again from Parsano. He renewed his offer to withdraw his complaint, and this time his demand was modified to one hundred louis.

'I should be mad,' I exclaimed, 'to give him money which would enable him to escape from the hands of justice. To-morrow he will be arrested; and, if I can, I will see him under the hands of the executioner. The calumnies he has preferred against me are too odious. I insist on his proving them or suffering for them.'

'It seems to me,' said Bono, 'that a full withdrawal on his part would be as good as a verdict in your favour, especially as the trial must injure you, and a hundred louis is nothing compared to the expenses of the case.'

'Your advice is admirable, my dear sir, but this time I intend to act according to my own ideas.' I spoke so decisively that the discussion ended. I received a letter from Bono next day, telling me that Parsano had left Lyons, but had previously deposited with the banker a full retractation of his allegations. I went off at once to see the banker. Parsano is squared.

'Well, are you pleased?' he asked.

'I am so pleased I could almost find it in my heart to forgive him, but it is odd he did not insist on his hundred louis.'

'My friend, I gave them to him, and was glad to do so, and prevent a scandal which would have done us all harm. I am also glad of an opportunity of showing my friendship for you. Let us speak no more of this.'

'Very good, dear friend,' said I, embracing him; 'we will speak no more of it. You must deduct the sum from my account and receive the assurance of my deepest gratitude.'

To the play with Marcolina.

Freed from the frightful anxiety which Parsano had caused me, I could now light-heartedly devote myself to my dear Marcolina. I did all I could to please her, for I felt the hour of separation was at hand. I was at the theatre with her one evening in company with Monsieur Bono and Madame Pernon, his mistress, when I saw Signor Querini, the Venetian ambassador to London, come into the box opposite ours. The procurator Morosini, Signor Memo, Count Stratico, both professors at the University of Padua, were with him. I knew all four gentlemen, and knew that they had returned from bearing the congratulations of their Government to George, the King of England. I went to pay them my respects.

Querini received me politely, and Memo somewhat restrainedly, for he remembered that his mother had had a share in the cabal which, eight years before, had led to my imprisonment. I told them of my movements, and of how the Holy Father had made me a knight of his order, and how I was bound for London by way of Paris. As I was leaving the box, Morosini asked me to go and see him. 'For I have a little commission for you in London,' he said.

'I shall be delighted to undertake it for your Excellency,' I replied.

When I returned to my box I found Marcolina pallid with emotion, and during the remainder of the piece she kept her eyes fixed on Querini. While we were waiting for our carriage at the door of the theatre, the ambassadors came up, and Querini said: 'You have a charming young lady with you, Signor Casanova.'

Before I could answer, Marcolina seized his hand and kissed it.

'Why this honour to me, signorita?' he asked in astonishment.

'Because,' answered Marcolina in Venetian, 'I have the honour of knowing your Excellency.'

'And what are you doing with Signor Casanova?'

'He is my uncle.'

On returning to our hotel, Marcolina told me the reason of her extraordinary behaviour. She was afraid I should force her to return to Venice under the escort of her worthy uncle, who was butler to Querini, as she had told me.

'Don't cry,' I said; 'we have three or four days before us. Meantime, it was clever of you to kiss Querini's hand. All will go well, but don't cry. That simply kills me!'

The following day Morosini brought me a little sealed box, directed to my Lady Harrington, with a letter, and another letter containing these few words—

'The procurator Morosini is very sorry to have been obliged to leave without bidding farewell to Miss Charpillon.' The first mention of 'Miss Charpillon.'

'But there is no address,' I objected. 'Where shall I find the lady?'

'I cannot say; if you do find her, give her the letter; if not, so much the worse; and now I must tell you that I am charged by Signor Querini to invite you and your charming companion to dinner.'

'Shall we speak Venetian?' asked Marcolina.

'Most decidedly.'

'*E viva!* for I know I shall never learn French.'

She was delighted; and when Morosini had left, I told her that if by chance any one should speak of her returning to Venice, she was to say that there was only one person who could persuade her to do so. If Signor Querini would take her back under his high protection, she would go, not otherwise. I warned her, too, to ignore her Uncle Matthew, who would be sure to wait at table.

We presented ourselves at the ambassador's house. Marcolina wore her new dress, and I my richest suit; it was a coat of ash-coloured close-pile velvet, embroidered with gold and silver spangles, my ruffles and shirt front were in *point de l'aiguille*, and worth at least a thousand francs. What with my diamonds, my watches and chains, my sword, in beautiful English steel, my snuff-box set with fine diamonds, my cross and my shoe buckles, also in diamonds, I was worth at least fifty thousand crowns as I stood. This childish ostentation had its object. I wanted M. de Bragadin to hear that I was of importance in my world—the tyrants who had driven me into exile to know that I could afford to laugh at them.

The diplomacy of Marcolina.

After dinner, Signor Querini, who was excessively pious, saw fit to give us a little homily on Love, which he said could be classed under five heads—love of one's neighbour, love of God, conjugal love, family love, and self-love. He was particularly eloquent on love of God, and I was much surprised to see Marcolina shedding abundant tears, which she wiped away furtively as though to hide them from the good old man, whose piety had been aggravated by the wine he had drunk. Indeed I had never appreciated Marcolina till that day. She told me when we got home that she had simulated emotion so as to completely captivate the old ambassador, and that had she followed her instincts she would have laughed like a mad woman. She was made for the stage—the stage or the throne; there is not much difference between them.

I kissed her and said, 'Dearest, I find out how sweet you are—just when I am going to lose you!'

'Keep me, then, dear Casanova, and I will always be as gay as I was to-day. By the way, did you see my uncle? I am sure he recognised me. You will see, to-morrow he will tell Querini that I am his niece, and consequently not yours.'

'Then you must admit to Querini that it is true, and that the tie which unites us is an infinitely more tender one than mere relationship. At the same time, you must make your uncle feel that he has no rights of control over you, and that

if you return it must be entirely of your own free will, and with Querini.'

It all came about as Marcolina had foreseen. I received a note from Signor Querini asking me to see him.

'Signor Casanova,' he said, 'I have something to say to you; but first of all, I want you to confide in me. Have you known the young person who is with you long, for no one here believes you to be her uncle? How did she come into your hands?'

'As that is a point which concerns her alone, you must allow me not to answer that question.'

'Has she told you her real name?'

'She told me her parents were poor, but honest. I was not curious enough to ask their name.'

'I can tell it you then; she is the niece of my butler. Her mother, who is his sister, wrote to him while I was in London that her daughter had left the paternal roof. Her arrogance the other day made me think he must be mistaken, but now I know otherwise. Tell me, is she your wife, or do you intend to marry her?'

'I love her passionately, but I cannot marry her.'

'Then, do you object to her returning to Venice with her own uncle?'

Explanations between Casanova and the Venetian ambassador.

'As her lover I would defend her against violence or coercion; but as she has inspired your excellency with such a lively interest, I bow to Fate. If she chooses to return with you, I shall not oppose her so doing.'

'Then let us consider the matter settled. I beg you to dine with us to-morrow; I will find an opportunity of presenting Marcolina to her real uncle.'

We went, Marcolina as sprightly as ever. A few moments before dinner was announced, the butler came and presented Signor Querini with his spectacles on a silver tray. Marcolina fixed an astonished gaze on him, and exclaimed—

'My uncle!'

'My dear niece!'

She flung herself into his arms and played her little scene admirably.

'You will tell me of Venice,' she said. 'I am so glad to see you, and you see I am happy. But where were you the other day?'

'Here.'

'And you did not recognise me?'

'Yes I did; but your other uncle, who is here now——'

'My dear cousin,' said I, laughing, 'let us shake hands and recognise each other. Marcolina, I congratulate you on having such a nice uncle.'

'O happy hour!' exclaimed Signor Querini.

'Exquisite! exquisite!' echoed the others.

Marcolina's theology.

The newly found uncle went off, and we sat down to table. Marcolina's face wore an expression of mingled regret and happiness—regret at leaving me, happiness at the idea of going home. Later on she told Querini roundly that much as she esteemed her Uncle Matthew, it was in his protection and his only that she would travel to Venice. He was afraid to compromise himself by agreeing too eagerly, and thus endangering his pose of excessive piety.

Every one felt awkward, and looked it, but Marcolina. It was not until dessert was put on the table by the trembling hands of the uncle that this extraordinary girl said, as if to herself, but loud enough for all to hear—

'We must all worship Divine Providence, though few of us can do so blindly, for I defy any one to judge beforehand of the results for good or evil of His interference!'

M. Querini asked her to explain herself.

'I was thinking, and my thoughts were inspired. As the result of my self-examination, I came to the conclusion that my present happiness is the direct consequence of error—the greatest possible error into which a young woman can fall! I find in that a fit cause of humiliation and submission to the decrees of Providence.'

'But, my dear child, you must repent.'

'That is what puzzles me, for I cannot see any cause for repentance, since all has turned out for the best. I must ask some learned doctor.'

The Venetian ambassador takes charge of Marcolina.

'Never mind that, my dear, I will take upon myself to show you the road of repentance as we travel to Venice. I will tell you what I will do,' went on Querini, hopelessly fascinated by Marcolina's witching ways. 'My housekeeper, Dame Veneranda, shall take charge of you. You shall sleep with her if you like. Come, let us go and interview her. Casanova, you come too!'

Veneranda was a lady of more than canonical age, but of sensible appearance and good manners. She assured me she would take every care of the young lady.

'I must tell the butler to see about another carriage,' said Querini; 'the calêche only holds two.'

'Your excellence,' said I, 'Marcolina has her own carriage, in which Madame Veneranda will find plenty of room for herself and her trunks.'

I discussed my plan of making my fortune through Lord Egremont in England, and M. Morosini promised me a letter for him. Then Marcolina and I returned to our hotel to get her baggage, and I flung myself on my bed, weeping bitterly. She was more reasonable than I.

Marcolina departs unwillingly.

'Remember,' she said, 'I am not leaving you; it is you who are sending me away. You have but to say one word, and this comedy will have no *dénouement*.'

It was true; but the fatality which ever attended me, the dread perhaps of a lasting tie, or my libertine spirit, which turned ever, in spite of myself, towards new loves and new pleasures, prevented me from saying that word, and made me persist in my resolution. I cannot describe our last hours together. She kept asking me how I could bear to be thus my own executioner and hers; and I could give her no satisfactory answer, for I knew no more than she did, save that some occult power prompted me to this gloomy course. Next day they started. Although Marcolina had my carriage, Querini made a

wry face when he saw her vast number of boxes being piled on it. I went with them as far as Pont de Beauvoisin, where we stopped. Marcolina slept with Dame Veneranda, and I passed the whole night sitting on a chair, with my head on the pillow beside Marcolina's. After the long night of tears I rose, had my horse saddled, and after placing Marcolina in her carriage, embraced her once more, and rode off. I did not see her again for eleven years.

I rode for six hours without stopping; then, worn out with fatigue, I returned to my hotel. I flung myself dressed on my bed, thinking it would be impossible for me to close my eyes, but in ten minutes I was asleep, and slept for nineteen hours. When Clairmont came in answer to my bell, I ordered him to bring me meat and wine, which I greedily devoured; then falling back, I slept again heavily till the following afternoon, when I awoke, refreshed, and able to take some interest in life.

Three days later, having bought a good two-wheeled carriage mounted on springs, of the kind called an Amadis, I started for Paris in my dressing-gown and nightcap; my trunks I sent by diligence. It seemed to me that by travelling in this *déshabillé*, and a prey to utter loneliness, I was paying some kind of tribute to my dear Marcolina.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

HIS BROTHER THE ABBÉ

I WENT straight to the Hôtel de Montmorency, as I did not wish to stay at Madame d'Urfé's. But I went to dine with her as usual. She received me with open arms. She told D'Aranda to go and get a sealed letter which was on his writing-table, and which she had given him that very morning. I read—

'My spirit told me this morning at daybreak that Galtinarde was that moment leaving Fontainebleau, and that he would be here this very day to dine with me.'

Predictions sometimes come true by pure chance. The like has often happened to me; it never affects me in any way.

Madame d'Urfé was in very good health. She had ordered her servants to admit no one, so we passed the day *en tête-à-tête*, considering how to persuade D'Aranda to go to London, for Madame d'Urfé and I had no authority over him. My scheme was to induce him to ask to be taken as a favour.

Their youngest brother is an annoyance to Jacques and François.

I went to the Italian Comedy that evening, and in the ballet, among the figurantes, I saw la Corticelli. I found out from a friend where she lived, and then went to see my brother François. He and his wife said I had just come in time to help them to get rid of the abbé.

'Where is he?'

'Oh, you will see him soon enough, for it is nearly supper-time, and eating and drinking is the principal business of his life.'

In another moment he appeared. He spoke to me; but as I took no notice, he asked me what I had against him.

'I have the letter that you wrote to Parsano, calling me a spy, a coin clipper, and a poisoner.'

He did not answer, but sat down to table. François said—

'When this fine gentleman came I received him with pleasure, gave him a room, and told him to make himself at home. The first thing he said was that you were a scoundrel; that you had taken from him a young girl whom he intended to marry. He said he only meant to stay with us till he got something to do. My wife spoke to M. de Sauci, who promised to introduce him to the archbishop; in the meantime our curé at Saint Sauveur offered him twelve sols for a daily Mass. This was a good beginning, but my gentleman flew in a rage, and said he wasn't made to say Mass for twelve sols, or to hang about an archbishop's ante-room. For the last four weeks he has lived on us, and has turned everything in the house upside down. Our waiting-maid left us yesterday, to our great regret, and the cook won't stay, because he is always hanging about the kitchen.'

'It is easy to get rid of him,' said I; 'send his rags to a furnished room to-morrow morning, and notify him through the police not to set foot in your house again. If he is really anxious to leave, I will pay his expenses to any place he chooses to name, provided it is far enough off.'

'Abbé, what do you say?'

'I say this is a repetition of the way in which M. Jacques hunted me out of Marseilles. This is his style. Violence! Tyranny!'

'Monster! Thank God that instead of beating you to death I offer you money. Remember you tried to hang me at Lyons.'

'Where is Marcolina?'

He sends his brother back to Rome willy-nilly.

'I have no accounts to render to you. Quick now. Which is it to be—Rome or Paris?'

'Rome.'

'Good; the voyage costs twenty louis for a single man, but I will give you twenty-five.'

'Where are they?'

'You will see. Give me pen and paper. Now I will write out letters of credit for Lyons, Turin, Genoa, Florence, and Rome. I will take your place in the diligence for Lyons to-morrow; there you will draw five louis, and the same sum will be paid you in the four other towns. Here in Paris I will not give you a penny. I am at the Hôtel de Montmorency; that is all you need know.'

He visits Corticelli.

Later that day, when crossing the Place des Victoires,[1] it occurred to me to visit la Corticelli. I said no word in entering, and she began to abuse me roundly.

'Had I never seen you, I might be a happy woman now. I owe my misery to you.'

'You would be just as miserable, but in another way, for your misfortunes are the result of your bad conduct. But stop whining, and tell me about it.'

She then told me the most abject and degrading story it has ever been my lot to hear. I could not feel quite indifferent, for I knew I was to a certain extent the cause of her woes. I was morally obliged to assist her.

'You are now,' said I, 'in squalid poverty, devoured by disease, and liable any moment to be seized by your creditors

[1] One of the most beautiful old '*places*' in Paris. It was begun by Mansard in 1685, by the order of the Duc de la Feuillade, who bought up the Hôtels de Senneterre and d'Emmery. A bronze statue of Louis XIV. was placed in the centre. At the angles of the pedestal were chained figures representing the nations he had triumphed over. This monument was pulled down in 1792 and the statue melted. The figures are still to be seen in the courtyard of Les Invalides. In 1795 a wooden pyramid was erected in place of the statue, on which were inscribed the names of the citizens killed on the 10th of August '92, and the place was dubbed 'Place des Victoires Nationales.' In 1800 Napoleon laid the first stone of a monument to the memory of Desaix and Kléber; in 1806 it was decided that Desaix's name alone should be mentioned; in 1815 it was not yet finished, and in 1822 the unfinished work was cleared away, and the hideous rampant equestrian statue of Louis XIV., by Bosnio, which still occupies the place, was put up.

The houses are now nearly all occupied as warehouses, and their fine façades much disfigured by commercial signs and notices. Bossuet lived in the Place des Victoires in 1696, and Cambon lived at No. 6 in 1793.

and turned out of doors. What do you think you had better do?'

'Throw myself into the Seine; for, my God! there is nothing else left for me to do; I have no money.'

'And if you had money, what would you do?'

'Get well, and then return to Bologna, where I would live as quietly as possible, for experience has taught me wisdom.'

His charity towards la Corticelli.

'Poor Corticelli! I pity you, and in spite of your vile behaviour I will not abandon you. Here are four louis for your immediate needs, and to-morrow I will come and tell you of some place where you can go to get well. Dry your tears, make up your mind to improve, and God have mercy on you.'

The poor creature flung herself on her knees, and covered my hands with kisses and tears. I took a *fiacre* on leaving her, and went to the Rue de Seine, where lived an old surgeon I knew. He listened to my story, then gave me a paper with an address at the far end of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine—

'Admit the person who presents this note and three hundred francs, and keep her for six weeks, then dismiss her cured, unless God disposes otherwise. The person has her reasons for wishing to remain unknown.'

La Corticelli went there next day, and I went to see her and gave her twelve louis, and offered to send her another twelve when she should write to me from Bologna. She promised she would do so, but the poor thing was unable to keep her word, for she succumbed to the treatment.

All my tools in the deception of Madame d'Urfé betrayed me except Marcolina; and all, except her, have perished miserably.

Short work with his brother the abbé.

I found my scoundrel brother waiting for me when I got back to the hotel.

'Well, Paris or Rome?' I asked.

'Rome,' he answered.

I sent Clairmont to the office of the *diligence* to take a place for Lyons, and I wrote out the five letters of credit.

'And now,' I said, 'go; the *diligence* leaves to-morrow. You can go and dine with Parsano if you like, as you seem to be his chosen accomplice. Clairmont, turn this man out, and never allow him to put his foot inside my door again.'

My readers may perhaps think I treated my brother too harshly, but I had always disliked him, and his connivance with Parsano and his general conduct as a man and as a priest, had made him so odious in my eyes that I could have seen him hanged with pleasure. Every one has his code of morality, as every one has his passions. My ruling passion has always been vengeance.

We had told little D'Aranda that his mother was at Abbeville and wanted to see him. It was only by some such deception that we could induce him to leave Paris. Even then he would not have gone had not Madame d'Urfé given him a horse and a new riding costume. Once at Abbeville, I knew he would not escape me, and I secretly forwarded his trunks to Calais.

I took leave of my dear Madame d'Urfé with unusual emotion. I had a presentiment I should never see her again! He sees Madame d'Urfé for the last time.

When we got to Abbeville, D'Aranda naturally asked to see his mother.

'After dinner,' I said.

'But suppose she is not here?'

'We will push on and find her somewhere. Come, let us visit M. Varobes's beautiful factory.'

'Go by yourself; I am tired.'

When I returned to the inn—

'Sir,' said the landlord, 'your young friend has gone back to Paris. He started five minutes after you left; he said he had gone for some despatches you had forgotten.'

'If you don't get him back, I will begin proceedings against you. You had no business to give him a horse without my orders.'

'Be easy, sir. I will have him overtaken before he reaches

Amiens.' He called up a postillion and ordered him to ride after the fugitive.

'If you catch him, I will give you two louis *pourboire*,' I said.

'For that,' said the man, laughing, 'I would bring you the Grand Turk.'

True to his word, he appeared in the evening, accompanied by my young gentleman, more dead than alive. I refused to speak to him, and ordered him to be shut up in a room with a bed and something to eat. Next morning I asked if he preferred going to London with me, free, and of his own will, or tied hand and foot like a prisoner?

'I will go with you if you will let me ride, for in this costume I should look absurd in a travelling carriage.'

'If you will give me your word of honour not to escape, you can go down and order a horse for yourself, and now let us shake hands.'

He lightly mounted his horse, and rode ahead of me with Clairmont. He was surprised to find his baggage at Calais when he reached that port, two hours before I did.

CHAPTER XXXIX

ENGLAND

At Calais I stored my postchaise at the *Bras-d'Or*, and I hired a packet-boat, to be in readiness whenever I might require it. There was only one at liberty, and one for the general public, the places in which cost six francs a piece. I paid six guineas in advance for mine, and was careful to have a written receipt for the money, for I was aware that at Calais and beyond, a man is sure to be in the wrong if he cannot prove his claims in writing.

Clairmont had my luggage put on board, and the crew embarked before low tide. I changed my money, and the landlord gave me English guineas for French louis d'ors. The difference is four per cent., and I tried to make him take it; but he refused, saying that he reimbursed himself by taking the English guineas and giving louis for them.

The little D'Aranda, to whom I shall now give his own modest name of Trenti, was resigned to his fate. He had behaved quite well, but bragged about his riding. We were just sitting down to table when I heard English voices outside.

'It is the English ambassador's courier,' said the landlord, 'announcing the arrival of his master, the Duke of Bedford, and quarrelling with the master of the packet. He declares he wrote to him to keep the boat at his disposition, and that he had no right to let it to any one else. The master says he never received the letter, and no one can convince him to the contrary.'

Glad that I had bespoken the boat, and paid for it, I went quietly to bed.

Amicable altercation with the Duke of Bedford, at Calais.

In the morning the landlord came to my room, followed by the duke's valet, who told me his master had arrived at midnight; that he was in a hurry to get back to London; and that I should be doing him a great service if I would let him have the boat. I took a pen and wrote as follows:—

'My lord duke is welcome to dispose of the whole boat with the exception of a place for myself and two other persons and our humble luggage. I am very glad of this opportunity of obliging the English ambassador.'

The messenger returned to say that the duke was much obliged to me, but that he could not accept my offer unless I would allow him to pay the price of the passage.

'Tell him it is already paid for.'

'He will return you the six guineas.'

'Tell your master he can have the boat without paying for it, but not otherwise. I do not buy things to sell again.'

Half an hour after the duke appeared in person; he told me in a very dignified but amiable way that I was perhaps right from my point of view, but that he was right from his.

'There is one way of settling this,' he said, 'and if you will accept it I shall be none the less obliged to you—we will each pay half.'

'The desire which I have to be of service to you prevents me from refusing your grace; but it is I who am your debtor, you are conferring a great honour on me. We will leave whenever you choose; I am entirely at your command.'

When he had gone, after shaking hands with me, I found three guineas on my table, where he had deposited them without my seeing. An hour after I returned his visit, and then sent word to the master of the boat to take aboard the duke and his suite, and arrange with them on his own account.

We were two hours and a half crossing the Channel; it was rough, but we got in without any mishap.

A foreigner landing on English soil must cultivate resignation. The custom-house inspection is a trial. The officials are indiscreet and impertinent; but as the duke submitted,

I was forced to follow his example; besides, what would have been the use of resisting? The average Englishman, strong in the rights the law affords him, and careful not to do anything the law forbids him, is brusque, rough, and ill-conditioned, the officials particularly so, and not to be compared with the French, who know how to be polite in the exercise of their functions. Nothing in England is as it is anywhere else. The very ground is of another colour, and the water of the Thames tastes differently to that of any other river. Everything in Albion has a character of its own; the fish, the horned cattle, the men and the women are distinct types, to be found nowhere else. Their mode of life, especially with regard to cookery, is totally unlike that of other people. Character in Albion.

The main characteristic of these proud islanders is their national pride, which puts them in their own estimation far ahead of all other races. It is only fair, however, to say that this fault is not confined to them; each country places itself in the first rank; the classification of the second rank alone presents any difficulty. What most struck me was the general air of cleanliness, the beauty of the country, its high state of cultivation, the solidity of the food, the excellence of the roads, the coaches and post-chaises, and the modest tariff of the latter. Above all, I admired the perfect ease with which one could pay for everything with a mere scrap of paper.[1] The swiftness of the horses, though they never go at anything but a trot, delighted me, and so did the architecture of towns like Dover and London, Canterbury and Rochester, populous cities that might be figured by immense lengths of tubing, for they are very long and very narrow.

We got to London in the evening and drove to Madam Cornelys's[2] house, for it was by this name that Thérèse, first He puts up at the house of Madam Cornelys

[1] Cheques were unknown on the Continent at this time, and are comparatively little used now.

[2] This remarkable woman, who has been called the 'Circe of Soho Square,' and by Horace Walpole 'the Heidegger of the Age,' arrived in England in 1756, or the following year. In London she was always known as Teresa Cornelys. She was a German by birth, and for many years a public singer.

married to the actor Imer and then to the dancer Pompéati, was known. When I had known her in Holland she was called Trenti, but had since adopted the name of her Dutch lover, Cornelius Rigerboos, of whom I have spoken in these Memoirs, and whom she had ruined. She lived in Soho Square,[1] almost opposite the Venetian ambassador's. I carefully followed out the instructions she had given me in her last letter. I left her son in the carriage; and having sent in my name, I expected she would rush to meet me; but the hall porter told me to wait, and by and by a servant in livery came up and handed me a note, in which Madam Cornelys requested me to follow him to a certain house. Arrived at the said house, a stout woman, called, as I afterwards learned, Rancour, and two servants, welcomed us, or rather welcomed my young companion, for she embraced him, and congratulated him on his safe arrival, without taking the slightest notice of me.

His reception.

She was, as the reader will remember, the mistress of Senator Malipièro in Venice, and subsequently of many others, including Casanova. She married an Italian dancer named Pompéati. After the closing of the revels at Carlisle House (see subsequent notes), she remained in obscurity for many years. At one time she sold asses' milk at Knightsbridge, and tried to get up fashionable breakfasts there. She died in the Fleet Prison, 19th August 1797, aged seventy-four, and left one son and one daughter.

[1] Carlisle House, built about the year 1690, stood on the east side of Soho Square, at the corner of Sutton Street. There was another Carlisle House at the west of Soho Square, at the end of what is now called Carlisle Street, but which was then known as 'King's Square Court,' 'Denmark Street,' and 'Merry Andrew Street' successively. The house inhabited by Madam Cornelys was built for Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle, and the garden extended the length of Sutton Street to what is now the Charing Cross Road. Madam Cornelys erected a large building in the garden, consisting of two great rooms, one above the other, to be used for balls, assemblies, and concerts. When this building was pulled down, a small copper plate was found, on which was the following inscription:—

'Not vain but grateful,
In honour of the society,
And my first protectress,
Honble. Mrs. Elizabeth Chudleigh,
Is laid the first stone
Of this edifice, June 19, 1761,
By me, TERESA CORNELYS.'

Carlisle House was pulled down in 1778.

Our trunks were taken upstairs, and Rancour showed the boy a fine suite of three rooms, saying—

'These rooms and these servants are for your private use; and as for me, I am your most humble servant.'

My baggage was deposited in a room opening out of his. From the very look of it I was able to judge of the inferior position I was meant to occupy. My rage was on the point of breaking out, but I controlled it, and—wonderful for me!—said never a word.

'Where is your room?' I asked Clairmont.

'Upstairs, and I have to share it with one of those great stupid boobies you saw.' The brave fellow, who knew me well, was much surprised at the calm with which I told him to carry up his things.

'Shall I undo your trunks?' he asked.

'No; wait till to-morrow.'

Keeping a good face on it, I went to the boy's room, who no doubt thought he was now my master. Worn out with fatigue as he was, he listened stupidly to the Rancour, who was describing his mother's magnificent position, her vast enterprises, her immense credit, the superb house she had built, her thirty-three servants, her two secretaries, her six horses, her country seat.

'How is my sister Sophie?' said the child.

'Is her name Sophie? She is never called anything but Miss Cornelys. She is a little beauty; she is a prodigy; she can play by sight on several instruments; she dances like Terpsichore; she speaks English, French, and Italian with equal fluency; she is a perfect marvel. She has a governess and a waiting-maid; it is a pity she is so small for eight years old.' She was ten, but I kept that for myself.

Young Master Cornelys, who was very tired, now asked when supper would be ready.

'At ten o'clock; Madam Cornelys is never free till then. She is engaged with her solicitor about her great lawsuit with Sir Frederick Fermor.'

As I saw I should get nothing out of Mistress Rancour unless I questioned her, and as I had no intention of so doing, I took my hat and stick and went forth to explore the city, taking care not to lose my bearings.

The Orange Coffee-house or Café des Italiens.[1]

It was about seven o'clock. I saw a lot of people in a coffee-house, and I went in. It was the most ill-famed coffee-house in London, and the meeting-place of the scum of the Italian population. I had been told of it at Lyons, and had made up my mind never to go there; but chance often makes us turn to the left when we want to go to the right. I ordered some lemonade, and was drinking it, when a stranger who was seated near me took a news-sheet from his pocket, printed in Italian. He began to make corrections in pencil on the margin, which led me to suppose he was an author. I watched him out of curiosity, and noticed that he scratched out the word *ancora*, and wrote it at the side, *anchora*. This barbarism irritated me. I told him that for four centuries it had been written without an *h*.

'I agree with you,' he answered, 'but I am quoting Boccaccio, and in quotations one must be exact.'

'I humbly beg your pardon; I see you are a man of letters.'

'A very modest one; my name is Martinelli.'

He meets an author.

'I know you by reputation; you are a cousin of Calsabigi's, who has spoken of you; I have read some of your satires.'

'May I ask to whom I have the honour of speaking?'

'My name is Seingalt. Have you finished your edition of the *Décameron*?'

'I am still working at it, and trying to get more subscribers.

'Will you allow me to be among the number?'

He put me down for four copies, at a guinea a copy, and was surprised to hear I had only been in London an hour.

[1] This may have been in Orange Street, near Leicester Square, or in Compton Street, where the *Café d'Italie* exists at the present day. There is an *Italian Restaurant* in the present Oxendon Street, in the neighbourhood of the old unidentifiable street called Hedge Lane, whose direction corresponded more or less with Whitcomb Street.

'Let me see you home,' he said; 'you will lose your way else.'

When we were outside he told me I had been in the Orange Coffee-house, the most disreputable in all London.

'But you go.'

'I go because I know the company and am on my guard against it.'

'Do you know many people here?'

'Yes, but I only pay court to Lord Spencer. I work at literature, am all alone, earn enough for my wants. I live in furnished lodgings, I own twelve shirts and the clothes I stand up in, and I am perfectly contented.'

This man pleased me; he talked pure Tuscan, and there was something very honest about him. I asked him how to settle myself comfortably. When he knew how long I was going to stay and the style in which I wished to live, he advised me to take a furnished house.

'Where can I find a house of this kind?'

He takes a house in Pall Mall.

We went into a shop, where he borrowed the *Advertiser*, and noted down sundry addresses. We were nearest at the moment to one in Pall Mall.[1] An old woman opened the door and showed us the ground floor and three upper stories. Each story had two rooms to the front, and a lavatory behind (in London every floor has this accessory). Everything was scrupulously clean—linen, furniture, carpets, mirrors, porcelain, even the bells and the locks on the doors. One great cupboard was filled with linen, another with silver, and china and earthenware dinner-services. In the kitchen were rows of shining pots and pans. In a word, it was *comfortable*. The price was twenty guineas a week; and as it is useless to bargain in London, I told Martinelli I would take it there and then.

The old woman said that if I would keep her as housekeeper, I need not trouble about references, as I could pay her a week in advance. I told her I would do so if she would undertake to find me a servant who could speak French or Italian as well as English, and I paid her a month in

[1] Probably in Spring Gardens or Cockspur Street.

advance. She made the receipt out in the name of the Chevalier de Seingalt. I was never called anything else in London.

Thus in less than two hours I had found a perfectly equipped home in the city which people say is a chaos, especially for foreigners. But in London money buys everything. I was delighted to be in a position to leave a house where I had every right to expect a cordial welcome, and where I had been so badly received.

It was past ten o'clock when I returned to Soho Square, but Madam Cornelys had not yet made her appearance; her son was fast asleep on a sofa. After a little while three loud knocks announced her arrival; she had come in a sedan-chair, and I heard her loudly rustling up the stairs. She pretended to be glad to see me, but did not offer to embrace me. She ran to her son, took the sleepy child on her knee, and covered him with kisses, to which he responded coldly enough.

'He is tired,' said I, 'and for people who are tired we have been kept a long time waiting.'

I do not know what she would have replied to this, for supper was just then announced. She took my arm and led me to a room I had not yet seen. Though we were only three, the table was laid for four. I asked who was the other guest.

'It was for my daughter, but I have left her at home; for as soon as she heard you had come, she asked if you were well.'

'And you punished her for that?'

'Certainly; she ought to have inquired for her brother first, and then for you.'

'Poor Sophie! I pity her. Gratitude was stronger than the tie of blood.'

'It is not a question of sentiment, but one of training young people to think and act correctly.'

Madam Cornelys told her son that she was working for him, so that he should be rich some day, and that she had sent for him because he was now old enough to help her.

'How can I help you, dear mamma?'

'I give twelve suppers and twelve balls yearly to the nobility, and twelve to the city people, at two guineas a head. I often have five or six hundred persons.[1] The expense is enormous; and all alone as I am, I am terribly imposed upon,

[1] Royal personages, peers and peeresses, foreign ministers, and the aristocracy were her patrons. Concerts under the direction of Bach, Abel, and others, galas, masquerades, rural balls, harmonic meetings, subscription assemblies and the like followed each other in rapid succession. The house is spoken of by a contemporary as 'by far the most magnificent place of public entertainment in Europe.'

The following notes, taken from the *Advertiser* and *Lloyd's Evening Post*, are of interest:—

'12 March, 1771. Annual Subscription Assembly. Tickets 21*s*. The Doors will be opened at 7 o'clock and not before. Hackney chairs must come to the chair door in Soho Square, ranking from Greek Street. Carriages to the Coach door in Soho Square with the horses' heads towards Greek Street. The nobility and gentry's own chairs to the door in Sutton Street. These arrangements are earnestly requested to be observed, which will prevent any possibility of confusion, and render the access to the House extremely facile and agreeable.

'For the information of our readers who intend to be at the Masquerade at Soho Square to-morrow we are happy to lay before them the following particulars of the manner in which that elegant entertainment is to be conducted. The door will be opened at 11 o'clock precisely. The company are first to assemble in the Tea Rooms. As soon as these are sufficiently full, the doors leading to the great gallery will be opened and the Masks will enter through an elegant green walk, with flowers and shrubs planted on each side. In the gallery, which will be curiously illuminated, is to be placed a Band of Music for Country Dances. The Bridge room will be opened at the same time, and the circular space under the pavilion is to be appropriated for dancing Cotillons. The pavilion will be ceiled with looking glasses, which must produce a most charming reflection. The rest of that elegant apartment is laid out in a delightful garden perfumed with the odoriferous scent of the choicest flowers which the season can afford, and bordered with a thicket of the most curious shrubs, which will at once inspire the mind with the most rural ideas, and after the fatigues of the Dances, will afford a most desirable refreshment by the coolness of the shade. At 1 o'clock a Band of Music will announce the opening of the Supper Room by a March, and proceed at the head of the company up the great front stairs to the door of the Star room, at the entrance of which the most rural and delightful prospect will open upon the eye. In the middle of the Great Supper Room will appear an elegant walk bordered with two regular green Hedges, on each side of this beautiful walk is raised a curious platform where supper will be laid out on large round tables, each of which is encircled with trees, under whose embowering shade the Masks will sup, as if they were in *pleine campagne*, with the pleasure of seeing the rustic swains and their lasses mix in the gay dance on the turf

I can't be in every place at once. Now that you are here, you can keep the keys, write my letters, take the money, pay the bills, and go through the rooms to see that every one is well waited on; in fact, you can be the master of the house.'

'And do you think, dear mamma, that I am capable of doing all that?'

'Yes, for you will be taught. One of my secretaries will live with you, and show you how to set about your work. You will study English for at least a year; you will attend all the assemblies, so that you will make acquaintance with the most distinguished personages in London, and little by little you will become quite an Englishman.'

'I think I would rather remain French.'

beneath them. Those who may not find room at these tables, may pass by the great back stairs into the stage-room, which is laid out in a shrubbery with extraordinary taste; in this and the Bridge-room, tables will be also laid for Supper, and the Masks, as they return into the Gallery, will be agreeably surprised by the opening of the Chinese room which will be so decorated as to afford the most charming *coup d'œil*. Upon the whole, there is every reason to believe that this will prove one of the most pleasing Entertainments that has been given to the town for many years, and that the night will be spent with true Arcadian felicity in this *Paradis Terrestre*.'

(For most of this note we are indebted to Dean Vere's *St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Soho.*)

That these entertainments were not always of the most seemly description may be inferred from the fact that Madam Cornelys was twice indited for keeping a disorderly house, and appeared before Sir John Fielding. In 1772 she made strong efforts to regain her waning popularity, and gave a great masked ball, the character of which may be inferred from the fact that before dancing began a Jew went round with a label 'Marriage Treatise' on his back, distributing cards somewhat to the following effect:—

'The Marriage Broker accommodates ladies and gentlemen with everything in the matrimonial way, virtue and money excepted, and that at first sight of the parties. Madam Cornelys provides a variety of commodious apartments, where these affairs can be settled out of hand. She deals in the "ton" or the city style. If a difficult case, apply to our Attorney-General, who attends me here in person.'

In June 1775 she had the sole management of a fête at Ranelagh, for which she received seven hundred guineas. She was caricatured under the title 'Lady Fashion's Secretary's Office,' and represented as a 'dignified, middle-aged dame, with somewhat marked features.'

The entrance spoken of in Sutton Street is supposed to have been at the spot now occupied by Messrs. Cross and Blackwell's cooperage.

'That, my dear boy, is mere prejudice! You will soon get rid of that. Every one will call you *Mister* Cornelys.'

'Cornelys? Is that my name? It sounds rather odd.'

She looked at her son sharply, and then told him to go to bed.

When we were alone she said he seemed ill brought up, and small for his age.

'I am afraid his education will have to be begun all over again, and it is rather late in the day. What has he learned in the last six years?'

'He might have learned a great deal, for he was at the best school in Paris, but he only learned what he liked, and that was not much. He can ride, play the flute, fence, dance a minuet, reply politely, present himself gracefully, talk nonsense prettily, change his linen every day, and dress himself elegantly. He can hardly write, cannot spell, doesn't know the first four rules of arithmetic, and is very uncertain whether England forms part of Europe or not.'

'Six years well spent!'

'Yes, six years lost, and he will lose many more.'

'My daughter will make fun of him, but then *I* brought her up. He will be ashamed when he sees how advanced she is, for eight.'

'He will never see her at that age, for she is ten now?'

'I know best about that. She knows geography, history, languages, music, she reasons intelligently, and has a judgment far beyond her age. All the ladies are wild about her. Every day she goes to a drawing academy, for she shows a great disposition for art. She dines with me every Sunday; and if you will do me the pleasure of joining us on that day, you will see that I am not exaggerating.'

It was then Monday! Why did she not ask me for Tuesday?

'You have just come in time,' she went on, 'for the last gala I give this year to the nobility. In three or four weeks every one goes out of town. I cannot give you a ticket, for

Madam Cornelys explains.

I can only give them to people of title, but you can stay by my side, and as my friend you can see everything.'

'You do me too great an honour.'

Her lawsuit with Sir Frederick Fermor.

We chatted until two o'clock in the morning. She told me of her lawsuit with Sir Frederick Fermor. He claimed that the house which she had built, and which had cost ten thousand guineas, belonged to him, for he had given her the money. Ethically he was right; but according to the English law he was wrong, for it was she who had paid the architect, the workmen, and the carpenters. She had given and taken all receipts in her own name, though now she owned that it was he who had supplied the funds. 'But,' she said, 'there is nothing extraordinary in that; you have often given me a thousand guineas at a time, and such generosity is not surprising in a rich Englishman. We loved each other, and we lived together—it is simple enough!'

Madam Cornelys had won her lawsuit four times in two years, and each time Fermor opened the question again in virtue of some English legal quibble. It cost her immense sums; and at the moment of which I am writing a last application was about to be made, but the solution might be fifteen years in coming.

'This case is a disgrace to Fermor,' said the worthy dame.

'There I agree with you, but do you think it is a credit to you?'

'Yes, most certainly I do.'

During our three hours' conversation this woman did not inquire once after my health, if I was comfortably lodged, how long I intended to remain in London, or the state of my finances, but she took good care to tell me that she never had a halfpenny to spend. She raked in over eighty thousand pounds sterling a year, but her expenses were frightfully heavy, and she was continually in debt.

I did not volunteer any information about myself, and it was impossible for her to judge my condition from my appearance, as I was very simply dressed, and did not wear a single

diamond, or jewellery of any kind. I went to bed, piqued, but not angry.

Next morning I told Clairmont to put my things on a coach, and when all was ready I went to see young Cornelys, who was still in bed. I told him I was going to live in Pall Mall, and I left him my address.

'What! you are not going to stay with me?'

'No, for your mother has forgotten to welcome me and lodge me properly.'

'You are quite right. I should like to go back to Paris.'

'Don't be a fool; remember you are at home here, whereas in Paris you perhaps would not find a roof to cover you. Good-bye; I shall see you on Sunday.'

He calls on the Venetian ambassador.

I was soon installed in my new house, and I went to call on Signor Zuccato, the Venetian envoy, with Morosini's mysterious letter. He told me coldly he was glad to know me. I asked him to introduce me at Court, but he only replied with a smile, in which I fancied I detected contempt. I paid the insolent aristocrat back in his own coin. I bowed distantly and went away, never to set foot in his house again. I had no better luck with Lord Egremont, who was ill, and who died a day or two after I presented my letter of introduction from Morosini to him. I had another letter from Chauvelin for the Comte de Guerchy, the French ambassador. He received me most cordially, invited me to dine, and promised to present me at Court the following Sunday after divine service. It was at his table that I met the Chevalier d'Eon, secretary to the embassy, and of whom, a little later, all Europe was talking. The Chevalier d'Eon was a beautiful woman, who, before adopting the career of diplomacy, had been a barrister, and then a captain of dragoons. She served Louis Quinze as a valiant soldier, and a consummately skilful diplomatist. In spite of her manly intellect and airs, I had not been a quarter of an hour in her company before I knew her for a woman. Her shape was too rounded for that of a man, and her voice was too clear.

During these first few days I made the acquaintance of all the bankers with whom my money was deposited (I had in all more than three hundred thousand francs). I visited the theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane incognito. I did not enjoy myself much, as I did not know a word of English. I dined in all the taverns of good or evil repute, so as to familiarise myself with the manners of these 'great little' islanders. In the mornings I went to the Stock Exchange, where I made many acquaintances, one of whom found me a negro servant who could speak French, English, and Italian, and a good English man cook, who spoke French.

In the evening I frequented the most select bagnios where a man of quality can sup, bathe, and meet well-bred women of easy virtue. There are plenty of this sort in London. This entertainment only costs about six guineas, and with economy one can do it for four; but economy was never one of my failings.

He is presented by M. de Guerchy to the king.

On Sunday morning I dressed myself elegantly and richly, and went to Court about eleven o'clock, where I met M. de Guerchy, as arranged. He presented me to his Majesty George the Third, who spoke to me, but so low that I could not understand him, and could only reply by an inclination of the head. The queen also spoke to me, and I was delighted to see the silly envoy of my own dear republic standing near her. When Monsieur de Guerchy announced me as the Chevalier de Seingalt, I saw him start and look astonished, for in the letter of introduction to him I was only spoken of as Casanova. The queen asked what part of France I came from, and when I said I was a Venetian, she looked at him. Zuccato bowed, as much as to say he could not contradict this. Her Majesty asked me if I knew the ambassadors who had been over here to congratulate the king? I answered I knew some of them intimately.

'M. de Querini,' the queen was good enough to say, 'made me laugh. He said I was a little devil!'

'He meant angel, madam.'

I wished she would ask me why Zuccato had not presented me, for I had an answer on the tip of my tongue that would have prevented my lord from sleeping for a week, but the talk was vague and purposeless, as it always is in courts.

After this ceremony I got into my sedan chair, and my two bipeds carried me to Soho Square to the house of Madam Cornelys, where I was to dine. A man in court dress would not dare to walk in the street in London; the mob would pelt him with mud, and his fellows would laugh at him. Arrived at Madam Cornelys's, I was shown upstairs with my negro Jarbe; and after crossing a dozen large rooms, I was introduced into a small saloon, where the mistress of the house was sitting with two English ladies and two gentlemen. She was polite and friendly; but after bidding me be seated in an armchair near her, she continued her conversation in English, without introducing me to her friends. When the butler announced dinner, she told him to send for the children. I had been longing for this moment; and as soon as Sophie appeared, I ran towards her; but, drilled by her mother, she stepped back, made me a low curtsy, and repeated a compliment learned by heart. I was discreet enough to hold my tongue, for I did not want to embarrass the child, but my heart was wrung. La Cornelys then presented her son, telling them all that I had brought him from France, where I had had charge of his education for six years. She said this in French, and I was glad to see that every one understood.

He dines with Madam Cornelys.

We sat down to table; I was between the two Englishwomen; the elder of them was lively, and I liked her, though she was no longer young. The mistress of the house never spoke to me, and Sophie rolled her beautiful eyes about, but never in my direction. We were as like as two peas. As I wished to make a good impression on the company, I began to give my impressions of England as wittily as I could, taking, however, good care not to wound the national pride. I succeeded, but I took care not to look once at Madam Cornelys.

My neighbour, after admiring the beauty of my ruffles, asked me the news of Court?

'Madam, I was there to-day for the first time.'

'Did you see the king?' asked little *Sir Joseph* Cornelys.

'My son,' said his mother, 'you should not ask such questions; they might be displeasing to Signor Casanova.'

'On the contrary, madam, I have been teaching him for the last six years to ask questions; it is the only way to learn.'

'Well, then,' said the boy, 'did you see the king?'

'Yes, my dear, I saw the king and the queen, and their majesties both did me the honour of speaking to me.'

'Who presented you?'

'The French ambassador.'

'This time,' said his mother, 'you must own the question is impertinent.'

'To a stranger it might be, but not to me.'

'Well, then,' she said impertinently, 'as you like questions, let me ask you why you were presented by the French ambassador instead of by the Venetian envoy?'

'Because the Venetian knows I have a bone to pick with his government.'

The little Sophie welcomes him.

My little Sophie, who was so like me that it was impossible not to see the resemblance, kept her eyes modestly fixed on her plate, and it was not until after dinner that I could induce her to look at me. She brought me her drawings to examine, and she played the harpsichord and guitar and sang Italian airs charmingly; she then danced a minuet with her brother, who acquitted himself very badly. She begged me to dance with her, which I did, and afterwards she came and sat on my knee, and seemed to get over her shyness, which I make no doubt was due to the instructions of her mother.

Coffee was served in French fashion, and then La Cornelys took me over the house and showed me a magnificent dining-hall she had just built, and in which she could give a supper to four hundred people seated comfortably at one horseshoe table. She told me, and I could easily believe her, that it was

the largest room of its kind in London. The last gala was to be given just before the House rose; it was fixed for four or five days hence. She had about twenty waiting-maids in her service, and a dozen footmen in livery, of whom she spoke bitterly.

'These scoundrels all rob me,' she said, 'but I can't do without them. I ought to have an intelligent active man to look after them and my interests, then I should make an immense fortune in a few years; the English don't care what they pay for their amusements.'

I said I hoped she would soon find the man and the money, and I left her, full of admiration for her courage and enterprise.

CHAPTER XL

ENGLISH CUSTOMS

The English Sunday.

I HAD a letter of introduction to Lady Harrington,[1] who was lodged within the precincts of the Court, and received every Sunday. Card play went on at her house on that day, for the park comes under the royal jurisdiction. It is forbidden everywhere else to gamble or make music on Sundays. Spies infest the streets of London, and listen outside private houses to the various sounds issuing from the parlours. If, from what they hear, they think that gambling or singing is going on, they wait till a door opens, and then slip in and arrest the bad Christians who dare to profane the Lord's day by an amusement which in all other countries is considered innocent enough. On the other hand, Englishmen are free to keep the

[1] Lady Caroline Fitzroy, daughter of the second Duke of Grafton, married William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington and Viscount Petersham. Walpole speaks of her sometimes as Lady Harrington, sometimes as Lady Caroline Petersham. His friend and correspondent Conway was wildly in love with her, but Walpole made him break off with her. In a letter to Mann he quotes the following epigram :—

'Who 's this?
Her face has beauty we must all confess,
But beauty on the verge of ugliness.
Her mouth 's a rabbit feeding on a rose,
With eyes ten times too good for such a nose.
Her blooming cheeks, what paints could ever draw 'em,
That paint for which no mortal ever saw 'em;
Air without shape, of royal race divine,
'Tis Emily!—oh fie! 'tis Caroline!'

At the coronation of George III. she appeared covered with all the diamonds she could hire or borrow. She died in 1784, and was buried at Kensington.

day holy in taverns and houses of ill-fame, both of which abound in this capital.

I was shown into a room full of people, thirty at least, among which it was easy to distinguish the hostess by the air of welcome she assumed when I was announced. She told me she had seen me at Court, and without knowing who I was, had felt a desire to become acquainted with me. She was then about forty years old, but was still beautiful; she was a leader of society, and renowned for her many gallantries. She introduced me to her husband and to her four daughters, all grown up, and all charming. She asked why I had come to London at the time of year when every one was leaving it for the country?

I told her that I always acted on impulse, and could give her no better answer; but I intended to remain a year in England. I ventured to hope that what was deferred was not necessarily lost.

Lady Harrington's reception.

My answer seemed to please her, for it was English in its independence; and she kindly told me I could count on her doing everything she could to make my sojourn agreeable. 'You must begin with seeing all the nobility at Madam Cornelys's, in Soho Square,' she said; 'there is a reception there on Thursday. I can give you a ticket for the ball and supper; here it is; it costs a mere two guineas.'

I gave her the money, and she wrote across the ticket, '*Paid. Harrington.*'

'Is this formality indispensable, my lady?'

'Yes, or you would be asked to pay at the door.'

I took care not to tell her I had just come from Soho Square; and while she was arranging a whist table, she asked me if I had introductions to any other ladies.

'One, of a rather singular nature, which I intend to present to-morrow; it is the portrait of the person herself.'

'Can I see it?'

'Certainly; here it is.' I showed her the miniature Lord Percy had given me.

'Why, it is the Duchess of Northumberland. She is here this afternoon; over there, in pink with curling hair. Let us go and give it her.'

She led me across the room.

'Dear Duchess,' she said, 'here is a gentleman who has a letter for you.'

'Ah, yes; it is Monsieur de Seingalt. I am delighted to see you, chevalier; my son has written to me about you. I hope you will come and see me; I receive three times a week.'

'Then I will do myself the honour of handing the precious letter to you at your own house.'

Lady Harrington's piece of advice.

We played whist for small stakes, and I lost fifteen guineas. Lady Harrington drew me to one side and gave me a little lesson, which I think worthy of being repeated here.

'You lost,' she said, 'and you paid your losses in gold. I suppose you had no bank notes.'

'Pardon me, my lady; I have one of fifty and one of a hundred pounds.'

'You should have changed one, then, or paid some other day. It is considered a mark of bad breeding here to pay in *sounding* money. In a foreigner, of course, it is excusable, but don't let it happen again. You saw the lady smile when you gave her your guineas.'

'Yes; who is she?'

'Lady Coventry,[1] the sister of the Duchess of Hamilton.'

'Ought I to offer her my excuses?'

[1] One of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, married to Lord Coventry. Walpole says of her that her genius was not equal to her beauty. On several occasions she was mobbed. Once in Hyde Park the crowd became so pressing, that she had to be guarded by an officer and twelve sergeants in front and twelve behind, her husband on one side of her and Lord Pembroke on the other. A shoemaker at Worcester made two guineas and a half by showing a shoe he was making for her at a penny a head. Lord Coventry would not allow her to paint or powder. Once at a dinner he suspected her of having rouged, and chased her round the table till he caught her and scrubbed her cheeks with a napkin.

The Duke of Cumberland was an admirer of hers, and she was supposed to

'No; the offence is not of such a serious nature as that. She may have been surprised, but not offended, for she is the gainer by fifteen shillings.'

This little bit of provincialism on my part was vexatious, for Lady Coventry was a piquante brunette. However, I soon forgot my vexation.

I dined in my own house next day, and was well pleased with my English cook, who knew how to serve French *plats* as well as the usual English ones, and sent me up 'poulardes,' 'fricandeaux,' 'ragoûts,' and, above all, the good French soup, which of itself is enough to do a nation honour, had it no other claim.

He is lonely.

But I was ill-content. I was alone, and nature had not made me for a hermit. I had neither mistress nor friend. In London one can invite a chance acquaintance to dine at a tavern, where each pays his share, but not to one's own house. I remember a younger son of the Duke of Beaufort's asking me one day to have some oysters with him. He ordered the oysters and a bottle of champagne; but when we had a second one, he made me pay half its price. This is the style across the Channel!

Everybody laughed at me when I said I ate at home because they did not give me any soup at the taverns.

'But are you ill?' they said; 'broth is only for invalids!' The Englishman is carnivorous; he eats hardly any bread, and thinks himself economical because he orders neither soup nor dessert. So, to my mind, an English dinner has no beginning and no end.

have had a passion for Lord Bolingbroke. Walpole alludes to these two as 'Billy and Bully.'

When asked by King George some question about masquerades, she replied that there was 'only one sight she wished to see, and that was a coronation!' She died at the age of twenty-seven, Walpole says from the quantity of white lead she put on her face, which checked perspiration. She was very proud of her looks, and could not bear to be seen in her last illness. Towards the end she would have no light in her room, and only took things handed through the closed curtains of her bed.

Soup is considered a great expense, because even the servants will not eat the meat it is made from; they call it fit to be thrown to the dogs. I must admit that the salt beef which takes the place of the French *bouilli*[1] is excellent. I cannot say as much for the beer, which I could not use myself; it is bitter and undrinkable. As *vin ordinaire*, the English drink a Portuguese variety, a kind of sweet piquette that gave me a stomachache. My wine merchant supplied me with excellent French wines, very pure, but very dear.

I went with Martinelli to the British Museum, where I met Dr. Mati,[2] and in the evening to Drury Lane Theatre, where I was given a sample of the somewhat boisterous manners of this insular population. I forget the name of the piece announced for that evening, but for some reason it was impossible to give it. The celebrated actor, Garrick,[3] who twenty years later was buried at Westminster, came forward to explain matters to the public, but he could not calm them. They pelted him with apples and dirt. There was a cry of 'Clear the theatre.' The king, the queen, and the respectable portion of the audience made off in a hurry; in less than an hour

A riot at Drury Lane.

[1] Apropos of Casanova's remark about servants refusing to eat *bouilli*, it is amusing to note that while English servants have a contempt for soup, they will eat mutton broth, whereas French servants will eat soup of all kinds except that made from mutton, which they declare only fit to throw away.

[2] Dr. Maty was head of the British Museum at this time.

[3] This account of the riot at Drury Lane is entirely erroneous. What really happened was this. On the 25th of June 1763 Garrick produced the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. A certain Fitzpatrick put himself at the head of a set of young men known as 'the Town,' and demanded in their name admission at half-price after the third act. A riot followed and was renewed the next day, the audience shouting, 'No prologue till Mr. Garrick comes in, off! off!' Garrick appeared and bowed, but was not allowed to speak. The benches were torn up, sconces broken, and actors pelted. Moody (not Garrick) was ordered to go down on his knees and apologise, his crime being that he had forcibly prevented a man from setting fire to the house. He refused, and was supported by Garrick, who, however, was compelled to promise that Moody should not appear so long as he was under the displeasure of the audience. Garrick had to agree to the proposition of half-price admission, an exception being made for new pantomimes.

everything inside the building was wrecked, only the four walls were left standing. The sovereign people destroyed everything it could lay hands on, just to show its sovereign power; then, satisfied with its work, went off to swill beer and gin.

About a fortnight later, when the theatre was reopened, Garrick appeared before the curtain to beg the indulgence of the spectators. Before he could utter a word, a voice from the pit cried out, 'On your knees!' A thousand voices took up the cry, 'On your knees,' and the Roscius of England was obliged to ask pardon, in this humiliating position, of the scum of the London slums. Thunders of applause told him the pardon was granted, and there was an end of the matter. The English people are like this, and, above all, the people of London; they scoff and hoot at king, queen, and princes when the fancy takes them; and for this very reason royal personages are careful not to show themselves, except on great occasions and surrounded by hundreds of constables.

I was walking in St. James's Park one day with Lord Augustus Hervey when we met a gentleman, who stopped us and remained talking to Hervey for some minutes. I asked him who it was.

'That is the brother of Lord Ferrers,'[1] he said, 'who had his head cut off about a couple of months ago for killing one of his servants.'

'And you speak to him?'

[1] Laurence Shirley, fourth Earl Ferrers (1720-1760), murdered John Johnson, his steward. In 1758 Lady Ferrers had obtained a separation on account of cruelty, and the Ferrers' estates were vested in trustees, Johnson being appointed receiver of the rents. Ferrers failed in an attempt to evict Johnson from a farm to which the trustees had appointed him, and in 1760 deliberately shot the steward, having previously locked the door of the room in which they were. Ferrers was tried by his peers in February, and unanimously condemned to death. He was hanged at Tyburn, and is said to have been the first sufferer executed by the drop instead of the old cart or ladder. He demanded to be hanged with a silken rope, and provided one for the purpose, but the hempen one was used. The silken rope is said to have passed into the hands of a member of the Humane Society who made a collection of such things.

'Why not?'

'Isn't he disgraced by the shameful death of his relation?'

Sir Augustus Hervey on the crime of Lord Ferrers.

'Disgraced! What an idea! Lord Ferrers himself was not *disgraced.* He violated the law, and he has paid for it with his life, so he owes society nothing. He was an honourable man who played a high game and lost. I do not know if, according to our constitution, there be any punishment which is disgraceful. I am free to break the law if I am disposed to suffer the penalty. It sounds absurd, I own, but it is a thing we are very particular about, for we are free to choose. We do consider it disgraceful if the criminal, to escape his chastisement, does anything cowardly or mean, or unworthy of a gentleman.'

'As, for instance?'

'Beg the king to forgive him, or ask pardon of the people?'

'Or run away?'

'No; to run away takes a good deal of courage, for it is a further transgression of the law. A man must have physical and moral courage to conceive the plan of flight. Your escape from the tyranny of your magistrates does you honour; your escape from 'The Leads' was an act of virtue.'

A disquisition on highway robbery.

'What is your opinion of highway robbers?'

'I detest them, for they are dangerous to society; but I pity them when I think that they must always have the fear of the gallows present to their minds. Supposing,' he continued, 'you took a coach to visit a friend some three or four miles out of London, and suddenly a man jumped on the step of the carriage, and putting a pistol to your breast demanded your money or your life, what would you do?'

'If I had a pistol handy, I would blow out his brains; if not, I would hand him my purse, and tell him he was an infamous assassin.'

'You would be wrong in both cases. If you killed him, you would be hanged, for no one has the right to take the life of an Englishman. If you called him an infamous assassin, he would tell you you were a liar, for he had given

you a chance of defending yourself by attacking you in front. But, as you handed him your purse, you might gently remonstrate with him on his villainous calling, and he would probably agree with you, and tell you that he meant to change it as soon as possible. He would then thank you, and advise you in future not to travel outside of London without a mounted manservant. We English are aware of the existence of these vermin; and when we travel we take two purses with us—a little one for the robbers, and another for ourselves.'

Lord Augustus then spoke of an unfortunate man who, after embezzling seventy thousand pounds on the Stock Exchange, had taken refuge in France, where he thought himself safe; but the king had demanded his extradition, and Louis Quinze had accorded it, in order to curry favour with England, and the poor wretch was hanged.

'Without doubt,' said I, 'England has recovered the seventy thousand pounds?'

'Not a shilling, as no money was found on his person. He had probably handed the treasure over to his wife, who is living at her ease, and will, perhaps, marry again, for she is young and pretty.'

'And she has not been interfered with?'

'No; what good would it do? It is not likely she will admit that her husband has given her the money. The law directs that thieves shall be hanged, but it says nothing about the proceeds of their theft. If we began to make distinctions between those who return what they have stolen and those who do not, we should have to make two laws and two penalties, besides going into the mode of restitution. It seems to us Englishmen that one punishment suffices for one crime—the gallows is enough. The thief becomes the owner of what he has taken, by violence it is true, but that does not prevent him from disposing of it as he likes. This being so, it behoves us to carefully keep what we have got; if we let ourselves be robbed, so much the worse for us. I took Havana from Spain—it was robbery under arms—and it will be given

Sir Augustus on Havana.

back, for I could not put Cuba in my pocket as I put forty million piastres for the benefit of my Government, and which have never been spoken of again.'

He was a philosopher, and a faithful British subject!

Then we went on to the Duchess of Northumberland's, where I met the Lady Rochefort, whose husband had just been appointed ambassador to Spain. This lady was one of the three celebrated women, the chronicle of whose gallantries yielded fresh matter daily to the gossips of the great metropolis.

The night before the assembly in Soho Square, I dined with Martinelli, and he spoke of Madam Cornelys, who, he said, was so heavily in debt that she only dared go out on a Sunday—the one day in the week when creditors have no right to arrest their debtors.

'Her needless extravagance,' he said, 'keeps her in continual distress, and sooner or later she will find herself at bay. She owes four times more than she is worth, including her house, the possession of which is doubtful, as there is a lawsuit about it.'

I was sorry to hear this for her children's sake; but as far as she was concerned, I thought she had only her deserts.

The assembly at Madam Cornelys.

I went in my finest clothes to the assembly, and the secretary, who sat at the entrance, took my ticket and wrote down my name. As soon as Madam Cornelys caught sight of me, she came forward to welcome me, saying how delighted she was to see that I had come in with a ticket.

'You might have known I should not come on any other terms,' I said; 'and also, that having the *entrée* to the Court, it was only necessary for me to pay my two guineas. I only regret, for the sake of our old friendship, that I did not pay them to you personally, for you must have known that I never should have accepted the inferior position you offered me.'

This speech embarrassed her, but Lady Harrington, who was one of her principal patronesses, came to her assistance.

'My dear Cornelys,' she said, 'I have a great many guineas

to hand over to you, among them two from M. de Seingalt, who, I fancy, is an old acquaintance of yours. I did not dare to ask him about it, though,' she added, glancing mischievously at me.

'Why not, my lady? I have had the honour of knowing Madam Cornelys for many years.'

'I can quite believe it,' she said, laughing, 'and I congratulate both of you. I suppose, chevalier, that you also know the amiable Miss Sophie?'

'Naturally, who knows the mother must know the daughter.'

'Yes, yes, I understand.'

Sophie was standing by, and Lady Harrington, after embracing her affectionately, said: 'If you love yourself, you must love her, for she is your very image.'

'One of the little tricks nature plays on us,' I said.

'Certainly, but you must own she has managed it very well this time.'

So saying, she took my arm, and holding Sophie by the hand, she led us through the crowd, and I had to endure a thousand questions from people I had never seen.

'Why, here is the husband of Madam Cornelys.'

'Here comes Mr. Cornelys!'

'This must be Mr. Cornelys!'

'No, no, no,' laughed Lady Harrington continually.

It began to annoy me, for the cause of this persecution was the likeness between the child and myself. I asked my lady to let Sophie go back to her mother, but she was too much amused to listen to me.

'Stay by me,' she insisted, 'and I will tell you who everybody is.'

We sat down, and by and by up came La Cornelys to pay her court. Every one turned to her and repeated the questions which had annoyed me so much.

She took her stand very boldly, declaring that I was her oldest and her best friend, and that it was not without reason that her daughter resembled me. Then, when the laughter had

somewhat died away, and doubtless to change the subject, she said that Sophy had been learning the minuet and danced it to perfection.

'Come, then,' said Lady Harrington, 'send for a violin, and let us admire the pretty little virtuosa.'

Sophie and her father dance a minuet together.

We were in a private sitting-room, and the ball had not yet begun, so, as soon as the violin appeared, I took the child by the hand, and we danced the minuet, to the admiration of the beholders.

The ball lasted all night; people went in troops to eat and drink at all hours; there was a most princely waste and profusion. I made the acquaintance of all the nobility and all the royal family, which was there in full force, with the exception of the king and queen and the Prince of Wales. La Cornelys must have taken more than twelve hundred guineas, but the outlay was enormous; there was no saving, and not even the most ordinary precautions taken against theft. She insisted on presenting her son to every one, but the poor boy could only make the lowest bows, which looks ridiculous in England. I felt really sorry for him. I was so tired when I got home that I spent the whole day in bed.

CHAPTER XLI

THE LODGER

LORD PEMBROKE[1] had advised me to dine at the Star Tavern, if I wanted to see the prettiest women in London; so relying on his recommendation I went there. The landlord came and talked to me in French, and I was much impressed by his gravity and circumspection, and said I thought Lord Pembroke had misled me when he had told me that a pleasant *convive* was included in the *menu*. English customs.

[1] Henry Herbert, tenth Earl of Pembroke, and seventh of Montgomery (1734-1794), eldest son of Henry, ninth earl, by Mary, eldest daughter of Richard, Viscount Fitzwilliam, in the peerage of Ireland. Was appointed cornet in his father's regiment of dragoon guards, 1752. On the formation of Elliott's Light Horse (now 15th Hussars) Herbert was appointed lieutenant-colonel. He took the regiment out to Germany in 1760, but appears to have had no share in the brilliant achievements of the regiment. He commanded the cavalry brigade under Lord Granby in 1760-1761. Returning to England he resumed his court duties as Lord of the Bedchamber to George II., and in 1762 published his *Method of Breaking Horses*, on which is based the system since generally adopted in the British cavalry. In 1762 he caused a great scandal by throwing up his place at court and eloping, in a packet-boat, with the daughter of Charles Ormsby Hunter, a Lord of the Admiralty (v. *Walpole's Letters*). He afterwards returned to his wife, and Miss Hunter, who had a child by him, it is said, married Sir Alured Clarke. Lord Pembroke was restored to favour at court, and in January 1779 he entertained George the Third and Queen Charlotte with great splendour at Wilton House. He was eventually made Governor of Portsmouth, and died in 1794. 'I almost wish I could stop here, and not relate the cruel story I am going to tell you. Lord Pembroke, Lord of the Bedchamber, Major-General, owner of Wilton House, husband of one of the most beautiful creatures in England, father of one son, himself only twenty-eight, is gone off with Miss Hunter, a handsome girl with a fine person, but silly, and in no degree lovely as his own wife.'—*Walpole to Sir Horace Mann.*

'Not at all, sir,' said he; 'if you want somebody to dine with you you have only to say so.'

He called to the waiter, and told him to go and fetch a girl, exactly as though he was telling him to fetch a bottle of champagne.

The man went off, and returned in a few minutes with a young person whose appearance did not please me.

'Give her a shilling, then, and send her about her business. We don't stand on ceremony here in London.'

I gave her a shilling. The next was worse, and I dismissed her too, and ten others who came after her. The landlord was much amused at my fastidiousness.

'Don't bring any more,' I cried at last; 'I will dine by myself,' which I did; and afterwards went for a walk in Saint James's Park, and thence alone in a carriage to Ranelagh. It was the first time I had been to that place of amusement. I had tea in the rotunda, and danced several minuets, but made no acquaintances, though I saw many pretty women.

A meeting at Ranelagh.

As I had not paid my coach, I expected to find it waiting for me, but it had gone. I was looking about in some embarrassment, when a very handsome woman, who was standing in the doorway, spoke to me in French, and said, that if I did not live too far from Whitehall she would set me down at my door. While I was thanking her, her coach came up; a footman opened the door, she got in and invited me to take a place by her side. As soon as we were alone, I told her my name, and told her how I regretted not having seen her at the assembly in Soho Square.

'I was not in London,' she said; 'I only returned from Bath to-day.'

I expressed my pleasure at having met her, and kissed her hand passionately. As she did not withdraw it, I kissed her cheek, and found no resistance, only gentleness and yielding smiles. I grew still bolder, and still she was not offended. Flattering myself that I was not displeasing to her, I begged her to tell me when I might hope to see her

again, that I might pay my homage to her while I was in London. She would only say, 'We shall meet again; be discreet.' I vowed discretion, and kissed her hand once more; the carriage stopped at my own door, and I got out; after kissing her hand again. I did not meet her for some time; but going one day to call on Lady Betty Germaine, a clever, famous old woman, I saw the unknown fair one of Ranelagh seated in the drawing-room reading the paper. As I had never even met Lady Betty, but came with an introduction from Lady Harrington, I thought I would ask my fair friend to introduce me. She looked at me calmly, and said, in the politest way conceivable, that she was very sorry, but that she could not introduce a person whom she herself had not the honour of knowing.

'But I have told you my name, madame; do you not remember me?'

'I remember you perfectly, but a mere passing madness does not entitle you to claim acquaintance with me.' A snub at Lady Betty Germaine's.

My arms fell to my sides. She did not say another word, but went on quietly reading her gazette till Lady Betty appeared, when she joined in our conversation, and talked to me for two hours on all manner of subjects.

She was a lady of high rank, well known and highly esteemed in London society.

I asked Martinelli one day who the pretty person was who continually kissed her hand to me from a window opposite my house, and I was greatly surprised to hear it was the dancer, Madame Binetti, who rendered me such signal service when I escaped from Stuttgart. I had not known she was in London. She had an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, and was not living with her husband, though he appeared on the stage with her nightly. She told me that one reason for this separation was that he was a gambler, but another and more important reason was that no woman living with her husband could hope to attract a rich admirer, because, by virtue of the English law, a husband could arrest and imprison his wife's La Binetti, who saved his life at Stuttgart.

lover if he found him with her, and that the lover thus arrested would be condemned to pay the half of his fortune to her husband. I left the poor woman, giving her my address, and asking her to dine with me any night she liked, if only she gave me notice beforehand.

Lord Pembroke came to see me one day, and after visiting my house and my kitchen, where the *chef* was preparing my dinner, paid me the compliment of saying, that there was no peer of the realm, except those who lived all the year round in London, who had such a well-organised establishment. He made a rough calculation, and concluded that I must spend at least three hundred pounds a month.

Gossip with Lord Pembroke.

'I am a bachelor,' he said, 'and I spend four times as much as you do, for I never take a meal at home. I am surprised at you being able to eat alone as you do.'

'I don't speak English, and I like soup and good wine. That is enough to make me flee from your taverns.'

'I can understand your doing so, given your French tastes.'

'You must own French taste is not bad.'

'I agree with you, and, good Briton though I am, I get on very nicely in Paris.'

He roared with laughter when I told him about the Star Tavern.

'I ought to have given you the names of my friends. Promise to be as generous as I am, and I will write them down.'

He wrote down several names, putting four and six guineas after them; one only he marked at twelve.

'She is twice as beautiful as the others, I suppose,' I said.

'No, but in entertaining her, you make a fool of a duke, and 'tis an honour which must be paid for.'

Pembroke was young, handsome, rich and witty. We were going out together one evening, when he called to his valet to shave him first.

'But,' I said, 'you have not a sign of hair on your face.'

Lord Pembroke's ablutions.

'You will never see such a sign, my friend, I am shaved three times a day. When I change my shirt I wash my

hands; when I wash my hands I wash my face, and a man's face can only be washed with a razor.'

'At what hour do you make these three ablutions?'

'When I get up, when I dress for dinner, or for the opera, and when I go to bed.'

I asked Pembroke to dine with me that day, and take 'pot luck,' though I privately sent word to my cook to treat us well. We had not been home half an hour when La Binetti appeared. On seeing Pembroke she made an exclamation, and I learned that he had been making love to her for six months, writing the most passionate letters, without getting any reply.

'I would never listen to him,' she said, 'because he is the greatest libertine in all England, and it is a pity, for he is the pleasantest creature!'

This explanation preceded an exchange of kisses, and I saw how it would end.

We had an excellent French dinner, and Pembroke swore he had not fared so well for over a year. When, at six o'clock, my guests left me, I dressed and went to Vauxhall, where I met Malingan, a French officer I had known at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Chevalier Goudar, a well-known person who talked gallantry and play to me. Malingan presented me to Frederick, son of Theodore, the pretended King of Corsica, who fourteen years previously had died miserably in London, a month after his release from gaol, where his inhuman creditors had kept him for seven years. I could have wished I had stayed away from Vauxhall that day! The entrance fee to Vauxhall was just half what it was to Ranelagh, but in spite of that it was quite as amusing: the pleasures were most varied, excellent food, music, dark and solitary walks, or alleys lighted with coloured lanterns, not to speak of all the beauties of London, from the highest to the lowest class, promenading up and down. In spite of all this I was bored, for I was alone, and had no one to share my home and my table, and this though I had been six weeks in London! Such a thing had

First meeting with Goudar.

never befallen me before. How was I to find in that great city a woman to my mind, and who would resemble, in character at least, some one of those whom I had so tenderly loved? As I was turning all this over in my mind, an extraordinary idea occurred to me.

I called my old housekeeper, and told her I wanted to let the second or third story of my house, for the sake of having a companion, and that, though she was my servant, I would give her half a guinea a week for the extra trouble. She was to put up the following notice in the window:—

He advertises for a companion.

'Second or third story to be let furnished, cheap, to a young lady, alone, without encumbrances, speaking English and French, and receiving no visitors.'

The old woman, who knew a thing or two, and had not been a saint in her youth, was like to choke with laughter.

'What are you laughing at, my good woman? Do you think no one will take the rooms?'

'The other way round. I shall have a crowd here from morning to night, but Fanny can attend to them. Just tell me how much I am to ask?'

'I will settle that with the young woman herself. There will not be so very many, as I say, "*speaking English and French.*" Furthermore, my lodger must be young and respectable, as I will have no visitors, not even her father and mother.'

'But there will be always a crowd round the door to read the notice.'

'That does not matter; a little singularity does no harm.'

As the old housekeeper had foreseen, as soon as the notice was up, every one stopped to read and comment on it. The second day, my negro servant, Jarbe, told me my notice had been reproduced in the *St. James's Chronicle*[1] with satirical comments. I sent for the paper, and Fanny translated it to me as follows:—

'The owner of the second and third floors probably

[1] Careful search has failed to discover any allusion to Casanova's placard in the journal mentioned.

occupies the first himself. He must be a man of pleasure and taste, for he desires a young lodger, alone and without encumbrances. As she is to receive no visitors, it is to be supposed he means to keep her company. It is to be feared, however, that the landlord gets the worst of the bargain, as the young lady may only take the rooms to sleep in, or to go to from time to time; it is even possible that she may refuse to receive her landlord.'

English news-sheets are the most entertaining things in the world. Everything that goes on is freely discussed. The journalists here have a knack of making the simplest things interesting. Happy the people in whose country one can say everything and write everything!

Lord Pembroke was the first to compliment me on my idea. Martinelli was not so enthusiastic about it; he was afraid it might turn out badly. There were a great many very clever girls in London, he said, who would try to get a hold over me.

I will not describe the hundred and one young women who presented themselves during the first ten days, to all of whom I refused to let, on some pretext or other, though many of them were not lacking in grace and beauty.

First appearance of Miss Pauline.

On the eleventh day, as I was sitting down to dinner, a young woman, of from twenty to twenty-four years old, presented herself. She was above the average height, dressed without pretension, but tastefully and decently. Her face was proud, gentle, and serious; her features regular; her complexion pale; and her beautiful hair jet black.

She made me a respectful courtesy, and as I rose to return her salutation, begged me to be seated and to continue my dinner in a manner and tone which showed she was accustomed to good society. I offered her a chair and pressed her to partake of some preserves which were on the table, but she refused them in a way which was absolutely charming. She spoke, at first, in good French, which she afterwards changed to perfect Italian, without the slightest accent. She would like to rent the room on the third story, she said, and hoped I would

accept her as a lodger, as she was ready to fulfil all my conditions.

'You are at liberty to use only one room, if it suits you, mademoiselle,' I said, 'but the whole floor is at your disposition.'

'The whole floor would be too expensive for me,' she answered, 'for though in your advertisement you say the rent is cheap, I can only afford two shillings a week for my lodging.'

'That is precisely what I ask for the apartments. So you see we shall not fall out on that point. My maid will wait on you, and buy your provisions for you; she will also wash your linen for you and run your errands.'

Pauline bargains.

'In that case, I can dismiss my servant,' she said, 'and I shall be glad to do so, for she robs me—not seriously, it is true, but more than befits my purse. I will tell yours what I can spend on my food, and I will give her sixpence a week for her trouble.'

'She will be very pleased, but you had better make an arrangement with my cook's wife, who is a very respectable woman, and who could give you your dinner and supper for less than you could have it sent in for.'

'I hardly think so, for I am ashamed to tell you how little I have to spend.'

'If you only wish to spend a penny a day, I will tell her to give you a pennyworth; at the same time I advise you to take what she sends up from the kitchen, and not be uneasy about the cost of it, for she has orders always to provide for four persons, though I am generally alone. Whatever you give her will be pure profit to her. I will simply tell her to look after you, and I hope you will not be offended at my doing so.'

'You are very generous, sir, and the whole arrangement is very extraordinary.'

'If you will wait a moment you will see how easily everything can be settled.'

I rang for the maid and the cook's wife.

'What would you charge this young lady for her dinner and supper every day? She wishes to live very simply.'

'I would charge her very little, sir, for there is always a great deal left over.'

'I can only afford to spend threepence a day.'

'Very well, miss, I will manage to satisfy you for threepence a day.'

I ordered the placard to be taken down and the room to be arranged as comfortably as possible.

When the servants had withdrawn, the young lady told me she never went out, except on Sunday, when she attended Mass at the Bavarian minister's chapel, and once a month to draw her allowance of three guineas. She begged me never to introduce any one to her, and to tell my servants if any one inquired for her to say they knew no such person. I promised everything, and she left me, saying she would return with her trunk.

Miss Pauline's habits.

The old housekeeper told me she had paid a week in advance, and had gone away in a sedan chair, as she had come. The good old woman thought it necessary to sound a note of warning.

'Nonsense,' said I. 'If I fall in love with her, so much the better. What name did she give you?'

'Miss Pauline. I noticed that she was quite pale when she came, but she has gone away as red as a turkeycock.'

I was filled with joyful anticipations. I wanted some one to care for, some one whose moral qualities should equal her beauty. As for her not caring for me, I must confess, the thought did not disturb me. What woman can resist a man bent on her conquest?

When I came home from the play, the maid told me Miss Pauline had chosen a small dressing-room at the back of the house only fit for a servant; that she had supped moderately, drinking only water, and had begged the cook to send her in future only one dish besides soup.

'What does she take in the morning?'

'A little bread.'

'Tell her it is the custom of the house to serve breakfast in each room—coffee, tea, chocolate or broth—and that if she refuses, I shall be greatly hurt. Here is a crown for you; I will give you as much every week if you wait on her well.'

Before going to bed, I wrote her a note, begging her to choose a better room, which she did. She also accepted my offer of coffee. Wishing to persuade her to take her meals with me, I dressed myself carefully, and was on the point of paying her a visit, when young Cornelys was announced. I laughed when he came in, and thanked him for coming to see me for the first time in six weeks.

'Mamma would not let me,' he said, 'though I have tried to slip away twenty times. Read this letter, it will surprise you.'

I opened the letter, which was in his mother's hand.

Madam Cornelys notifies him that she is in the sponging-house.

'Yesterday, a bailiff took the opportunity of my door being open for a moment to force his way in and arrest me. I was obliged to follow him, and am now in a sponging-house. If I do not find bail in the course of the day I shall be taken to King's Bench prison. The bail demanded is two hundred pounds. It is on a note of hand I was not able to meet. My benevolent friend, I wish you would get me out of this place; if not, a crowd of creditors will swoop down on me to-morrow, and I shall be undone. In helping me, you will help my innocent children. As a foreigner, you cannot go bail for me, but you could easily find some householder who would. Come and see me, and I will explain to you, that if I had not signed the note of hand I could not have given the last ball, for all my plate and china were in pawn.'

Exasperated at the woman's impudence in daring to write to me thus, after her neglect of me, I replied that I was sorry for her, but that I had no time to go and see her, and that I should be ashamed to ask any one to go bail for her. The boy went off very sadly; and I sent Clairmont up to Pauline to ask if she would receive me. She answered in the

affirmative. I noticed several books on her table, and on the chest of drawers a lot of odds and ends which betokened anything but poverty. He visits his fair lodger.

'I am much obliged to you, sir,' she said, 'for all your kindness.'

'Don't speak of that, madam, I beg you. It is I who hope to be your debtor.'

'What can I do to show my gratitude?'

'Honour me with your company whenever I am alone, for when I am by myself I eat like an ogre, and my health suffers in consequence. If you do not feel inclined to accord me this favour, forgive me for having asked it, and believe me it will in no wise alter your situation in my house.'

'I will do myself the honour of eating with you, sir, whenever you are alone, but I fear I shall be but poor company.'

I left her, with a low bow, not having even sat down, or asked her how she passed the night. I noticed that when I went in she was pale, and when I left her her cheeks were scarlet. I was already in love with her, and determined to do all in my power to make her reciprocate my feeling. I suspected her of being Italian, but I intended to be very cautious and not ask her any questions.

I went for a walk in the park, and when I returned I found Pauline had come down from her room unasked, and was waiting for me; this pleased me much. In reply to a question about her health, she said—

'I have never been ill in my life except at sea. I must own that that element is obnoxious to me.'

'You have travelled by sea?'

'It would be difficult to come to England otherwise.'

'I thought you were English.'

'I am not surprised. I have spoken the language since my earliest youth.'

On the table near the sofa where we sat was a chessboard; as Pauline was fingering the pieces I asked her if she knew the game.

'Yes, I play well, so I am told.'

'I play very badly, but let us have a game.'

We began, and in four moves I was checkmated; in the second game I was beaten again, but in the third I was victor.

Dinner was announced, and just as we were sitting down, Clairmont told me that Sophie Cornelys and Mrs. Rancour wanted to see me.

'Say that I am at dinner, and shall not leave the table for three hours,' but before Clairmont could take the message little Sophie ran in and flung herself on her knees before me, crying and sobbing bitterly.

I lifted her up and put her on my knee, telling her I knew what her errand was, and that for her sake I would do what she had come to ask me. The child at once passed from tears to smiles, kissing and embracing me and calling me her dear father in a way which made me weep in my turn. She then ran to kiss Pauline, who was crying too. I bid her sit down and dine with us, which she agreed to do, if I would order some dinner for Rancour.

Sophie obtains what her mother could not obtain.

'She doesn't deserve any,' I said; 'she ought to be punished for the way she has behaved to me ever since my arrival in England; however, to please you, she shall be served.'

The child entertained us throughout dinner in the most extraordinary way; she talked like a young person of twenty, speaking severely, though respectfully, of her mother's conduct.

'At La Haye,' she said, 'mamma always said you were my father, now she tells me I am the daughter of M. de Montpernis.'

'She is wrong, my dear Sophie; you are no bastard, but the child of your mother's husband, Pompéati, the dancer, who died at Vienna when you were a baby.'

'If you are not my father, how is it I am exactly like you?'

She then asked if Pauline was my wife, and on my answering yes, she addressed her as her dear mamma, which made us both laugh heartily.

At dessert I took from my pocket-book four fifty-pound

notes, and gave them to Sophie, telling her she could do what she liked with them, but that they were a present to her, not to her mother.

'Write to her and say you give them to me, for I dare not tell her so myself.'

'I cannot do that, my child. It would be insulting her when she is in trouble, but tell her that whenever she will send you to dine or sup with me she will please me greatly.'

After she left us, Pauline told me she had not laughed so heartily for a long time. I explained to her who the child was, and the reasons I had for despising the mother.

'I wonder what she will say when Sophie tells her you were at table with your wife.'

'She will not believe it, for she knows that marriage is a sacrament I abhor, because it is the tomb of love.' Marriage the tomb of love.

'Not always,' said Pauline with a sigh; and then changing the conversation she asked how long I intended to stay in London. I told her nine or ten months, and then put the same question to her.

'I do not know. My return to my country depends upon a certain letter.'

'Dare I ask the name of your country?'

'I foresee that I shall end by confiding in you absolutely, but for the present I beg of you not to ask me anything.'

Soon after this she retired to her own apartment, leaving me more than ever convinced that she was used to the best society.

Pembroke came to breakfast the next morning.

'I should like to make your lodger's acquaintance,' he said. 'I see the notice-board has disappeared.'

'I am sorry that I cannot gratify your curiosity,' I answered. 'My lodger is a hermit, and only suffers me because she must.'

He laughed, and asked me if I dined at home that day.

'Not to-day.'

'I understand; well, good-bye and good luck.'

There were three or four more skits on my advertisement in

the *Advertizer*, mostly of an indecent nature, for it must be admitted that the right to say anything and everything in London is much abused. On Sunday I went to Mass at the Bavarian minister's with Martinelli. The chapel was crowded, and he pointed out to me many lords and ladies and other great personages who were Catholics, and did not conceal the fact. I looked for Miss Pauline, but did not see her. On returning to my house, I found a note from La Cornelys, in which she told me she was free to go out on Sundays, and asked me if I would ask her to dinner. She came, bringing Sophie with her, and talked a great deal of her gratitude, and of various chimerical plans for making a fortune in the shortest possible time.

Sophie was the life and soul of the dinner. Her mother left her with us, and in the evening she and Pauline sang duets in English, French, and Italian. My state of mind about the tall girl, Pauline, was calculated to bring about an immediate explosion and declaration, yet I had not so much as kissed her hand.

He tells his love to Miss Pauline.

'Are you married, dear Pauline?' I asked her one evening.

'Yes.'

'Do you know what maternal love is?'

'No, though I can easily imagine it.'

'Are you separated from your husband?'

'Yes; he is far away, but do not let us speak of it.'

'Tell me this: when I lose you, will it be to rejoin him?'

'Yes, and I promise you that I will not leave you till I leave England; when I go away from this happy island it will be to be happy with the man of my choice.'

'And I shall remain behind, poor miserable me! for I love you, Pauline, though I dare not show my love for fear of displeasing you.'

'Be generous, be calm, I am not free to listen to you—and perhaps I should not have the strength to resist you, and I beg you to spare me. Besides, remember we may be obliged to part to-morrow, and our separation would be all the more painful.'

'I must give way before your irresistible dialectics, beautiful Pauline. Will you let me see with what books you feed your sublime mind?' Miss Pauline's library.

'Certainly, but you will be disappointed.'

She showed me Milton in English; Ariosto in Italian; the *Caractères* of La Bruyère in French; the rest of her library was in Portuguese.

'These give me a high idea of your taste,' I said; 'but will you tell me why this preference for Camoëns and his compatriots?'

'For a very sufficient reason. I am Portuguese.'

'You are Portuguese! I thought you were Italian! At your age, then, you speak five languages, for you must know Spanish?'

'Yes, though it is not absolutely indispensable for a Portuguese to speak Spanish.'

'Tell me who you are; tell me everything. I deserve, and will continue to deserve your confidence.'

'I believe you, and I will tell you all without fear or without restraint. As you love me, you could not wish to injure me.'

'What are all these manuscripts?'

'My history, which I have written down. Come, I will read it to you.'

CHAPTER XLII

THE STORY OF THE FAIR PORTUGUESE[1]

I AM the only daughter of the unfortunate Count de X——mo, whom Carvalho Œyras, the Marquis de Pombal,[2] imprisoned for attempting the life of the king, and who died in prison. The attempted assassination was attributed to the Jesuits. I do not know if my father was guilty of participation in it, or if he was the innocent victim of private revenge, but I know that the tyrannical minister never dared

[1] The identification of the fair Portuguese presents certain difficulties, owing to Casanova's unusual discretion in altering names. No such name as X——mo figures among those of the conspirators against the life of Joseph I. King of Portugal, put to death, some of them, by the ferocious Œyras, while others lost their lands and possessions. These were the Duke of Aveiro, the Count of Atonguia, the Marquis and Marchioness of Tavora, and various members of that noble family. Pauline expressly says that her father was only imprisoned, not executed, nor was his wealth confiscated, or else we should be inclined to connect her with the Duchess of Aveiro, whose two daughters were shut up in a convent, with strict orders that they were both to take the veil, an order which was not enforced. But supposing Pauline's father to have been one of the race of Tavora implicated in the treason of the more prominent members of the family, there was a certain Dona Joanna of Tavora, born in 1747, so her age at the time of Casanova's London visit would have been sixteen, not eighteen, the age admitted to by Pauline. There was also a niece of the attainted marquis, daughter of Nuno Gaspar de Tavora, who was certainly not executed, but neither did he 'die in prison,' as Pauline says her father did, but received his freedom in 1777 through Queen Maria I. This lady married Pombal's second son, Count Redinha. This latter hypothesis would explain her omission to correspond with her English lover. 'Considerable shock,' says a courteous informant of Pauline's own nationality, 'was given by Casanova's attractive novel about the Portuguese lady.' This must have been when the fair heroine of it was grey-haired and old.

[2] Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho et Mélo, Count d'Œyras, secretary of state, prime minister to Joseph I., King of Portugal.

bring him to trial, nor confiscate his wealth, of which I am now the possessor, though I cannot enjoy it except in my own country. My mother had been educated in a convent, of which her sister was the abbess, and where I had lessons from all sorts of masters; amongst others a learned Italian, who taught me all I know.

I was eighteen when my grandfather took me away from the convent. I should have preferred to remain there until my marriage, for I loved my aunt, the abbess.

My grandfather placed me with his sister-in-law, the Marquise de X——mo, who gave up half her house to me. I had a governess, companion, waiting-maids, pages, and servants, who were supposed to be in my service, but were really under the command of the governess, who was of noble family, though happily, for me, an honest and good woman.

The negotiations for Pauline's marriage.

A year later my grandfather told me the Comte de Fl—— had asked me in marriage for his son, who had just returned from Madrid, and that such a marriage would be pleasing to the whole nobility, and would be approved by the king and the royal family.

'But, dear grandpapa, am I sure to please the count?'

'No doubt about it, my child; besides, that is a point you need not take into consideration.'

'But, grandpapa, I must take that point into consideration. We must meet each other.'

'You will meet before the marriage, but that will not affect the conclusion.'

'I sincerely hope so, but we will not be too sure; we will see.'

I told my governess privately, that I was determined not to give my hand where I could not give my heart; or to a man whose character I had not studied. She did not answer, and when I insisted on her giving her opinion, she said that she could not pronounce on such a delicate point; this showed me very plainly she approved of my resolution.

Next day I went to see my aunt, the abbess, who listened

to me kindly; she hoped, she said, that I should like the count, but in any case, the marriage was a settled thing; the Princess of Brazil had suggested it, for the count was a favourite of hers.

In a few days the count was introduced to me in the presence of a large gathering. There was no question of our marriage, but he talked a great deal about the foreign countries he had visited. I spoke little, but listened attentively. As I had but small experience, I could not judge him by comparison, but I felt I could never belong to him. He was a giggling, sneering, presumptuous fribble, stupid, ill-mannered, and devout to fanaticism. He was ugly, ill-made, conceited, and not ashamed to talk of his gallantries in public. I was anything but civil to him, and I hoped that he found me disagreeable. I heard nothing of him for eight days, and I began to breathe freely; then my great-aunt invited me to a dinner-party, where I met the fool and his father, and my grandfather presented the former to me as my future husband, bidding me fix a day for the signing of the contract. I would rather have signed my death sentence! I replied coldly that as soon as I had fixed on a day I would let them know, but that it would not be for some time. The dinner was constrained. I answered only in monosyllables when directly addressed; after coffee I left the room, bowing only to my aunt and grandfather.

Some days went by without my hearing any more of the matter, and then my governess told me Father Freire wanted to see me. He was the confessor of the Princess of Brazil. He was shown in, and after a few desultory remarks said that the princess had charged him to congratulate me on my approaching marriage with the Comte Fl——.

Without betraying the slightest surprise, I said I was grateful for her royal highness's attention, but that nothing was settled as yet, as I had no intention of marrying. The priest, sly as any courtier, answered with a smile, that was half benign half sardonic, that I was of an age when I

had no need to trouble about serious matters, but could leave such things to those who loved me.

I went to see the abbess again. She told me that she had seen the count, and had found him impossible, so that she greatly feared that they would force me into this repugnant union. Her words made such an impression on me, that I then and there conceived the most extraordinary plan. As soon as I got home, I shut myself up in my room, and without consulting any one, or listening to anything but the promptings of my own despair, I wrote to the persecutor of my unfortunate father, the pitiless Œyras. I told him the whole story, and begged him to intercede with the king for me. This much he owed me, I said, as it was he who had made me an orphan; he was responsible for me before God! I implored him to shelter me from the displeasure of the Princess of Brazil, and to obtain for me permission to dispose of my hand as I chose.

Pauline appeals to Œyras.

I did not suppose that Œyras had a tender heart, but I imagined he had at least a man's heart, and that I might touch it by my firm language, and by the strangeness of my appeal. He might, I thought, try to be just to me, as a proof that he had been just to my father. I was not mistaken.

Two days later a messenger from Œyras came to me privately. This messenger told me the minister had sent him confidentially, and that I was to reply, as regarded the marriage, that I could decide nothing, until I knew for certain that her royal highness, the Princess of Brazil, approved of it. The minister apologised for not writing; he had strong reasons for not doing so, he said, but I could count upon him. The bearer then withdrew without waiting for my answer. I must own that the appearance of the young man struck me. I cannot describe the impression he made on me, but it influenced my conduct then, and my whole after life.

The minister must have been certain that the princess

would cease to meddle in the affairs of my marriage, and with an easy mind I allowed myself to dwell on the thoughts which were now uppermost in my imagination. I saw the young man at church, at the theatre, in the public gardens, in the houses where I visited; and whenever I entered my carriage, or left it, he was there to offer me his hand. I became so accustomed to seeing him, and thinking of him, that if by any chance I did not encounter him, I was uneasy, and life seemed a blank.

Œyras's messenger appeals to her imagination.

I often met Comte de Fl—— and his father at my great-aunt's house, but there was no more talk of an alliance between us.

He introduces himself into her apartment in disguise.

One morning I heard a strange voice in my waiting-maid's room, and on going in I saw a quantity of lace spread out on the table; a young girl was standing near it, who made me a deep courtesy. I looked over, and did not care for any of her wares, and she said she would bring me something better next day. I looked at her as she spoke, and was struck by the extraordinary resemblance between her and the youth who was constantly in my thoughts. I could not, however, believe that they were the same. Such boldness seemed improbable; moreover, the girl appeared to me taller. After she had withdrawn, I asked my maid if she knew her; she told me she had never seen her before.

The next morning, at the same hour, she returned with a basket full of laces and blonds. I had her brought into my room, and when I forced her to speak to me, and to look at me, I was no longer in any doubt. I was so much troubled that I could not ask one of the questions I had prepared; besides, my maid was present, and I was afraid of compromising myself. When I had chosen several things, I sent the maid for my purse. As soon as she had left the room the pretended lace-seller fell at my feet, saying passionately—

'My fate is in your hands, madame; you have recognised me.'

'Yes, I have recognised you, and I can only think you are mad.'

'Yes, I am mad, but it is with love. I adore you.'

'Rise, I entreat you, my maid will be back in a moment.'

'She is in my pay.'

'What! you have dared ——?'

He rose, and the maid coming in at that moment coyly counted him out his money. He collected his scattered pieces of lace, made me a low bow, and went away.

I ought to have dismissed the maid on the spot. I had not the courage; and I persuaded myself that the best thing I could do was to know nothing.

'Fifteen days went by, and during the whole of this time I never once saw the young man. I became dreamy and melancholy, though I blushed to own the cause of my sadness even to myself. I was longing to know his name, but I could only ask it of my maid, and I detested her, and reddened whenever she came into my presence.

This state of things could not last for ever, and one day as I was putting on a blond fichu I had bought from the unknown, I said as nonchalantly as I could—

'What has become of the girl who sold me this?'

My maid was as sly as I was naïve. She answered that she probably had not dared to return for fear I should see through the disguise.

'I did see through the disguise,' I replied; 'but I am surprised to learn that you were aware that it concealed a young man.'

'I did not think it would displease you, madame; I know him personally.'

'Who is he?'

'The Comte d'Al——. You must have recognised him, for you received him in this room about four months ago.'

'May I ask why you lied to me when I asked you if you knew the lace-merchant?'

'I lied, madame, so as not to embarrass you; I thought you would be angry if you knew I was in the secret.'

This explanation, instead of revealing to me the real

culpability of my servant, appeared to me quite satisfactory; besides, I was glad to learn the name and position of my admirer. I knew there was a young Comte d'Al——, of very good birth, but absolutely without fortune. He was, however, a protégé of the minister, and might obtain a place some day. The idea that Heaven might have destined me to supply his needs was very sweet to me, and I spent my time building castles in the air. My family would never permit me to marry him, even if he desired it, which seemed doubtful.

I was in this state when my maid took upon herself to write to him and tell him he could return in his woman's dress.

She came into my room, laughing, one morning.

'Madame,' she said, 'the lace-seller is here; shall I bring her in?'

'You are mad,' said I.

'Shall I send her away?'

'No; I will speak to her myself.'

We had a long conversation, the maid coming and going while we talked. I owned to him frankly that I loved him, but that it was hopeless. He told me the minister was about to send him to England on a mission, but that he should die of despair if he did not carry with him the hope of possessing me one day, for he loved me too much to think of living without me. He begged me to let him continue his visits; and on his promising to be very prudent, I consented.

He was twenty-two years old, rather shorter than I, of a slim, graceful figure, a sweet voice, and little or no beard, so that it was easy for him to pass as a woman. During three months he came to see me three or four times a week, generally in the presence of the maid; but even had he been entirely unrestrained, I am sure he would never have shown me the smallest disrespect, and I believe that this restraint fanned the flame of our passion.

The moment of separation came unexpectedly, and when we were totally unprepared for it. My lover came to me one

morning in tears; the minister had given him a letter addressed to Monsieur de Saa in London; and a frigate which was lying at Ferrol was to take him to England immediately. He was choking with grief, and incapable of putting his ideas together. Thinking only of his grief and my love, I concocted a plan as bold as it was hazardous. I would leave with him disguised as his servant. Upon reflection, however, we concluded that if the weather was rough, I might be tried beyond my strength, and that it would be better for me to go as the master, he as the man; but as I hated the idea of my lover passing as a servant, he finally determined that he should wear woman's clothes and travel as my wife.

She flies with the Comte d'Al——.

'As soon as we get to England,' I said, 'we shall be married, the ceremony will efface the shame of our flight; you will be accused of having run away with me, but a man cannot run away with a girl without her consent, and the Comte d'Œyras will not persecute me for having made his favourite's fortune. In the meantime we can live on the produce of my diamonds; I will take my jewel-case with me.'

After waiting three days we heard that the frigate had left Ferrol, and was waiting at the mouth of the Tagus.

I shut myself up in my room, pretending to be ill, and after having packed a small bag with a few indispensable things and the precious jewel-case, I donned my male attire and left the house by the servants' staircase. No one recognised me, not even the porter, as I crossed the threshold of my palace. The count was waiting for me a hundred yards off. We went first to his rooms, where he quickly transformed himself, and then aboard the ship. It was eleven o'clock when we sailed, and the captain did not appear until midnight. He came up to me with his officers, saying he had orders to treat me with the greatest attention. I introduced my wife, whom he saluted respectfully. He did not seem to think it strange that the minister had not mentioned the fact of the count being a married man.

We had a very commodious cabin, and passed the rest of the

night in congratulating ourselves on having escaped so happily. At daybreak we were out of sight of Lisbon, and, tired out, I flung myself on a bench, while the count climbed into a large hammock. We were awakened from our sleep by the uneasiness which precedes sea-sickness, and for three days and nights we had not a moment of repose. On the fourth we could just stand up, were slightly better, and began to feel the first pangs of hunger.

My lover, who suffered more than I did, was glad of the pretext for not quitting his cabin, and the captain did not come near us once. I spent much of my time on the bridge looking through a telescope. On the seventh day out I had a presentiment of misfortune, when a sailor pointed out a corvette which he said must have left Lisbon a day or two after us, but which being a fine vessel would arrive before we did.

They anchor at Plymouth.

On the fourteenth day we cast anchor in the port of Plymouth, and an officer whom the captain sent ashore to obtain permission to disembark his passengers returned bearing letters, which he read with great attention. He then called me to one side.

'This letter,' he said, 'is from Count Œyras, and he warns me as I value my head not to let a young Portuguese lady leave the ship; I am to take her back to Lisbon. Now there is no woman on board but your wife; prove to me that she is really your wife, and I will allow her to land, otherwise I cannot disobey the minister's orders.'

'She is my wife,' said I with assurance, 'but I have no papers with me to prove it.'

'I am very sorry, then, but she must return to Lisbon with me. But you may be sure she will be treated with all possible respect, according to the minister's orders.'

'But, captain, a wife is inseparable from her husband.'

'Granted, but I must obey my orders. You can return to Lisbon on the corvette; you will be there before we shall.'

'Why can I not return on the frigate?'

'Because I have imperative orders to land you here. And now I think of it, how was it the minister did not mention your wife when he told me to carry you to England? If madame is not the person he is looking for, she will be sent to join you in London.'

'Will you allow me to speak to her?'

'Yes, but in my presence.'

I went down into the cabin, and calling the count *my dear wife*, I told him what had happened. I was afraid he would betray himself, but he had strength of mind to keep it up, and to answer that there was nothing for us but to submit, and that we should meet again in a couple of months. As I could not speak freely in the presence of the captain, I contented myself with telling him that I would write to the abbess from London, and that she was the first person he must go and see. He had my jewel-case in his pocket, but I did not dare to ask for it, as the magnificent diamonds would have made the captain think he was some rich girl I had betrayed.

Pauline puts up at an inn in the Strand.

We could not fight against our destiny. We embraced each other, weeping, and the captain himself shed tears when he heard me say: 'I commend your honour and mine to the kind captain, and let us trust in one another's constancy.'

His trunk was put in a boat. I did not dare take my bag, and I was landed with nothing but a man's wardrobe, the contents of which were displayed at the custom-house. I had some books, papers, letters, linen, some clothes, a sword, and two pairs of pistols. I went to an inn, where the host told me that if I wished to go to London, I could join a party that was going, and it would only cost me the price of a horse. He introduced me to these people, a Protestant minister and two ladies, and we supped together. I pleased them, and they pleased me, so we travelled together. I went to an inn in the Strand, but the next day looked out for cheaper lodgings. I only possessed fifty gold pieces and a ring worth about the same sum.

I took a room in a decent house, on the third story. The landlady was an honest, kind-looking woman, and I decided to trust her. I begged her to buy me the clothes proper to my sex, for I did not dare show myself dressed as a man. In two days I was attired as a poor girl who does not wish to dazzle or attract attention. I spoke English well, and knew that if I lived quietly I had nothing to fear.

I paid ten shillings a week rent; but I soon saw that though my hostess was a good woman, the house was not suitable for me. I received no visitors, but I could not prevent curious people from intruding on me at all times. We were close to the Stock Exchange, and a crowd of young men were always coming and going. Several of them took their meals in the house, and were persistent in their efforts to 'liven me up a bit,' as they expressed it.

The fair Portuguese in London.

I was determined not to spend more than one guinea a week, so I decided to sell my ring. An old man who lived next door offered me a hundred and fifty guineas for it. I did not know it was so valuable, and I let him have it, on condition he paid me four guineas a month, and would let me buy it back if I chose. I wanted to keep a certain sum about me, so as to be able to go to Lisbon by land as soon as I should receive permission to return. I had suffered too much on the sea to think of taking that route again.

I told my landlady that I must leave her, and she helped me to find a cheaper room. But I was obliged to engage a servant, as I could not take my meals outside, and this was a great annoyance to me, for I found nothing but worthless creatures who robbed me. Their thefts were not large, it is true, but when one can only spend a shilling a day every little counts. I was living on bread and water, and growing thinner daily, when chance brought your strange placard under my eye. My curiosity was aroused, and I could not resist the desire I had to see you and speak to you. I saw in the *Advertizer* a satire on your notice, which said you were an Italian, and not afraid of adventures. I, on my side, was not

afraid of any violence. I thought I could defend myself, but I feel now how presumptuous I was and what danger I ran. As I had been educated by an Italian, a man of great intelligence and probity, I have always had a predilection for your nation.

When the beautiful Portuguese had finished her story, 'Madame,' said I, 'you have interested me greatly; there is matter here for a romance.'

'So I think,' she said, 'and the romance is true.'

'And I shall not hate your nation any more. To tell the truth, I did so because you treated your Camoëns so badly.'

'Well, didn't the Greeks let Homer die!'

'One wrong doesn't excuse another.'

'True, but what can you know of Camoëns? You don't know Portuguese?'

'I have read a Latin translation.'

'I will learn Latin.'

'Let me teach you. Then I will vow to live and die in Portugal, if you will promise to give me your heart?'

'If only I had two hearts!' said she naïvely, and I pressed her to go on with her story.

Pauline wishes she had two hearts.

The third day after my arrival in this immense city, I wrote to my aunt, the abbess, a long letter, telling her what had happened to me. I implored her to protect him whom I consider my husband, and to support me in my resolution not to return to Lisbon until all opposition to our marriage is withdrawn. I asked her to let me know how things went on, and to write to me, under cover to my landlady. I sent my letter by Paris and Madrid—it is the most direct route by land—and I received an answer three months later. She told me the frigate had returned, and the captain had written to the minister, saying the lady was on board, and asking what was to be done with her. The minister replied that she was to be taken to the convent with a letter which

he enclosed. In this letter he told my aunt he was sending her his niece, and that he hoped she would keep the young lady under lock and key. Fortunately, my aunt had received my letter first. She had my lover securely shut up, and then wrote to Œyras that the supposed niece was in reality a man in disguise, and that, therefore, she could not prolong his sojourn in her convent, and she begged his excellency to relieve her of the unwelcome visitor as soon as possible. When she had despatched this epistle, she paid a visit to Comte Al——, who flung himself at her feet and besought her to take us both under her protection. He gave her my jewels, which she was glad to receive.

As soon as the minister read her letter, he hastened to answer it in person, and she easily convinced him of the importance of keeping the whole affair a secret, for the sanctity of her convent had been violated, and, were it known, her honour would be compromised. She told him of my letter, and how she had my jewels in her possession.

He laughingly asked her to forgive him for having sent her such a good-looking young fellow to keep her company. He agreed with her that the greatest secrecy was necessary, and he took the count away with him in his carriage. Since then, to the moment of writing, the good abbess said, she had heard no more of my lover. All Lisbon was talking about us, but they had got hold of the wrong end of the story. The gossips had it that my lover was in London, and the minister was keeping me in concealment, possibly because I had inspired him with tender sentiments. No doubt Œyras has kept himself well informed concerning me, for he knows the name I go under and my address, and has set spies to keep a watch on my movements. On the advice of my aunt, I wrote to him, telling him I was quite ready to return to Lisbon if he would assure me that directly I arrived there I should be publicly united to Al——, otherwise I would remain in London all my life, for there, at least, the laws assure me complete liberty. I am now awaiting his answer,

which, I believe, will be favourable. No one can deprive me of my fortune, which is absolutely at my own disposal, and Œyras, I think, will be glad to be of service to me, if only to compensate in some degree for his share in my father's death.

Pauline told me the real names of the actors in this drama; but as she is still living, and as her memory is very dear to me, I will not run the risk of offending her by mentioning them here. It suffices to say that her story was absolutely true, and well known to the inhabitants of Lisbon. The personages alluded to are well-known and prominent people.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE RECALL OF MISS PAULINE

Our friendship grew more perfect each day, but, alas! friendship was not enough for me. I could neither eat nor sleep; my health was suffering. Pauline, on the contrary, grew robust and beautiful in proportion as I languished and became thin.

'You think,' she said to me one morning, 'that you are dying for love of me, but it is not sentiment which is making you thin and sleepless; it is the sedentary life you are leading. If you wish to please me, go for a long ride.'

'I can refuse you nothing, lovely Pauline; but when I come back——?'

'You will find me grateful, you will have a good appetite, and you will sleep well.'

My horse, quick!—my riding boots!—a parting kiss on her beautiful hand, and I am on the road to Kingston! I put my horse at a gallop, when all of a sudden he stumbled, fell, and flung me on the pavement in front of the Duke of Kingston's door.[1] Miss Chudleigh happened to be

[1] Kingston House is at Knightsbridge, and was not built before 1769. The accuracy of the incident therefore may be doubted. The famous maid-of-honour whom Casanova drags into his narrative with such mendacious readiness was Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, born in 1720. After an intrigue with the Duke of Hamilton, she secretly married Lord Augustus Hervey, in a fit of pique, but she always refused to live with him. The Duke of Kingston fell in love with her, and they lived together for about twenty years, taking every precaution to conceal their intimacy. Her maxim was to be 'short, clear, and surprising.' Mrs. Montagu, in a letter to her sister in 1751, says: 'Miss Chudleigh at a masked ball, as Iphigenia, was so naked that the High

looking out of the window. She saw me with my legs in the air, and screamed. I turned my head at her cry; she recognised me, and sent one of her men to my assistance. He is succoured by Miss Chudleigh. He raised me to my feet, but I could not move. I was carried into a room on the ground floor, and one of the foot-

Priest could easily inspect the entrails of his victim.' George II. was in love with her, and gave her presents. She said, 'There was some good in belonging to a king who tired of an old mistress as soon as he got a new one.' Charles Townsend, on hearing that she cried at the news of the king's death, exclaimed, 'What! oysters!' (Walpole).

After twenty years Hervey tried to get a divorce, but she had forced herself into the house of the parson who had married them, and who was dying, and so bullied him that he gave up the certificate. She then swore in the House of Commons that she had never married Hervey. She married the Duke of Kingston in 1769, when she was nearly fifty years old. On that occasion she wore, Walpole says, 'as a proof of purity and poverty, a wedding gown of white satin, Brussels lace, and pearls.' He alludes to her as 'Œlia Laelia Crispis,' quoted presumably from the Latin verse, which is translated—

'Neither man, nor woman, nor Androgyne;
Neither girl, nor boy, nor eld;
Neither harlot nor virgin,
But all (of these).'

In a description of her house, he says: 'Every favour she bestowed is registered with a bit of Dresden china.'

In a letter to Conway, he says: 'Miss Chudleigh gave a grand entertainment on the queen's birthday. A scaffold was erected in Hyde Park for fireworks, to see which with advantage the guests were kept for two hours in a dark room. If that gave rise to more birthdays, who could help it?'

She made the duke's life utterly unbearable. Whitehead's description ot her habits when travelling is not quotable. He says: 'At dinner, in company with a dozen or more, I have often known the duchess rise from table, go into an adjoining room, when, after, in the hearing of all, being violently sick, she would return, and say, "I beg your pardon, a fit of gout in the stomach; I am now much better." She would then drink, until attended to her room by the duke. She would rise from her chair in hot weather, and fan herself with her petticoats over her head, to the great discomfort of all present.'

In 1776 she was tried for bigamy, proved guilty, but acquitted without any punishment, although the attorney-general threatened to brand her with a hot iron in the hand.

The duke died of consumption at Bath in 1788. She travelled a great deal in the later years of her life, and visited most of the foreign courts, and in Poland she inspired a passion in the breast of Prince Radziwill. She died in France (where she vied with the salon holders), in the château of Saint Assisi, in the same year as the duke.

men, who was also a surgeon, declared I had dislocated my collar-bone.

'You must take a complete rest for a week,' he said.

The young miss assured me that, if I would remain in her house, I should be most carefully nursed. I thanked her warmly, but on the pretext that I should be in the way, I asked to be taken home. She immediately gave the order, with charming grace, and I was driven back in a comfortable carriage. The two servants who accompanied me refused to accept anything for their trouble; and in this little trait I recognised the delicate hospitality for which the English are so justly celebrated, though I must qualify my praise by remarking on their egoism, which is an equally national characteristic. As soon as I got home, I went to bed and sent for a doctor, who laughed at the mention of dislocation.

'It is a mere sprain,' he said. 'I wish you had broken a bone, that I might have a chance of showing my skill.'

'I am glad,' said I, 'not to put you to the test. I shall think just as highly of you if you cure me quickly.'

I had not yet seen Pauline, and this rather astonished me. I was told she had gone out in a chair, and I could not control a slight feeling of jealousy, though I had no real suspicion of her. After waiting two hours she returned, and entered my room in a state of great emotion, for the old housekeeper had told her I had broken my leg.

'It is I,' she cried, running to my bedside, 'who am the cause of this disaster!' and, pale as death, she fell, almost fainting, at my side.

'Divine creature,' I exclaimed, pressing her in my arms, 'it is only a sprain.'

'God be praised! but that stupid old woman, how she terrified me! Feel my heart, how it beats!'

'I feel it, I feel it with delight. O happy accident!'

Pressing my lips to hers, I felt that my kisses were returned, and I blessed the accident which had forced her to declare herself.

Then Pauline began to laugh.

'What are you laughing at, my angel?'

'At love's little ruses, which always triumph.'

'Where have you been?'

'To my old pawnbroker, to get my ring, which I want to give to you so that you may always have a souvenir of me.'

'O Pauline! I care more for love than diamonds.'

'You will have both; from now to the time of my departure, which will come all too soon, we will live like a loving couple, and we will have supper served here, on your bed, which you must not leave. I am tired of living beside you, loving you as I do, and watching you suffer. I determined to be yours this morning; I went out to get the ring, and I do not mean to leave you again till the fatal letter arrives.'

'May the courier be robbed on the road!'

'No such luck for us, dear friend!'

She fetched Ariosto, and read me the adventure of Ricciardetto with Fiord'espina, Princess of Spain. It suited our case admirably, I confess.

I gazed on my Pauline, the most beautiful woman in Portugal, last scion of an old and noble house, who had given herself to me for love, and who could only be mine for a very short time. A great sadness took possession of my soul.

'Tell me,' she said, after a while, 'if shame disappears after knowledge, how is it that our first parents were not abashed until they had eaten of the tree?'

'I cannot say, my beloved. Why did you not ask your learned Italian tutor?'

'I did ask him, and he said it was not because they had enjoyed the fruit, but because they had disobeyed, and that by covering themselves they thought they could disown the fault they had committed. Whatever one may say, I think Adam was far more to blame than Eve.'

'And why?'

'Because Adam had received the prohibition direct from God, while Eve only learned it through Adam.'

'I think they both of them received it from God.'

'You have not read Genesis then, or you have read it carelessly, for it distinctly says that God made Eve after He had forbidden Adam to eat of the tree; but the interpreters of the Scriptures are generally enemies of our sex; my preceptor, however, was an honest man.'

'Was he a Jesuit?'

'Yes, but a short-frocked one.'

'What is that?'

'I will tell you another time.'

'Very well, my dear, and you shall show me how a Jesuit and an honest man can walk hand in hand.'

Pauline was deeply religious, but a bit of a freethinker. I have known many women of this turn of mind. To thoroughly appreciate their virtues and the elevation of their minds one must begin by making sinners of them.[1]

I resolved not to leave my house as long as Pauline remained in London, and she was only absent on Sundays for Mass. I forbade my door to every one, even the doctor, and sent word to Miss Chudleigh that I was well; she had been inquiring after my health twice daily.

I wrote to Martinelli to procure me the best miniature painter in London; and he sent me a Jew, who succeeded in producing two admirable likenesses. I had mine mounted as a ring, and it was the only present Pauline would accept from me.

We had three weeks of happiness. Every day I discovered fresh qualities and beauties in my beloved. She was beginning to flatter herself that the letter which would recall her to Lisbon would never come; we made plans for the future, and Comte Al—— existed only in her memory.

[1] Cf.—

'Would she could make of me a saint
Or I of her a sinner!'—CONGREVE.

She said to me sometimes that she could not understand the mere power of a handsome face over a woman's affections.

'I realise,' she said, 'that a union based on such a trifling circumstance has a very poor chance of happiness.'

But the first of August was a fatal date for her and for me. She received the letter from Lisbon, which left her no pretext for postponing her departure, and I received one from Paris announcing the death of Madame d'Urfé. Madame du Rumain wrote and told me, that on the testimony of a waiting-maid the doctors had declared that the marquise had killed herself by an overdose of a certain liquid she called *the panacea*.

Death of Madame d'Urfé.

She left a will[1] which might have been written in 'Les Petites Maisons.'[2] She left everything to the child, son or daughter, which was to be born of her, appointing me guardian to the new-born child, which vexed me greatly, for I knew all Paris would joke and laugh over this for at least a week. Her daughter, Madame du Chatelet,[3] had taken possession of all her property, including her private purse, which contained, oddly enough, four hundred thousand francs. Her death was a great blow to me, but I had another and a greater grief to distract me, in the correspondence of Pauline. One letter was from her aunt, the other from the minister Œyras. The latter conjured her to return to Lisbon as quickly as possible, by sea or by land; he assured her that on her arrival she would be put in possession of all her fortune,

Recall of Pauline, 12th August 1763.

[1] The heirs of Madame d'Urfé under her will instituted proceedings against '*un misérable Chevalier Casanova*,' including him with Cagliostro, who had also had to do with the marquise. Their efforts resulted in Casanova's flight from the kingdom, a circumstance of which he of course gives a more colourable explanation.

[2] The Bedlam of Paris.

[3] Adelaide Marie Thérèse, born 1727, and who married the Marquis du Chastellet, and lived in constant warfare with her mother. Their son was called Marquis du Chastellet de la Rochefoucauld-Lascaris-d'Urfé. He fought in America under Lafayette, and was a prisoner in the Luxembourg under the Terror, escaping the scaffold by a dose of poison. The estates of the family were of course confiscated.

and that she might publicly marry the Comte Al——. He sent her a note for twenty million reis. As I was not aware of the small value of this money, I was in ecstasies; but Pauline laughingly told me that the twenty millions were only worth two thousand pounds sterling, which sum would insure her travelling like a duchess. Œyras said that if she decided to go by sea, she had but to tell Monsieur de Saa, the Portuguese ambassador, and a frigate which was stationed at one of the English ports would be placed at her disposal. She would not hear of the frigate, or of de Saa, and was very indignant at Œyras having sent her the note, for, she said, it meant he supposed her to be in need of money.

Pauline was rich, and generous, judging from the ring she forced on me when she was, so to speak, in poverty. She certainly did not rely on my providing for her, though she knew I would never abandon her. I am sure she thought I was wealthy, and I never undeceived her.

We passed our last days together, drowned in grief. We looked at each other without daring to speak; we sat down to table, without being able to eat; we went to bed, without being able to sleep.

I accompanied her to Calais. We left London on the 10th of August, only stopping at Dover for an hour or so. On the 12th of August she left me, taking with her my faithful Clairmont, whose escort I had induced her to accept as far as Madrid.

'One thing I will ask of you,' she said, 'and that is, never to come to Lisbon, unless I should ask you to do so. I need not give you my reasons. You will understand that you must not trouble my peace. I could not be wicked without becoming unhappy, and loving me as you do, would you be the instrument of my undoing? Believe me, I shall try to persuade myself that I have lived with you as your wife, that I am a widow, and that I am going to Lisbon to be married a second time.'

My separation from Pauline resembled, in many ways, that

which had afflicted me so deeply, fifteen years before, when I parted from Henriette at Geneva. The characters of these two incomparable women were alike in many details; difference of education alone had rendered one more gay, more talented, and less prejudiced than the other. Pauline had the noble pride of her nation. She was more serious, and more religious; she was also more passionate than Henriette. I was happy with them both, because during the time these two liaisons lasted I was rich, otherwise I should not have known either. I have forgotten them, because one forgets all things, but when I recall their memories I find that Henriette made the more profound impression on me, doubtless because I was but twenty-two when I was with her, whereas in London I was thirty-seven. The longer I live the more I feel how great an influence age has on our impressions.

Comparison of Pauline and Henriette.

I left Calais on the day Pauline commenced her journey. I had a bad crossing, and as soon as I got home, I shut myself up, a victim to true British *spleen*. Jarbe, my good negro servant, put me to bed.

When he brought me my chocolate next morning, he said naïvely: 'The housekeeper wants to know, sir, if she is to hang out the notice-board again?'

'The wretch! does she wish me to strangle her?'

'No, sir; but she is very devoted to you, and seeing you so sad, she thought——'

'Get away with you, and tell her never to dare think of such a thing again, or you either.'

CHAPTER XLIV

THE STORY OF MISS CHARPILLON

The night was one long, continuous nightmare. I rose in a sombre mood, ready to kill the first man who contradicted me, or to stake my life on the ace of spades. I felt as if the roof of my beautiful house pressed heavily and directly on me. I went out gloomily—in my travelling clothes—and entered a coffee-house, to read the newspapers. There were about twenty people in the room. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a man speaking French to his companion.

'Tommy has killed himself, and by my faith I think he was right; his affairs were in such a state, he would have been a beggar had he lived.'

'You are quite wrong,' said the other sententiously. 'As he owed me money, I was there yesterday when they took the inventory, and it was quite plain that he behaved like a stupid schoolboy. He could have lived at least six months longer very comfortably.'

This calculation would have made me laugh under other circumstances, as it was it distracted me a little. I went down to the city to draw some money, and strolling out with my banker's clerk, a certain Mr. Bosanquet, an interesting-looking man passed us.

'Who is this?' I said.

'A man worth a hundred thousand pounds.'

'And who is that?'

'A man who is not worth ten thousand.'

'I did not ask their money value, but their names.'

'I do not know their names.'

'Then how can you tell what they are worth?'

'Oh, the name goes for nothing here. The thing is to know what a man has at his disposal. Deposit a thousand pounds in my bank, and call yourself Attila or Socrates, it doesn't matter to me; you would sign your cheques Attila or Socrates, and would be paid as such. You can't understand that! You are neither an Englishman nor a merchant.'

I went to an important shopman and asked him to change me a twenty-guinea note. 'Come back in an hour,' he said, 'I haven't got change by me. Take your note.'

'Keep it till I come back. I don't doubt you.'

'Nonsense. If you leave the note here I shall not give it you back, if only to teach you wisdom.'

'I am sure you could not do a dishonest thing.'

'No more I could, but really if I were to put the note in my pocket I might forget that I had not given the equivalent, and there would be a discussion in which you would be worsted.'

'I understand; especially in a town where every one has his head full of business.'

Thence to the Park, where I met Martinelli. He congratulated me on my reappearance in the world, and on the beautiful creature whose possessor and slave I was.

'Lord Pembroke saw her,' he said, 'and thought her charming.'

'When did he see her?'

'In a coach and four, with you, on the Rochester road at full trot, two or three days ago.'

'Good. I may as well tell you that I was taking her to Calais, and I shall never see her again.'

We passed through the Green Park, where we saw Lord Pembroke on horseback. Martinelli then let me out by a door I did not know. There was a crowd in Pall Mall, and Martinelli went to see what it was all about, and came back and told me it was a man who would be dead in a quarter of

A boxing match and a wager.

an hour from a blow he had received on the temple in a boxing match.

'There is a surgeon there,' he said, 'who declares he can save him if he is allowed to bleed him.'

'Who would prevent him?'

'That is the odd part of the business. There are two men there, one has wagered twenty guineas that he will live, the other has laid the same sum he will die, and the latter won't let the surgeon bleed him lest he lose his twenty guineas.'

'What an unfortunate man, and what hard-hearted wretches!'

'Well, you see the English are very particular about their bets, and they bet on everything. There is a society which is called the Betting Club. I can introduce you to it if you like.'

'Certainly, if the members are intelligent men, and men of standing. What do they do there?'

'Talk and discuss. When any one denies a statement, if the man who has advanced it is ready to back his opinion, the other must take up the wager, or pay a fine, which goes into a common fund that is divided at the end of every month.'

'My dear fellow, pray introduce me to this charming club, where I shall speedily grow rich, for I shall be careful not to make a remark unless I am sure of my facts. But to return to the dying man, what will be done to the man who has killed him?'

'They will examine his hand, and if it is like yours and mine, they will simply mark him. If his hand is already marked it will be a proof that he has killed a man before. When he is marked they say to him, "Be careful not to kill another, for if you do you will be hanged."'

'But suppose he is attacked?'

'He must show his hand. If his antagonist does not then withdraw, and if he kills him, he is absolved from blame.'

'But I am astonished that you allow boxing if it is so dangerous.'

'It is only allowed in the case of a wager, and the combatants must throw down two or three pieces of money as evidence, otherwise if there is a death the survivor is hanged.'

What of law? What of morals? In this way I studied, and learned to understand the proud English nation—at once so great and so petty.

I went that evening to see Madam Cornelys, who had told me that my little girl was ill. She said that she had been thrice refused admittance to my house. I told her that I had closed my doors to everybody, so as to give full scope to my love and happiness. She accepted this excuse, but the state of little Sophie did alarm me. She was in bed with a high fever. She had grown terribly thin, and looked as if she was pining away from grief. Her mother was in despair, for in spite of all, she loved her passionately, and I thought she would have torn my eyes out when I told her that if the child were to die she would have no one to reproach but herself. I took her aside before leaving, and said Sophie's illness was caused by the excessive severity of her training. 'You love her,' I said, 'but you are very hard on her. Send her to school for a couple of years with other girls of good family.'

A school for Miss Cornelys.

'But, my dear friend, a good school costs a hundred guineas a year!'

'If you consult me as to the choice of a school, I will pay a year in advance.'

At this offer Madam Cornelys embraced me. Poor woman! she was a beggar in spite of her apparent wealth.

I was engaged to dine with Pembroke next day, and at two o'clock Jarbe came to ask me if I had forgotten the engagement.

'No,' said I; 'but it is too early.'

'We have a twenty-mile journey before us, sir.'

'Twenty miles!'

'Yes, sir, we have to go to Saint Albans.'

'But Lord Pembroke did not tell me that. How do you know?'

'He left his address, sir, as he was going away.'

Just like an Englishman! I took the stage-coach, and in three hours was at my destination. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the English roads, through smiling fields, that bear every crop but the vine.

Lord Pembroke's house[1] was not large, but it was commodious. He showed me his gardens, his baths, his superb glass-houses, and a cock chained up in a kennel.

Lord Pembroke on cockfighting.

'Why is that bird chained up, my lord!'

'Because he is very fierce. If he was let loose, he would be off at once, and would kill all the cocks in the neighbourhood.'

'And he is condemned to celibacy?'

'Yes, so that he may be valiant in battle. Look, here is a list of his victories.'

He showed me a paper relating all the combats in which his bird had come off victor, after having slain his adversary; they numbered more than thirty. He showed me the steel spurs with which he was armed before entering the fray. The cock ruffled his plumage and began to crow loudly when he caught sight of them. I could not help laughing at the martial spirit of the little animal; he seemed possessed by the demon of combat. He kept raising his claws, one after the other, as though begging to have his armour girded on.

After the spurs, Pembroke showed me the helmet, which was also in shining steel.

'But,' said I, 'he is sure to win with such advantages.'

'No, for he would refuse to fight an enemy who was not equipped in the same manner.'

'It passes all belief.'

He then read me this singular biped's genealogy. He had thirty-two quarterings to his shield, more than many a *grand*

[1] The manor of Ricksmansworth, Saint Albans, belonged at one time to the Pembroke family, but was sold by Philip, fourth earl, in 1632, to one Thomas Fatherby; so unless Casanova's friend rented or owned another house in the same neighbourhood, we must consider this one of the inaccuracies he so often commits where English names and places are concerned.

seigneur can boast, on the paternal side that is; if he had been equally well descended on the maternal side, Pembroke would have decorated him with the Order of the Golden Fleece.

'That cock,' said he, 'cost me a hundred guineas; I would not sell him for a thousand.'

While we were still discussing the bird, a carriage drew up, containing a lady and two gentlemen. One of the latter was the scoundrel Castel-Bajac,[1] and the other a lean personage, who was presented as the Count de Schwerin, nephew of the illustrious field-marshal of that name, who died on the field of honour. General Beckw——, an Englishman, who had been in the service of the King of Prussia, and commanded the field-marshal's regiment, was one of Pembroke's guests, and told Schwerin that his uncle died in his presence. Whereupon this modest nephew drew from his pocket the ribbon of the Black Eagle, all stained with blood, and said: 'My uncle wore this on the day of his death, and his Majesty allows me to preserve it as a souvenir.'

'Such things are out of place in a man's pocket,' remarked one of the guests. Schwerin looked as though he had not heard or understood this remark. This little incident was enough for me.

Castel-Bajac, by the way, had evinced the most lively satisfaction at meeting me again. He might, had he chosen, have pretended not to know me as Seingalt! The lady was blonde, and ugly when she smiled; a hopeless defect in a woman. After dinner we had a game of faro; as Pembroke never gambled, the general took the bank. In the course of the game Castel-Bajac asked me if he might take ten of my counters.

'You would bring me ill luck,' said I coldly, pushing away his hand. He went out into the garden to digest the insult as best he could, and his *soi-disant* wife said her husband

[1] It was Castel-Bajac who conspired with the Paris wise-woman to blackmail Casanova in the affair of Mlle. X. V. C.

had forgotten his pocket-book. An hour afterwards I made my bow, after inviting Pembroke and the company to dine with me the following day.

We sat down at two o'clock, and rose from table at four, having emptied forty bottles of different wines, though none of us were drunk. After coffee, the general carried us away to sup at his house, where Madame Castel-Bajac persuaded me to take the bank. I put a thousand guineas on the table, but as there were no counters I declared I would only play gold against gold. The two counts had paid the general their losses of the night before with two bank-notes, which he now handed over to me, and in the course of the evening I changed two more for them. These four notes I laid to one side. The next morning I took them to the bank. The clerk to whom I presented them returned them, saying: 'These notes are forgeries, sir.'

Play at Lord Pembroke's: false notes.

I went at once to Pembroke to get the scoundrel's address. He was still in bed, but he sent a manservant with me. The swindlers affected great surprise at seeing me; I told them their notes were worthless, and that they must take them back, and give me their value in gold; forty gold pieces.

'I have no change,' said Castel-Bajac, 'and I am very much surprised at this. I will return them to the person from whom I got them, always providing they are the same bank-notes you received from us yesterday.'

The blood rushed to my head; with a withering remark I left them, and told the servant to take me to the nearest magistrate. This worthy, after making me swear to my deposition, gave me a writ authorising their arrest. This writ I confided to an alderman, who undertook to execute it; and then, much annoyed at the whole disgraceful business, I went home.

Martinelli was waiting for me, and I told him the story. Said the philosopher: 'The best thing you can do is to put the notes in the fire!' The advice was sound, but I did not follow it. He told me he had fixed a day with Lord

Spencer to introduce me to the Betters' Club, but I answered that I no longer cared about it. I ought to have treated Martinelli with more respect. He was distinguished for his learning, his manners, and his morals, but who can sound the depths of human weakness? I wreaked my annoyance on him about the Castel-Bajacs.

In the evening I went to the general's house, where I found the Countess of Castel-Bajac sitting on Lord Pembroke's knee: the two men did not appear. The supper was good; and we were a lively party. We played till daybreak, and I lost two or three hundred guineas.

Next day an individual visited me, who announced himself as head of the police. He assured me that if I would pay his travelling expenses he would engage to arrest Castel-Bajac at Dover. That worthy had left London, it seemed, and was already on his way to France. His accomplice, my informant said, had not yet started. I gave him a guinea, and said if he captured this latter it would satisfy me. Flight of Castel-Bajac.

As it was a Sunday, Madam Cornelys could go out without fear of being arrested, and her daughter dined with me. Sophie was better; the prospect of leaving her mother had worked wonders. Madam Cornelys had chosen a school at Harwich,[1] and we went there after dinner. The directress was a Catholic lady about sixty years of age, witty, and well-mannered. There were about fifteen pupils in all, and as Sophie was warmly recommended by Lady Harrington, her reception among them was very flattering. Five or six of the girls were angels of beauty, two or three most repulsively ugly: these extremes are met with more frequently in England than elsewhere. My daughter was smaller than any of them, but pretty and clever enough to stand comparison with the best.

On returning to London I learned that Count Schwerin was in prison, and desired to speak with me. Jarbe told me the poor devil was in the most pitiable state. As he was

[1] Probably a slip for Hackney, which teemed with young ladies' seminaries at this period.

accused of forging bank-notes, there was a chance of his being taken to Newgate, and eventually hanged. I found him in tears and despair; he swore Castel-Bajac had given him the notes, and that he had received them from a third person, whose name he would give me if I would have him set free. I replied that I should keep him in prison until he had refunded the money, but would give him twopence a day lest he died of hunger. He pulled his uncle's blood-stained ribbon from his pocket and offered it to me. I was delighted at this excuse for letting him off, and solemnly accepted the rag with the Black Eagle hanging to the end of it, and promised to return it when he paid the forty guineas. I then burned the notes in the presence of the alderman, paid his prison expenses, and had him dismissed.

Two days later the countess knocked at my door. She was alone and without resources, she said, and complained bitterly of Pembroke, who had abandoned her after receiving the most unequivocal marks of her affection. To get rid of her, I was obliged to pay her way back to Calais. She declared she would never see the Gascon Castel-Bajac again, and that he was not her husband at all!

The Flemish officer whom I had assisted at Aix-la-Chapelle had paid me several visits, and had even dined with me two or three times, but I had never been to his house. I decided one day to return his courtesy, and was in conversation with him and his wife when an old woman and a young girl came into the room. The officer presented me as the Chevelier de Seingalt, whereat the girl looked astonished, and said she had once known a Signor Casanova, who was strikingly like me. I told her that that also was my name, but that I did not remember her.

He meets Miss Charpillon, September 1763.

'In those days I was called Anspergher,' she said; 'but now I am called Charpillon. You only saw me once, when I was a little girl of thirteen. You were in the Palais Royal in Paris, with a charming lady, and you made me a present of a pair of strass buckles—I have them on my shoes at this

moment,—and then, encouraged by my aunt, who was with me, you did me the honour of embracing me.'

'I remember, mademoiselle, I remember you distinctly now, and I have a letter for you, but I do not recognise your aunt.'

'This is another aunt. If you will come and take tea with us, you will meet the one you saw in Paris. But give me the letter.'

I took it out and gave it her.

'What,' she said, 'from my dear ambassador, my dear Morosini. Why didn't you give it me three months ago?'

'I am to blame, mademoiselle, but there is no address. I am glad to have met you.'

'We live in Denmark Street,[1] Soho. Will you come to-morrow?'

'Unfortunately I am engaged. Lord Pembroke dines with me.'

'Will you be alone?'

'I think so.'

'Then we will come and see you.'

I gave her my address. On hearing it she smiled.

'Why, you are the Italian gentleman whose notice of lodgings to let made all the town laugh! I am told the joke cost you dear!'

'On the contrary, I owe to it some of my happiest memories.'

'I wanted to offer myself as a lodger, but my mother would not let me.'

'What need had you to look for a cheap lodging?'

'None whatever; but I wanted to amuse myself and punish the audacious writer of the notice.'

'How would you have punished me?'

'By making you love me, so that you suffered the most frightful tortures afterwards. Oh, how I should have laughed!'

[1] Probably the street now named Carlisle Street.

'You think you can make any one you choose fall in love with you, and then propose to play the tyrant? The scheme is monstrous, and it is a pity you do not let men see more plainly the kind of woman you are. I, at least, will be on my guard against you.'

'You must make a resolution not to see me again, then, or else all your labour will be lost.'

I considered this little dialogue to be merely a passing pleasantry, for Miss Charpillon was laughing all the time; but I could not help admiring her beauty and a vivacity which was calculated to help her to carry out any plan she might choose to form. The day that I met this woman was an accursed day for me.

It was towards the end of September that I made her acquaintance, and on that day the period of my physical and moral death set in. If the perpendicular line of ascent equals the line of descent, as mine must do to-day, the first day of November 1797, I can count on about four years more of life which will pass rapidly, according to the axiom, '*Motus in fine velocior.*'

Miss Charpillon, who was notorious all over London, and who I believe to be still living, was one of those beauties in whom it is impossible to find the slightest physical defect. Her hair, of a lovely light chestnut colour, was surprisingly long and thick; her blue eyes languished and sparkled alternately. She was tall and slim, with a dazzlingly white skin; her bosom was small but perfectly formed; her white dimpled hands were rather longer than ordinary; her feet were tiny, and her walk graceful. Her gentle face bore an expression of candour and openness, and bespoke the most exquisite delicacy of feeling. In this respect, alas! nature was pleased to lie.

I left Malingan's house, not as an eager sensualist who has just made the acquaintance of a rare beauty and rejoices at the thought that she will one day assuredly be his, but as one absolutely overcome and stupefied! The image of my dear Pauline could not withstand the impression Miss Charpillon,

whom I despised, had made on me. I tried to persuade myself that disillusionment would soon set in. 'I shall cease to find her marvellous,' I thought, 'as soon as I have gained her, and that will not be long!' I could not suppose her difficult of conquest. She had invited herself to dinner with me. I knew she had been the mistress of Morosini, and as he was neither young nor handsome, she must have yielded to him from cupidity. Without flattering myself that I should make her love me, I was determined not to spare gold, if gold could win her.

Lord Pembroke warns him about Miss Charpillon.

When Pembroke learned who were to be his fellow-guests, he exclaimed: 'The hussy inspired me with a violent desire once. I met her and her aunt one evening at Vauxhall, and offered her twenty guineas if she would walk down one of the alleys with me. She accepted, on condition I paid her in advance, which I was weak enough to do. As soon as we were in the alley she ran away from me, and I was not able to catch her again the whole of that evening.'

'You ought to have boxed her ears in public.'

'I should only have got into trouble and been laughed at for my pains. I preferred to despise her and the money she had got out of me. Are you in love with her?'

'No; but I am curious, as you were.'

'Be careful, she will play you a trick.'

When she appeared, she went up to Pembroke and made him pretty speeches without paying the slightest attention to me. She talked and laughed over the adventure at Vauxhall, and twitted him with cowardice.

'Another time,' she said, 'I shall not escape you.'

'Very probably, my dear, for next time I shall not pay you beforehand.'

'Oh, fie for shame! Pay is an ugly word, which does you no credit.'

'Perhaps you think it does you honour.'

'Such a detail as that should never be mentioned.'

She was piqued at the indolent fashion in which he spoke

to her, and left us soon after dinner, having made me promise to dine with her.

He goes to the house of Miss Charpillon.

On the appointed day, led by my evil star, I went to Miss Charpillon's house. She presented me to her mother, who, old, withered, and changed as she was by illness, I remembered perfectly. She awakened strange memories. In the year 1759 an individual named Bolomé, from Geneva, had persuaded me to sell her six thousand francs' worth of jewellery. She had given me two notes of hand, signed by herself and her two sisters, and drawn on this same Bolomé, who became bankrupt before the notes were due, and she and her sisters disappeared. My surprise at meeting the three sisters was equalled by their own, for Miss Charpillon had not told them that Seingalt was the Casanova they had defrauded.

'I have the pleasure of recognising you, madame.'

'And I you too, sir. That scoundrel of a Bolomé——'

'Do not let us speak of him, at any rate not to-day. I see that you are ill.'

'I have been at death's door, but am better now. My daughter did not announce you by your name.'

'Pardon me, my name is Seingalt as well as Casanova.'

At this moment the grandmother and the two aunts came in, followed by the Chevalier Goudar,[1] whom I had known in Paris, and two other men named Rostaing and Caumont. They were the three friends of the family, and their business was to inveigle dupes and take their part in plundering them.

[1] Angelo Goudar, born in 1720, at Montpellier, son of the Inspector-General of Commerce. He was probably in England in the capacity of spy, and was mixed up in de Guerchy's plots against the Chevalier d'Eon. He published several books. The best known among them is *The Chinese Spy*, a collection of letters supposed to be translated by him from the Chinese. His wife, Sarah, of whom mention will be made further on, occasionally wrote and spoke of herself as being Chinese, perhaps as a joke, perhaps to encourage the idea that her husband's book was really written by a Celestial. The book, which is in six volumes, was published at Cologne in 1769; and is called as a second title *L'envoyé secret de la Cour de Pékin, pour examiner l'État présent de l'Europe.* Goudar died in 1791.

Such was the infamous company in which I found myself. I secretly swore I would never set foot in the house again; but Miss Charpillon, apologising for the indifferent dinner at her house, cleverly forced me to invite them all to a supper on a date she herself fixed. After coffee, we played four rubbers of whist. I lost; and at midnight went home, vexed and displeased with myself, but more bewitched than ever.

I passed two days without seeing her, the third was the day on which the supper was to take place. At nine o'clock in the morning she appeared with her aunt.

'I have come,' she said in the most engaging way, 'to have breakfast with you, and to speak to you on a matter of business.'

'Now, or after breakfast?'

'Afterwards, for we must be alone.'

When the meal was over, the aunt went into another room, and Miss Charpillon explained to me that her family was in a most unfortunate position, but that if her aunt had a hundred guineas she could make a small fortune.

'And how?'

'She would compose and sell the elixir of life, of which she alone has the secret.'

She then dilated at some length on the properties of this marvellous elixir, of its probable sale in a city like London, and of the profits in which I should naturally share. Her mother and her aunts proposed to give me a written promise to pay back the hundred guineas in six years.

'I will give you a definite reply after supper.'

Then assuming the caressing airs of a man in love, I vainly attempted to win some marks of her favour. I caught hold of her, but, supple and lithe as a snake, she slipped through my fingers, and ran laughing to join her aunt. I followed her, laughing forcedly, and she gave me her hand, saying, 'Farewell, till to-night.'

I was not displeased at this incident, for I thought she

must be in need of money, to ask me for it on so short an acquaintance. It rested with me to see that the bargain was not a one-sided one.

When the company arrived in the evening, she suggested that I should make a little bank against them to wile away the time till supper, but I declined.

'We will have a game of whist, then,' she said.

'You do not appear in a hurry for the answer I was to give you,' I remarked.

'You have made up your mind to say yes, I hope?'

'Yes. Come with me.'

Her manœuvres.

She followed me into another room, when, after having seated myself beside her, I said the money was at her disposal. I tried once more to kiss her, but she said, 'You will obtain nothing from me by money or violence. You may hope everything from my friendship, but only when I have found you as gentle as a lamb.'

I went back into the drawing-room in the most devilish humour; as for her, she was sparkling with gaiety, but she annoyed me. After supper she drew me aside, and asked if I would give her aunt the money.

'As we shall have to write about it,' I answered, 'we will put it off to another day.'

'Will you fix a day?'

Drawing a purse full of gold from my pocket, I showed it her. 'Whenever you like,' I said.

When my odious guests left me, I recovered my sanity to a certain extent. The little intriguer had laid a spell on me, just to get my money from me, without any return. I resolved there and then to break with her, and to distract my thoughts I would go and see Sophie.

I took an immense box of sweetmeats and preserves with me, and spent a delicious day with my child and her young companions. I returned again and again to Harwich, and in three weeks flattered myself I had forgotten Miss Charpillon, or rather had replaced her with a more innocent love

(though I must own that one of Sophie's companions inspired me with an affection not altogether fraternal).

I was in this blessed condition, when one morning in walked Charpillon's favourite aunt. They were all surprised and mortified, she said, at not having seen me since the supper-party; besides her niece had told her I had promised to advance her the money she needed to make her elixir of life.

'I would have given you the hundred guineas if your niece had treated me properly, but she chose to give herself the airs of a vestal virgin, which you are well aware spells nonsense.'

'The dear child is young and foolish; she is only to be won by affection; she has told me all. She loves you, but fears that your feeling for her is only a caprice. She is in bed now with a feverish cold; come and see her. I am sure you will not leave her again in anger.'

These specious words, instead of filling me with contempt, aroused all the latent passion in me.

'Go on ahead, I will follow,' I said.

In less than a quarter of an hour I was knocking at Miss Charpillon's door.

The aunt opened it softly.

'Come back in an hour,' she said; 'she has been ordered a bath, and has just got into it.'

Miss Charpillon is obdurate.

'This is only another infamous piece of deception; you are a liar, and she is a brazen cheat.'

'You are severe and unjust; but if you promise to be reasonable I will take you up to her on the third floor. She can say what she likes about it, at any rate you will see I have not deceived you.'

I followed her upstairs; she pushed me into a room, and closed the door on me. Miss Charpillon was in a large bath; her back was turned to me. Said the miserable coquette, pretending not to know who it was: 'Aunt, will you give me some towels, please.'

But as soon as she saw me she crouched down, and pretended to be very angry.

'Go away! go away!'

'Spare yourself the trouble of crying out, my dear, you cannot impose upon me; and do not fear, I shall do you no harm, that would be playing into your hands.'

'My aunt shall pay me for this.'

'As you like, but I am her friend henceforth. I won't touch you. Stay as you are.'

'Monster!'

At this moment the aunt came in, and I left the room without saying another word. She followed me downstairs, and asked me if I was satisfied.

'Yes,' said I, 'for I now know you both thoroughly. Here is your money.'

I tossed a hundred-guinea note into her lap, fool that I was, saying she could make her balm of life, and that as for her promise to repay, I would not give one damn for it.

Six or seven days after, I met her at Vauxhall, with her aunt and Goudar, and she inveigled me into giving them supper. She asked me to take her home, but I refused, paid the bill, and left her. But she was not one to relinquish her prey so easily. She sent Goudar to me. The wretch began by congratulating me on my wisdom in staying away from the Ansperghers' house.

'You don't know that girl,' he said; 'you would have fallen deeper and deeper in love, and she would have beggared you before she was done with you.'

'You must think me a fool; if she had been amiable I should have been grateful, but not extravagant, in my marks of appreciation. I am not the man to be beggared by a creature like that.'

Goudar warns him of the plot of Miss Charpillon to ruin him.

'I am glad to hear it. Then you have made up your mind not to see her again? She has cost you a hundred guineas, and you have not had so much as a single kiss for it! She boasts now that she has taken you in. I will

tell you now why I frequent this house. It is not, as you think, because I take part in their schemes. It was I who introduced her to Morosini, the Venetian minister. He took a house for her, and gave her fifty guineas a month. I made some little conditions for myself. Morosini remained one year in England. After him Miss Charpillon lived with Lord Baltimore, Lord Grosvenor, the Portuguese minister, de Saa, and others, but has not fulfilled any of her engagements with me. I shall never leave until she does; and I warn you again that they are plotting to get hold of you, and they will succeed unless you are very careful.'

'Tell the mother there is another hundred guineas at her disposal, if her daughter will be civil to me.'

I kept the scamp to dinner, for he was likely to be of use to me in the kind of life I was leading. He was a devil for tricks, and not without a certain cleverness. He wrote several books which were not so bad; he was then at work on his *Chinese Spy*.

The next day, when she was certainly far from my thoughts, in came Miss Charpillon, accompanied by a plain young woman, whom she presented as Miss Lorenzi, and who soon withdrew discreetly.

'Is it true,' began Miss Charpillon, 'is it true you told Goudar to offer my mother a hundred guineas for me?'

'Is it not enough?'

'Have you any right to insult me?'

'I am sorry you think so; it is not my fault. Goudar is one of your most intimate friends, and it is probably not the first proposition of that nature he has made you.'

'I pass by your remark in silence, but would remind you that I have told you that you will never win me by violence or bribery, but only by making me care for you. I have not broken my word to you, it is you who have broken yours to me. Only a scoundrel like Goudar would have delivered a message like yours.'

'Goudar a scoundrel! he is your best friend. You know

he loves you: he got you the ambassador in the hope of getting you eventually. You are in his debt; pay him, and then abuse him. Do not cry. I know the source of your tears; it is not one that does you credit, it is impure.'

'You do not know it. Learn, then, hard-hearted man, that I love you, and that you treat me very cruelly.'

'You show your love in a strange way.'

'And you? You treat me as the lowest of the low, as a slavish animal, as the thing of my mother. If you had cared for me, you would have come to me yourself; you would have written, you would never have made use of a cowardly messenger, I should have answered you, and you would not have been wronged.'

'And suppose I had done so, how would you have answered me?'

'I would never have mentioned money, and only on condition that you made courteous love to me for a whole fortnight, coming to see me every day. We would have amused ourselves innocently; we would have gone to the play; you would have made me madly in love with you. I am surprised that a man like you should be content with a woman who gives herself for interest only. Miserable creature that I am! I was made for pure and honest love, and for one moment I thought you were the man who was to inspire me with a veritable affection. On the contrary you have made me unhappy. You are the first man who has ever seen me weep; you have made my home unbearable to me, for my mother shall never have the money she counts on; no, not if you would give it me for a single kiss.'

'I am sorry I have hurt you; I did not mean to, but what is done can't be undone.'

'Yes, it can. You can come to our house, but keep your despicable money. Conquer my love as an honest, straightforward lover, not as a brute, for you must believe it now, I love you.'

She was a born actress! I was in her toils again, and I

promised I would do as she wished, but only for a fortnight, as she herself proposed. As she rose to go, I asked her to give me a kiss as a token of our reconciliation, but she replied with a smile that we must not begin by breaking our own rules. She left me more lovesick than ever, and deeply ashamed of my treatment of her.

I began my visits that very evening. I gathered from the warmth of my welcome that I had won the game. I passed fifteen days without even kissing her hand. Each time I went I took her a valuable present, which she received with every expression of gratitude; besides this I escorted her constantly to the play, and made excursions with her in the environs of London. That fortnight cost me four hundred guineas.

When my term of probation was ended, I asked her, in her mother's presence, if I might stay and sup with them, or would they come to me? I did not mention that the supper at my house would be a good deal better. But no. Her mother asked me in a low voice if I would leave with the rest of the company, and return later, bringing the money.

'For shame,' cried the daughter, as the mother withdrew.

Now was the moment when my long and faithful service was at last to be rewarded. I approached her, but she gently eluded me, and put out the light. I found her huddled up, her knees touching her chin, her body wrapped in a long gown tightly wound round her, her arms crossed and her head held down. I begged, I scolded, I cursed, nothing would make her change her position or open her lips. At first I thought it was a joke, but I soon saw it was deadly earnest. I had once more been duped and humiliated by the wretched woman.

He ill-treats Miss Charpillon.

My love turned to rage. I shook her like a bundle of rags; I rolled her over and over; she said never a word. My hands became like the claws of a wild beast; I ill-used her, I struck her, I even tried to strangle her. I spoke to her in every tone, used gentleness, anger, argument, remonstrance, threats, despair, prayers, tears, insults, for three long hours.

She remained impervious to them all. At last, I made up my mind to leave her. My head burning, my body worn out, my mind conscious of its degradation, I left the accursed house. I gained my house, shivering with cold and fever; I could touch nothing, and for several days was confined to my bed, aching in every limb and racked with pain.

He is ill.

I gave orders to my servants to admit no one, and to place all my letters on my desk. When at last I was sufficiently recovered to attend to them, imagine my joy at finding one from Pauline, written from Madrid. My faithful Clairmont, she said, had saved her life as they were fording a river, and as she could never hope to find another servant so devoted, she had decided to keep him with her till she reached Lisbon, and send him back by sea from thence. I was glad at this for her sake, but it was fatal to him, poor fellow. The ship in which he embarked was wrecked; I supposed that he had perished in the waves, for I never saw him again.

There was a letter from Miss Charpillon, and two from her infamous mother, who said in one her daughter was ill in bed and covered with bruises, the result of my ill-treatment, and that she was going to institute proceedings against me at once. In her second letter she said she heard I was ill too, and regretted it the more as her daughter admitted that I might have some reasons for complaint. Miss Charpillon's letter was a model of hypocrisy. She owned that she had behaved badly, and wondered I had not killed her. She would have made no opposition to that, for death was the only alternative in the dilemma in which I had placed her. She supposed I would never go to her house again, but would I receive her once, just once more, as she had something important to communicate to me which she would not write.

I had just finished reading these epistles, when Goudar was shown in.

'Miss Charpillon is not ill,' he said, 'but she is covered

from head to foot with bruises. Her mother it was who made the girl promise to withstand you, and you may be sure of one thing, until her mother gives her leave, you will never get her; and the mother declares that when once she is yours you will abandon her.'

'Perhaps, but I should have loaded her with presents first; now she will get nothing.'

'Well, you are wise, I think, but I should like to show you something which will astonish you. I will be back in a few minutes.'

The prison chair.

He returned in half an hour accompanied by a porter, bearing an armchair, which, as soon as we were alone, he asked if I would like to buy.

'What should I want it for? It is not an attractive piece of furniture.'

'Nevertheless, it is worth a hundred guineas.'

'I wouldn't give three for it.'

'This chair has five springs,' said he, taking off the holland cover, 'which all work at once. As soon as any one sits down in it, two seize the arms, two the legs, and the fifth raises the seat, so that the person is thrown back.' He illustrated his description by seating himself on the diabolical machine; behold, there he was spread out and powerless, before my eyes. I could not help laughing.

'I will not buy it,' I said, 'but you can leave it here till to-morrow.'

'Not one hour, unless you buy it; the owner is waiting round the corner.'

'You can take it back to him, then, I would not use the repulsive thing.'

He had to explain what I must do to set him at liberty, for the springs were strong and tightly clasped; and I was glad to see the last of him and his machine, which, had I consented to avail myself of it, might have led me to the gallows.

He dined with me, and amused me with telling me Miss

Charpillon's family history. The grandmother came from Berne. She had no right to call herself Anspergher, as she was merely the mistress of a man of that name, by whom she had four daughters. The youngest, the mother of Miss Charpillon, was very pretty and very vicious; the government exiled her with her mother and sisters. They lived some time in Franche Comté, on the proceeds of the 'Balm of Life.' It was here that Charpillon was born; her mother attributed her paternity to the Count of Boulainvilliers. As the girl was very beautiful, they took her to Paris; but instead of making a fortune there, they only contracted debts, and after four years established themselves in London. Goudar told me many of the extraordinary expedients they were put to to live.

CHAPTER XLV

THOUGHTS OF SUICIDE

The acquaintance of Goudar was useful to me, and I may be excused for encouraging the man, though I was well aware of his real character, for I had few friends in London, and nothing to do. He introduced me to all the celebrated ladies of the town, among others the famous Kitty Fisher.[1] In a

[1] She was of German origin; her beauty not alone prettiness, but superlatively attractive. Lieutenant-General Anthony Martin, called the 'Military Cupid,' introduced her into public life. He broke his connection with her because of his restricted circumstances, but she always retained her partiality for him, and would quit the most elevated of her admirers for his sake. She played in the *Belle's Stratagem* as Kitty Willis. Saville, when instructing her in her part, said, 'Remember, Kitty, the woman you are to personate is a woman of virtue.' She replied, 'I'm afraid I shall find that a difficult character.' One gentleman, in *Satirical Tracts*, asks in disgust, 'Who the devil would be modest, when they may live in state by prostitution? Why 'tis enough to debauch half the women in London!'

In a satire called 'Kitty's Stream,' one verse runs—

'All that we can know of her
Is this, she was a milliner.
Her parentage, so low and mean,
Is hardly to be traced, I ween.
Say has she wit, or has she sense?
No, nothing but impertinence.

Think then, ye fair, so neat and pretty,
Whether you would not all be Kitty.
What would you give to have a tribe
Of dukes and lords, from each a bribe,
To see 'em bow and cringe before ye,
Sigh, favour, flatter, and adore ye,
As now this envied Kitty reigns,
While powdered courtiers wear her chains?'

Several portraits of her by Sir Joshua Reynolds are in existence. She inserted a protest against the satires written about her in the *Public Advertizer*, 30th March 1759. She married John Norris of Hemiton Manor, and devoted herself to repairing his fortunes. She died at Bath.

certain tavern where he took me to drink beer, he showed me a beautiful barmaid, a miracle of loveliness. She was Irish, and a Catholic ; her name was Sarah. I would have liked to have got hold of her, but Goudar had his eye on her, and as a matter of fact carried her off the following year, and married her. She was that celebrated Sarah Goudar who had such a brilliant career in Naples, Florence, and Venice, where we shall meet her again in four or five years' time. Goudar's plan was to substitute her for the du Barry, the mistress of Louis Quinze, but a *lettre de cachet* obliged him to leave France hurriedly, and seek fortune elsewhere. O happy days ! when the *lettre de cachet* had such power ! ye are gone for ever !

Miss Charpillon waited a fortnight for an answer to her letter, and then came to seek it herself in a sedan-chair. I was sitting quietly taking my chocolate, and I did not get up or offer her any. She asked me for some, and modestly held up her face to be kissed, but I turned my head away.

'Perhaps you don't care to see the marks of the blows you gave me,' she said.

'You lie ! I never struck you !'

'Perhaps not, but your tiger's claws have left bruises all over my body.' Saying this she unfastened her bodice, and showed me livid spots on her neck and shoulders.

Coward that I was ! why did I not turn away my eyes ? I pretended not to take any notice, but I must have looked very ridiculous ; this little girl was more than a match for me, though I had fed myself on the wisdom of the ancients. She knew well enough that I was taking in the poison of her glances at every pore.

A bargain with Charpillon.

She talked for two hours and persuaded me that her mother was to blame for what had happened ; that if she could be with me as she was with Morosini, clear of her family—I must make her mother an allowance, for she was not of age —all would be well. I said I would ask her mother all the same, and she seemed surprised. She dined with me,

and I believe that that day she would have refused me nothing. I did not ask. Why? Because I felt that, to a certain extent, she was in the position of a criminal before her judge, and perhaps also because I chose to behave like a fool, as I have done many times in my life. She was cross when she left me, and no doubt determined to revenge herself for what she supposed my contemptuous attitude.

I had an interview with the mother next day.

'I will take a house,' I said. 'Your daughter will live there, and I will give her fifty guineas a month to do what she likes with.'

'What you give her has nothing to do with me,' said the hag, 'but before she leaves my hands she must hand me over the hundred guineas you promised.'

I took a pretty cottage at Chelsea, and paid ten guineas for one month in advance. The girl's belongings were sent down there, and feeling that I had now nothing to fear, I handed the hundred guineas over to her avaricious parent. Miss Charpillon seemed delighted with the cottage. We took a little walk and then supped merrily. The scene of Denmark Street was enacted all over again, but this time she dared to answer me disdainfully, and to laugh insolently when I reproached her. Beside myself with rage, I dealt her a sound box on the ear, which I followed up by a vigorous kick, which sent her sprawling on the floor. She screamed murder and thieves, and made such an infernal noise that the landlord came up. Her nose was bleeding violently, and though I could not understand, as she spoke in English, I inferred from her gestures that she was giving her version of the story.

Fortunately the man spoke Italian. He told me she wished to leave the house then and there, and advised me not to oppose her, as she might get me into trouble, and he would be obliged to bear witness against me.

'Get her out of my sight,' I said, 'as quickly as you can, and let me never see her again.'

She stanched the blood, made herself neat, and went off in a sedan-chair, leaving me mute and motionless.

The reader perhaps imagines that my infatuation was now at an end. No such thing. On receiving, through Goudar, a message from the mother, to the effect that she hoped I should still continue to be a friend of the family, I was weak and foolish enough to pay her a visit. During the hour which I passed with them, Charpillon never opened her lips. She kept her head bent over her embroidery, on which from time to time a tear dropped silently. Every now and then she turned her cheek officiously in my direction, so that I might see her swollen cheek. I continued to see her every day. She was always silent, but during these mad visits the venom of desire penetrated my whole being so completely that had she so wished it, she could have despoiled me of everything I possessed. I would have beggared myself for one little kiss.

I bought a superb painted panel for her mantelpiece, and a magnificent breakfast service, in Sèvres porcelain, which I sent her, with a love-letter. I must have appeared to her the most extravagant and the most dastardly of men. She accepted all, and wrote me a note, saying she would receive me *en tête-à-tête*, and would prove her love and gratitude.

After supper, I drew from my pocket-book the two bills of exchange which I had been given years before by her mother, and which, the reader will remember, had been returned to me dishonoured. I told her the history of them, and I gave her them as a proof that I had no desire to be revenged on her mother or her aunts; if she would be kind to me, I would sign them in her favour, so that she could draw the sums mentioned on them, but until then she must promise not to let them leave her hands. She was warm in her praises of my generosity and magnanimity, and having given me her word not to dispose of them, she locked them up in her desk. I thought that I had now given her the last and most convincing mark of my affection,

I took her in my arms, when, behold, she began to weep bitterly!

Commanding myself as well as I could, I asked her if she thought she would ever feel differently. She sighed, and after a moment's silence, answered *No.* This cold reply staggered me. I remained for a quarter of an hour without speaking, or moving; then I rose, took my cloak and my sword, and prepared to depart. Tantalus Charpillon.

'What!' she said, 'you will not stay with me?'

'No.'

'Shall we meet to-morrow?'

'I hope so. Adieu.'

I left this hell and went home to bed. At eight o'clock the following morning she was at my house. I told Jarbe I would not receive her, but she pushed past him.

'I hope,' said I, 'that you have brought me the two bills I confided to you last night.'

'I have not them with me, but why do you wish me to return them?'

At these words my rage got the better of me and, breaking all bounds, spent itself in a flood of invective. My nature had need of some such explosion. I was overwrought; tears came to my relief; I cried like a woman.

The infamous creature waited until she saw me weak and exhausted with sobbing, unable to utter a word, then gently and sweetly told me she had sworn to her mother to preserve always the strictest austerity of conduct in her house, and that was why she had come to me here. She was mine, and if I would keep her, she would never leave me.

The transition from love to anger is rapid; the opposite process is long and difficult. Mere rage may be appeased by tears, caresses, and submission; but when a man feels that he has been deceived and cruelly trifled with, he is temporarily incapable of the softer emotions. With me the mere paroxysm of anger has ever been of brief duration, but when I am

indignant as well, pride makes me inflexible, until time brings forgetfulness.

Charpillon knew that I should not, that I could not, take her at her word. Instinct in such a case teaches a woman what science and experience cannot teach a man.

Towards evening the young monster left me, affecting a sad, mortified, and downcast air, saying: 'I hope you will come to me when you come to yourself.'

The end of the first act.

I must admit here, in all humility, the metamorphosis which love wrought in me here in London at the age of thirty-eight. I consider this as the end of the first act of my life. The curtain fell on the second act when I left Venice, in 1785, twenty years later. The third and last act will probably be played out here, where I am amusing myself with writing these Memoirs. My comedy will then be finished. If it is hissed, I shall not hear, a satisfaction not accorded to all authors; but the reader has not yet come to the last scene of the first act, which is, in my opinion, exceedingly interesting.

In Green Park I met Goudar, who told me he had seen Miss Charpillon, but that she had refused to allow the conversation to be turned in my direction. We dined together, and then went to the house of the well-known Mrs. Walls, where we saw Kitty Fisher, waiting for the Duke of —— to take her to a ball. This Phryne was magnificently dressed, and it is no exaggeration to say she was at that moment wearing twenty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds. Goudar said if I liked to profit by the opportunity, it would not cost me more than ten guineas. I was not tempted, for though she was very charming, she only spoke English, and I liked to gratify all my senses at once. Mrs. Walls told us that one day this Kitty swallowed a thousand-pound bank-note on a slice of bread-and-butter. The note had just been given her by Atkins,[1] brother of the beautiful

Kitty Fisher and the sandwich.

[1] Penelope Atkins, daughter of Sir Henry Atkins, married, 14th January 1745, to Pitt, was a celebrated beauty.

Mrs. Pitt. I do not know whether the bank expressed its gratitude for this present.

I passed an hour with a pretty Irish girl, Nelly, who spoke a little French, and who, wound up by champagne, said and did a thousand amusing things; but the image of Miss Charpillon pursued me and made everything seem insipid. Reason told me I must put the creature out of my head, but something, which I wrongly supposed to be a sense of honour, determined me not to give up till at least I had forced her to return the notes of hand.

As luck would have it, Malingan invited me to dinner. He told me the names of the other guests, and I accepted. There were two young women from Liége there, and one or two others, in all an agreeable company. I was enjoying their society, when in came my evil genius, Miss Charpillon. 'I should not have come had I known you had visitors,' she said gaily to Malingan; 'but if I am in the way you must tell me.'

Every one declared her heartily welcome, but I remained dumb and ill at ease. She was placed on my right, and I had already begun my soup, or I should have left.

The ladies from Liége, with their cavaliers, were leaving for Ostend in a few days. One of them remarked how sorry she was not to have seen Richmond; whereupon I asked her to allow me the honour of taking her there next day, including her husband and the rest of the company in my invitation, with the exception of Miss Charpillon, whom I pretended not to see.

'I will order two carriages with four places each, to be ready at eight o'clock,' I said, 'and as it happens, there are just eight of us.'

'There are nine of us,' cried Miss Charpillon, looking at me in the most brazen manner, 'for I hope you won't send me away if I come?'

'Certainly not; it would be most impolite. I will precede you on horseback.'

'Not at all; I will take Miss Emily on my knee.'

Emily was Malingan's daughter, and as everybody thought the arrangement delightful, I had not the courage to resist. As I was leaving the house the impudent girl stopped me in the hall, and declared I had grossly insulted her, and that if I did not make her amends she would be revenged in a manner which I should feel deeply.

'Give me back my notes.'

'You shall have them to-morrow, but you must first make me forget your insults.'

We set out at eight o'clock; the weather was superb, although it was in the autumn. I ordered a good dinner, and in the meantime we strolled about the palace and the gardens. At dinner Miss Charpillon sat next to me, and from her behaviour the others must have imagined we were on terms of perfect intimacy. After dinner we returned to the gardens, when she took my arm, and succeeded in drawing me into the Maze. She pulled me down on the grass beside her, lavishing ardent expressions of love on me, and the most passionate caresses. Her bright eyes, her crimson cheeks, her panting breaths, moved me deeply. I was softened; I begged pardon for my haste and brutality, putting it down to excess of love; but she checked me suddenly.

'Enough, my friend, for the present. I swear I will come to you to-night.'

I was past reason; I was no longer master of myself. I held her down with my left arm, and drawing a little knife from my pocket, I opened it with my teeth, and pressing the point to her throat, I swore I would kill her.

'Do as you like,' she said calmly, 'only don't kill me. But I vow I will not go from here; you will have to drag or carry me by force to the carriage, and I will let every one know why.'

The threat was unnecessary. I had recovered my senses. I took my hat and cane, and hastened away from a place where unruly passion had drawn me to within an ace of ruin. Would any one believe it? the shameless woman came up

and slipped her arm through mine, in the most natural and innocent way in the world.

A girl of seventeen could not possibly have been versed in this style of trickery, unless she had tried and proved her strength in a hundred combats. They all wanted to know if I had fainted from the heat; but no one noticed any change in her.

We went back to town. I said I had a violent headache, took off my hat to the company, and went home. I wrote to the mother of Miss Charpillon advising her to send me the notes at once, or I would institute proceedings against her. This was her reply:—

Miss Charpillon's treason.

'I am surprised, sir, that you should venture to ask me for the two notes you confided to my daughter. She tells me she will return them to you in person when you have become calmer, and have learned to be respectful.'

The sight of this impertinent letter made my blood boil. I forgot all my good resolutions, and putting my pistols in my pocket, I started off, determined to revenge myself, and to oblige the wretched woman to return the notes, even if I had to take a stick to her.

My pistols, I need hardly say, were to protect myself against the scoundrels who were always hanging about her house. Just as I approached the door, I saw it open to admit a certain hairdresser, a good-looking young man, who put her head in curl-papers every Saturday.

I was not anxious that a stranger should witness the scene I was meditating, and I walked on to the corner of the street, where I waited. In about half an hour Rostaing and Caumont, the two bullies, *habitués* of the old woman, came out. Eleven o'clock struck, and still the handsome barber had not left. A little before midnight a servant came out with a lanthorn, evidently to look for something which had fallen from one of the windows. I stepped past her noiselessly and opened the parlour door, and sadly startled Miss Charpillon and the hairdresser!

When she saw me, the wench jumped up with a wild screech. I belaboured her minion with my cane, and at the sound of their cries, the mother, the aunts, and the servants rushed in, and the fellow profited by the confusion to make good his escape. Miss Charpillon had clambered over the sofa back, and there she remained during the scuffle, crouching against the wall, hardly daring to breathe, or protest against the shower of blows which fell on her lover. The three old women fell on me like furies, but they only added fuel to the flames. In my rage I smashed the painted panel and the china I had given the strumpet, the furniture of the room, and in my madness I turned on them, and should have broken their heads had they not ceased their yelling.

At last I flung myself on the sofa, exhausted, and ordered the mother to bring me my notes of hand, but at this moment the night watchman appeared.

The night watch in London consists of one man, who promenades a given quarter, with a lanthorn in one hand and a long staff in the other. On this man alone depends the peace and tranquillity of a section of the immense city. No one thinks of treating him disrespectfully. I put two or three crowns in his hands, saying, 'Go away,' and shut the door in his face.

When I again demanded the notes, the mother answered, 'My daughter has them.'

'Call her.'

The two servants then said that while I was breaking the china she had run out at the street door, and they did not know where she had gone. At these words the old women began to cry and shed tears.

'At midnight! alone in the streets of London! my poor daughter! my poor niece! and in the state of undress in which she is! She is lost. Cursed be the day when you set foot in England, to make us all miserable.'

My rage was now somewhat abated, and I could not help

shuddering at the idea of the poor frightened girl rushing wildly through the streets of the vast city.

'Go!' said I to the servants, 'and look for her; when you tell me she is in safety, I will give you each a guinea.'

When the three Gorgons saw I was anxious about Miss Charpillon, their complaints and reproaches began again. As I held my tongue, they thought it as good as an admission that I was to blame. By and by the servants returned; they had been to all the neighbours, they said, but could not find her. I was simple enough to express regret; I implored the women to search for her diligently, and to let me know as soon as they had news of her, that I might fling myself at her feet, and never see her more. I promised I would replace everything I had injured, and would abandon the notes of hand to them, and even give them a receipt for the amount.

Having acted in this weak and disgraceful manner, having asked forgiveness from abominable procuresses, who were laughing at me in their sleeves, I left, promising two guineas to the servant who should first announce to me the return of her young mistress.

The watchman was waiting for me at the door; he accompanied me home. It was two o'clock in the morning when I flung myself trembling and weeping on my bed.

Six hours later, one of the servants knocked at my door. Miss Charpillon, she said, had returned in a sedan-chair; she had passed the night in a shop which she had found open, the keeper of which knew her slightly. She was in bed, in a high fever; it was feared that a serious illness would result from fright and exposure. I waited three hours longer, and then timidly presented myself at her house. One of the aunts opened the door. Miss Charpillon was delirious, she said, and called out incessantly: '"Here is Seingalt, here is my murderer; he is going to kill me! Save me, save me!" In God's name, sir, go away.'

I passed the whole day without eating, the night without

sleeping, talking away to my own nightcap like a madman. The next morning I was told she was still delirious, and the doctor had declared that unless there was a change for the better, she could not live twenty-four hours.

'Miserable barber!' I cried.

'Can't you overlook the follies of youth? You should have pretended not to have seen,' said her aunt.

'By all the gods! You old witch, do you think that possible? However, let her want for nothing; here is a ten-pound note.'

I walked away like a lunatic, not knowing whither I went. On the third day, as I was pacing up and down beneath her windows, at seven o'clock in the morning, the mother spoke to me, and said her daughter was dying. At the same moment a tall, thin, pale old man came out of the house; he told her, in German, that she must resign herself to the will of God. I asked if he were the doctor.

'There is no more need of a doctor,' she answered; 'he is a minister of the Gospel, and there is another one with her now; in an hour, perhaps, my poor daughter will be no more.'

I felt a hand of ice laid on my heart, but I said, 'I may be, possibly, the actual cause of her death; but it is you, wretched old woman, who have killed her.'

I returned home slowly; my legs seemed incapable of supporting my body; my mind was made up, I would seek death by the surest means.

I ordered my servants to admit no one. I locked myself in my room. I put my watches, rings, snuff-boxes, diamonds, and other valuables into my secretary, and addressed them to the Venetian consul, to whom I wrote a letter, saying that after my death everything was to go to M. de Bragadin. I took a few guineas and some silver in my purse, my pistols in my pocket, and went out with the firm intention of drowning myself in the Thames, where it flows past the Tower of London.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE TALKING PARROT

Love or anger had ceased to have dominion over me. I was in the full possession of my reason, and bent on suicide. I went into a shop and bought as many leaden bullets as my pockets would hold, to weigh me down in the water. I walked along slowly, because of the enormous weight, pondering my project as I went. The more I thought of it, the more inevitable did it seem to me. I could not live and be tortured every day by the reproachful image of Miss Charpillon; and I felt a secret pride in thinking that I was courageous enough to punish myself for my crime.

An Englishman called Edgar.

Half way across Westminster Bridge, I met an Englishman named Edgar, a rich, handsome, and amiable young fellow, who enjoyed life to the utmost. I tried to avoid him, but he came up to me, and took me by the arm.

'Where are you going? Come along with me, you will see some fun.'

'I can't, my dear fellow; let me go.'

'What is the matter? Why do you look so solemn?'

'Nothing is the matter.'

'Nothing! You ought to see yourself in the glass; you are on the way, I am sure, to do something foolish.'

'You are mistaken; good-bye. I'll go with you some other day.'

'My dear Seingalt, you've got the blue devils, and they don't suit you at all. If you don't come with me, I shall

go with you. I won't leave you the whole of this blessed afternoon.'

At this moment his eye fell on my breeches pocket; he calmly put his hand in, and drew out one of my pistols, searched the other pocket and found the second.

'Going to fight a duel, I suppose? All right; I've no objection, but I shan't leave you.'

I tried to smile, and answered him that I was only walking about town to amuse myself.

'Well, I hope my society will be as agreeable to you as yours is to me,' he replied, 'for I mean to walk with you. After our promenade we will dine at the "Canon." I will tell a girl who was going to dine with me to bring a French friend of hers, and we shall be a *partie carrée*.'

'My dear Edgar, do let me off, I am not feeling gay; I want to be alone and get rid of my spleen.'

Edgar shadows him.

'You can be alone to-morrow. In three hours your spleen will have disappeared; if not, I will help you to get rid of it. Where were you thinking of dining across the water?'

'Nowhere. I am not hungry. I have been fasting for three days; I can only drink.'

'There is something queer in all this, but I begin to see daylight. Some trouble has stirred up your bile; you may go mad, or die as one of my brothers did. I must see to it.'

He would not be denied, and I went with him, saying to myself, 'One day more or less, what does it matter?'

I am as certain that all those who have killed themselves on account of some great sorrow have done so because they foresaw the approaching loss of reason, as I am sure that those who have gone mad could only have avoided this calamity by death. When I made up my mind to kill myself, my folly was at its height; a day longer, and I should have been a raving maniac. And from this it is to be deduced that man should never kill himself, because from

one day to another the cause of his grief may be removed, as mine was. I had lost all hope; I was about to die, and I only owed my life to chance.

Edgar persuaded me to turn back with him, but after half an hour I was obliged to ask him to take me somewhere to rest. I was so dead beat I could hardly drag my feet along; and the lead in my pockets weighed me down. Edgar took me to a tavern, and only left me when I had given him my word I would await his return. As soon as I was alone I hid the bullets in a cupboard. Edgar returned, accompanied by two girls, one French, and both endowed by nature with charm. They thought me a surly fellow, till I begged Edgar to tell them that had I not been half dead, I should have found them delightful. A man who has spent three times twenty-four hours without eating or sleeping is not highly impressionable; but as soon as they learned my name, their opinion changed. They evidently knew me by reputation, and were most respectful. They all hoped that Bacchus and Comus would plead for Cupid, but, I knew their hopes were vain.

He dines with Edgar.

We dined *à l'anglaise*, that is to say, without soup; and I could only swallow a dozen oysters, with some good Grave wine. As I had not sufficient money to pay my share, I was obliged to borrow from Edgar, and this forced me to postpone my suicide; and partly from weariness, partly from indifference, I allowed him to drag me to Ranelagh.

We walked about the Rotunda, our hats pulled over our eyes, our arms crossed behind each others' backs, as was the fashion in those days. A minuet was going on, and I stopped to watch a woman who was dancing very well. I could not see her face, but her dress and hat seemed strangely familiar, absolutely like what I had bought for Miss Charpillon some days before. But Miss Charpillon was dead, or dying?

The dancer turned to cross the floor, raised her head. It was she!

Edgar told me afterwards he thought I was going to fall down in an epileptic fit. With a tremendous effort I steadied

myself; my eyes must have deceived me; the dance was over, as she was making her curtsy to her partner. I stepped forward, as though to invite her to promenade with me. She looked at me and fled. I sat down, trembling in every limb. A cold sweat broke out over my face and body. I prayed Edgar to leave me to myself for a little while; my heart was beating so that I could not stand.

The crisis was over; it had not killed me, it had given me new life. When Edgar came back, he found me watching the crowd with apparent interest.

'My dear fellow, you are laughing; have the blue devils departed?'

'They have, and I am starving, but before we go to supper I want to ask you something. I owe you my life, *my life*, do you understand, and to make my gratitude to you complete, will you spend to-night and to-morrow with me?'

He agreed and came home with me. They served us a good supper, which I eat, or rather devoured; after which I slept till noon next day. Over our chocolate I told Edgar the whole story, the *dénouement* of which would have been so fatal but for my meeting with him on Westminster Bridge. He assured me I could have the mother arrested, as she had acknowledged her debt in her letter to me, and I resolved to take his advice. Before we parted we swore eternal friendship, and on my part it was the least I could offer. Yet for his kindness he paid dear!

Next day I went to the attorney whom I had already employed in my affairs with Count Schwerin. He told me I was in the right, and could arrest the mother and the aunts. Without losing time I applied to a magistrate for a warrant, and then to a bailiff; but this latter was unacquainted with the females. He could go into their house, and serve the warrant on them, but he must be certain first of their identity. Not knowing who to charge with this delicate mission, I decided to conduct him myself.

I met him at eight o'clock in Denmark Street. I followed him into the parlour where the three hags were sitting. After pointing them out, I left the room hastily, for Charpillon, dressed in black, was standing by the fire-place, and she cast a glance at me which made me shiver. I thought I was cured, and I was cured, but the wound had been deep and was hardly scarred over. I do not know what would have happened had this Circe had the presence of mind to fling herself in my arms, and ask for mercy for her mother and her aunts. I heard afterwards from Goudar that the women had resisted, and that their bullies had come to their assistance, and even drawn their swords, but the bailiff and his men disarmed them. He added that he meant to go and see them in prison, and that if I would consent to compromise, he would gladly act as mediator. My answer was that they must pay me my six thousand francs, and that they might think themselves lucky that I did not claim interest and damages.

For a fortnight I heard nothing of this matter, except that Miss Charpillon paid their expenses in prison, where they had two rooms, and that she declared she would never ask me to set them at liberty, though she knew she had but to do so, and I should consent.

All this time I had not seen Edgar, when one morning he appeared in my room, smiling.

'Where have you been all this time?' I asked.

'Love has kept me in his most impenetrable prison. I have brought you some money from Madame Anspergher. Give me a receipt for it, for I have promised this very morning to restore her and her sisters to poor Miss Charpillon, who has cried for fifteen days without stopping.'

'I can understand her tears, and I admire her cleverness in chosing you for her protector.'

'She knew nothing, until I told her, except that we were together at Ranelagh, where you saw her with Lord Grosvenor.'

'She asked you no doubt to intercede for her?'

'On the contrary, she says you are a monster of ingratitude, for she loved you, and proved her affection for you, but now she detests you.'

'God be praised! But I am sorry she has chosen you as her emissary; you will suffer for it.'

'May be I shall, but at any rate it will be very pleasant. I am in love with her.'

Edgar counted out the money; I gave him the receipt, and he went off well pleased. Was I not justified in believing that all was now at an end between Miss Charpillon and me? I flattered myself!

Just at this time the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, who is now the reigning duke, married the king's sister. The common councillors having bestowed on him the freedom of the city, he was admitted into the guild of goldsmiths, and was given his diploma, by the lord mayor and aldermen, in a magnificent golden box. The prince, who was the first gentleman of Europe, did not disdain to add this new title to his fourteen centuries of nobility.

Lady Harrington organised a grand ball at Madam Cornelys. A thousand persons were admitted at three guineas a head. The bride and bridegroom, and all the royal family, except the king and queen, were there. I was among the number, but had to stand up with six hundred others, for there was only room at table for four hundred.

Lady Grafton's *coiffure.*

I saw Lady Grafton seated by the Duke of Cumberland. She wore her own hair, without powder, cut straight across her forehead. The other ladies were scandalised, crying out that the coiffure was hideous; in less than six months, *la coiffure à la Grafton*, became general, crossed the Channel, and spread throughout Europe, where, unfairly enough, its name was changed. The mode still exists; it is the only one which has lasted thirty years in spite of its having been hissed at its birth.

Three thousand guineas were spent on this ball. There was

every kind of amusement going, but as I did not dance, and was not in love with any of the ladies, I left at one o'clock in the morning. It was a Sunday, a day on which none but criminals need fear the law in England. But this is what happened to me.

I was smartly dressed, and was driving home in my carriage, with my negro Jarbe, and another servant behind, when as I turned into my street I heard a voice call out: 'Good night, Seingalt.' Putting my head out of the window to answer, I saw I was surrounded by armed men, one of whom said: 'By order of the king.'

On my demanding what they wanted, they replied: 'To take you to Newgate prison; Sunday doesn't protect criminals.' Miss Chartpillon's revenge.

'And what is my offence?'

'You will know when you get there.'

'My master' said Jarbe, 'has a right to know now.'

'The judge is asleep.'

Jarbe insisted, however, and the passers-by, learning what was the matter, declared he was right. The chief of the band then proposed to take me to his house in the city, which I agreed to. We went into a big room, where there were benches and tables. My servants stayed with me, and the six policemen, who told me I ought to stand them something to eat and drink. I told Jarbe to see that they were satisfied. As I had committed no crime, I was quite easy in my mind, besides I knew that in London one could always get justice, and get it quickly. I thought on the strange transition, which had brought me, dressed like a prince, from a brilliant assembly, to an infamous den like this. In the morning the master of the house came in, and was furious that I had been left in the common room all night; had I been given a bedroom, he would have been the richer by a guinea. Finally, they told me it was time for me to present myself in court. A chair was sent for, for I did not dare to walk out in my gorgeous costume.

There were about sixty people in the hall, who stared in astonishment at the barbarian who dared to appear before his judge in such luxuriant attire. At the end of the room I saw a man on a raised seat; it was the judge, and the judge was blind! A wide bandage was tied round his head and over his eyes. Some one who was standing near me guessed I was a foreigner, and said in French: 'Don't be alarmed, Mr. Fielding is an honest and upright judge.'

I thanked the benevolent unknown, and I was charmed to see before me an amiable and intellectual man, known to me as the author of many works of which England is proud.

When my turn came, his secretary told him my name, and Mr. Fielding said in very good Italian: 'Signor Casanova, have the goodness to come nearer; I wish to speak to you.'

Delighted that he should address me in my own language, I went up to the bar, and said '*Eccomi, signor.*'

He went on, in Italian: 'Monsieur Casanova, Venetian, you are condemned to perpetual imprisonment, in one of the prisons of his Majesty the King of Great Britain.'

'May I not know for what crime I am condemned?'

'Your curiosity is right and natural; in our country justice condemns no one without letting him know the reason of his condemnation. You have been accused, and the accusation has been supported by two witnesses, of having tried to disfigure a young and pretty girl. This young lady asks to be protected against further outrage, and justice can find no better means of protecting her than by keeping you in prison, *in vitam æternam.* So get ready to go there.'

'Sir, the accusation is absolutely calumnious, I swear it. If the girl reflects on her own behaviour, she may with reason fear that I might be tempted to ill-treat her, but I can swear to you that I have not done so as yet, nor do I intend to do so.'

'She has two witnesses.'

'They are false. May I ask the name of my accuser?'

'Miss Charpillon.'

'I know her. I have given her nothing but marks of affection.'

'It is not true, then, that you wished to disfigure her?'

'No, most certainly not!'

'In that case, I congratulate you; you can go home to dinner, provided you can find two people willing to go bail for you. They must be two householders, and must answer for you that you will never attempt to commit such a crime.'

'Who will venture to be surety for that?'

'Two Englishmen whose good opinion and esteem you have gained, and who are prepared to swear you are not a scoundrel. If they appear before I go to dinner, I will set you at liberty at once.'

He is taken to Newgate.

I was taken back to the place where I had passed the night. I wrote to all the householders, who were likely to help me, explaining why I was obliged to ask their help, and despatched these letters by my servants. I told them to make haste; they were to come back before noon. But London is so big! They did not come back, and the magistrate went to his dinner. I hoped he would return in the afternoon.

By and by, the head policeman, accompanied by an interpreter, came to tell me he had orders to take me to Newgate, the prison where the most miserable and abject criminals are confined. I told him I was waiting for bail, and that he could take me to Newgate[1] in the evening if it did not come; but he turned a deaf ear to my remonstrances. The interpreter told me in a low voice that this man was certainly paid by my adversaries to cause me as much trouble as possible, but that I could easily bribe him.

[1] Either Casanova was mistaken in the name of the judge who tried him, or in that of the prison where he was tried. Sir John Fielding was assistant magistrate to his brother Henry, who sat for Westminster and Middlesex till 1754, when Henry Fielding died and his office devolved on his brother. The Middlesex Sessions in his day were held at Clerkenwell.

'How much must I give him?'

The two men whispered together for a minute, then the interpreter told me that for ten guineas the other would allow me to remain where I was.

'Thank you; tell him I am curious to see the inside of Newgate.'

A coach was fetched, and I was driven off.

Newgate.

On my arrival at this place of desolation, a veritable hell, worthy of the imagination of Dante, a crowd of poor wretches, some of whom were to be hanged within a week, pressed round me and saluted me mockingly. Seeing that I did not answer, they became insulting. The gaoler appeased them by saying I was a foreigner, and did not understand a word of English. He took me into a room by myself, and told me what it would cost me, and what the prison rules were, as if he were sure I should remain there a long time. But half an hour after, the individual who had tried to make me pay a ransom of ten guineas came to say that bail had been found, that my sponsors were waiting at the court, and my carriage was at the gate.

I thanked God from the bottom of my heart. I was again in the presence of the man with the bandaged eyes. I saw Mr. Pegu, my tailor, and Maisonneuve, my wine merchant, who both said they were glad to render me this service. A little way off, I saw Charpillon with the infamous Rostaing, and Goudar. I contented myself with casting a withering glance at them. When my sponsors had signed the caution, the judge said in a most affable tone: 'Signor de Casanova, will you sign this too, and then you will be absolutely at liberty.'

I asked what the amount of the bail was, and was told it was forty guineas, twenty guineas each. As I was signing it, I said to Goudar, that if the magistrate had been able to see, he might have valued Miss Charpillon's beauty at ten thousand guineas.

I then asked the names of the two witnesses, and was told

they were Rostaing and Bottarelli. I looked at Rostaing, who was as pale as death; but without looking at Miss Charpillon, I said in a loud voice, 'The witnesses are worthy of the accusation.'

Before leaving I bowed to the judge respectfully, though he could not see me, and asked the clerk of the court if I owed anything for costs. His negative reply gave rise to a dispute between him and Miss Charpillon's attorney, who was mortified at not being able to make me pay the expenses of my capture.

The charge is dismissed.

As I was going out, I met five or six well-known Englishmen, who had come to go bail for me, and who were quite disappointed at not having been there in time. They begged me to be indulgent to the English laws, which were often inconvenient for foreigners.

So, after one of the most tiresome days of my life, I got home at last, to laugh at my adventure, and put off my fine clothes and go to bed.

About this time, Monsieur de Saa, the Portuguese minister, brought me a letter from Pauline. She told me of my poor Clairmont's misfortune, and announced that she was married to Count Al——. Monsieur de Saa assured me that he had known who Pauline was from the moment of her arrival in London. All diplomatists, I observe, have the foible of omniscience, and very ridiculous it makes them.

Miss Charpillon had treated him nearly as ill as she had treated me. We might have told each other consoling details, but her name was never mentioned between us.

A purchase in the Parrot Market.

I was walking one morning in a part of London known as the 'Parrot Market,' where I noticed a young and particularly handsome bird. I bought it, cage and all, for ten guineas. I had it placed near my bed, and as I wanted it to say something striking, I repeated to it a hundred times a day, 'Miss Charpillon is more infamous than her mother!'

I had no other object but my own amusement, and in fifteen days the little beast repeated this sentence with the

most ridiculous precision, adding a screech of laughter on its own account. Goudar, delighted, said that if I sent it down to the exchange, I could surely sell it for a hundred guineas. It struck me that this would be a noble revenge on the wretch who had so shamefully misused me. I confided the bird to Jarbe; he was a nigger, and it was natural he should deal in such wares. For the first two or three days my parrot's cry was not taken any notice of, as it spoke in French, but once it had attracted the attention of some one understanding both language and allusion, the indiscreet fowl drew a large audience, and men began to bid for it. Fifty guineas seemed a high price, and my nigger wanted me to sell it for less, but I would not.

I nearly died with laughter when Goudar told me of the effect produced by the parrot in the Charpillon family. They had recognised Jarbe; they knew who the bird belonged to, and who had been its teacher. Charpillon, it seemed, thought my revenge a very neat one, but the old women were furious. They had already consulted lawyers, who told them that the law of libel could not be applied to a parrot, but I could be made to pay dearly for the joke, if it could be proved that the bird was my pupil. Goudar said I had better not boast of my achievement, as two witnesses would be enough to ruin me. The ease with which false witnesses can be picked up in London is a sad and degrading fact. I have myself seen a board hung outside a window, with the word 'Witness' on it, in capital letters, meaning that there was a man, who in return for a small sum of money, was willing to swear to anything.

An article appeared in the *St. James's Chronicle*, saying that the ladies who had the right to consider themselves insulted by the talkative parrot at the Exchange must be either very poor or very friendless, as no one had come forward to buy the impertinent creature. It added, 'Whoever trained the parrot, did so, no doubt, with a view to revenge; it is in excellent taste, and he deserves to be an Englishman.'

I asked Edgar why he did not buy the little scandal-monger, and he said it was because the bird was the delight of all who were acquainted with the lady. From which I inferred that he had come off no better than I with her. At last Lord Grosvenor bought the bird for fifty guineas to please Miss Charpillon.

I never spoke to the girl again. I saw her several times afterwards, but always with complete indifference.

The Marylebone Gardens.

I was now living quietly and regularly, and should, no doubt, have become accustomed to the life, had not circumstances arisen to change my destiny. I often visited Sophie at her school, and spent many hours at the British Museum with Dr. Maty. I met at his house an Anglican minister, who, when I asked him how many sects there were in England, replied: 'Sir; no one can say for certain, for every week some die out, and fresh ones arise. It is enough if a man, whether he be of good faith or merely desirous of making a name and a fortune, instate himself in a good position where he can preach. He is immediately surrounded by a crowd. He explains some passage in the Bible, in his own fashion, and if he pleases the people they invite him to preach again the following Sunday, generally at some tavern. He declaims his doctrines with energy, gets talked about, his adherents augment in proportion to his popularity; they take to themselves a name, and a sect is formed which the government ignores until it begins to have political influence.'

I went one night, by chance, to the theatre at Marylebone,[1] the admission to which only cost one shilling. The

[1] Marylebone Gardens, an open-air entertainment much in vogue in Casanova's time. The Gardens were opposite Marylebone Church, where Hogarth placed his rake before the altar with the old maid. It was taken down in 1741. The gardens occupied the space between Beaumont and Devonshire Streets. The fee for admission was sixpence, not a shilling. Miss Trusler, the daughter of the proprietor, made twelvepenny tarts and almond cheese-cakes. She cannot have been good looking, or we should have heard of her from our Venetian. There was a ball-room and a theatre, something after the open-air style of 'Les Ambassadeurs' in Paris now. Casanova would feel at home in the London of the eighteenth century, as in the Paris of to-day.

spectators sat at little tables, and every one was obliged to order something, if it was only a pot of ale. I sat down by a young person, whose pretty face was not altogether strange to me. She let fall one of her gloves, and as I hastened to pick it up, she thanked me, in very good French.

'You are not English, madame,' said I, in a respectful voice.

'No, sir; I am Swiss, and an old acquaintance of yours.'

I looked at her more closely, and recognised Sara—my dear little friend Sara, whom I had known at Berne. Her mother, Madame M. F., and her elder sister were with her, while a little distance off sat Monsieur M. F., who was acting in London as chargé d'affaires for his canton. I had already called on the good gentleman, but had not been received. I attributed his coldness to his having got wind of certain little familiarities that had passed between me and his daughter three years previously. I spoke to the lady, and bowed to her husband, who returned my salutation coldly. When I asked her how I had offended him, she said Parsano had told him all sorts of horrors about me.

As I could not enter into explanations with him at that moment, I talked to the daughter, who had become a perfect beauty.

'Charming Sara,' I said, 'you have dazzled me so, that I must ask you a question. Do you remember our talks at Berne?'

'Yes.'

'Are you angry with me for remembering them too?'

'No.'

The waiter just then came to our table, and I asked madame if she would allow me to offer her some oysters. She winced a little and then accepted, not only the oysters, but everything else that was good on the bill of fare; among other things a leveret, which is a rare delicacy in London, excepting at the table of the rich, who preserve their own game. Champagne and liqueurs flowed freely, larks,

ortolans, truffles, preserves; nothing was wanting. I was not surprised when the waiter brought me a bill of ten guineas, but I was somewhat astonished to hear Monsieur M. F., who had not opened his mouth, except to eat like a Turk and drink like a Swiss, cry out loudly that it was too dear.

To show him I was not of his opinion, I gave the waiter half a guinea. The honest Swiss chargé d'affaires, so pale and serious an hour before, had become rubicund and affable; and Sara squeezed my hand under the table. I embraced Monsieur M. F., and as it was raining heavily, I begged them to accept my chariot, saying my negro would fetch me a chair. Monsieur M. F. accepted, on condition that he should occupy the chair, so I escorted the ladies home.

The mother asked me to go upstairs with them; they lodged on the second story. Everything was upside down. Madame M. F. and her eldest daughter having left the room on some pretext, I found myself alone with Sara. Without the slightest premeditation we sprang into each other's arms. Then we heard the father coming. If he had had any eyes in his head, he must have seen how disturbed I was, but he only poured forth a stream of vapid compliments, pressing my hand effusively. I wished him good night, and went off like a madman. When I got home I was in such a state of exaltation, that I had determined to leave England, and follow Sara to Switzerland.

Early in the morning I was at Monsieur M. F.'s door. I met him just as he was leaving the house.

'I am going to look for some rooms,' said he.

'They are found already,' I answered. 'My house is large, you must give me the preference. Let us go up and see madame and the young ladies.'

'They are in bed.'

'What does that matter?'

M. F. told his wife I wanted to let them some apartments, and we arranged that the whole family should take up their abode at my house that evening. After I had got home Sara

and her sister came to see me, and told me, in the most matter of fact manner, that the landlord would not allow the furniture to be removed, until they had paid him the forty guineas which they owed him. The father sent me a note of hand, asking if I could let him have the money. I took the note, and gave Sara fifty pounds, saying she could return me the balance. She thanked me without the slightest affectation. Towards evening, M. F.'s valet appeared with three great trunks, and a number of band-boxes, saying the family would follow. At nine o'clock they had not appeared. I went to see what had happened, and found them in the greatest consternation. Two men of doubtful appearance were in the dining-room. I guessed at once what had happened, but assuming a cheerful air, I said, 'Some obdurate creditor is causing you annoyance.'

'Quite true,' said the father. 'I have sent out to find bail.'

'Why did you not send to me?'

'Because, my generous friend, you are a foreigner, and bail is only accepted from a householder.'

I took Sara aside and asked her the amount of the debt. When she said one hundred and fifty pounds, I drew three bank-notes from my pocket-book and handed them to the bailiff, asking him if we were now at liberty to go to supper.

'Of course,' said he.

We all went off in the highest spirits, except the poor mother, who could not recover hers. Next morning I found her unpacking her trunks; she was going to sell everything, she said, except what was strictly needful.

'It is a pity to sell such beautiful linen and lace,' I said, 'for you will not get anything like its value.'

'May be,' she answered, 'but it is more satisfactory to pay one's debts than to have fine clothes.'

'You must not sell anything,' I exclaimed hastily; 'I am going back to Switzerland with you, you can pay me when you like.'

'Do you mean that, seriously?'

'Most seriously, madame, and here is the object of my desires.' At these words I took Sara's hand and covered it with kisses.

The girl blushed, but said nothing. The mother looked at us benevolently. Then she made a long speech, full of sense. She explained her position, the narrowness of her husband's means, the debts which he had contracted in London. She added that she was flattered at my request for Sara, but she did not think her husband would consent to the marriage. At the word marriage, which I had not expected, I saw Sara blush.

We did not speak of the matter for three days, when Monsieur M. F. told me that, while he thanked me for my honourable intentions, he must tell me his daughter was affianced to a merchant at Berne. In my heart I was not sorry, for, as the reader knows, the idea of marriage had always terrified me.

CHAPTER XLVII

THE HANOVERIANS

I WAS walking in Hyde Park one day with Goudar, when he left me, to speak to two young ladies, who looked very pretty under their large hats. When he came back, he told me they were the daughters of a widow lady from Hanover, who had come to England with her family, in hopes of obtaining an indemnity from the Government for the damage done to her property by the army of the Duke of Cumberland. The mother was bed-ridden and saw no company; there were five daughters, whose ages ranged from twenty-two to fourteen.

'They are all pretty,' he said, 'and all speak German, English, and French equally well; they receive any one who chooses to visit them. I went to see them once, but as I could not afford to make them a present of any kind, I did not like to return, but if you like, we will go together.'

'I expect they are all Charpillons, but I will go; only I warn you I shall make no presents, unless I am pleased with my reception.'

We were shown into a large room where three of the girls were in the company of a man of sinister aspect. They replied politely to my compliments, but they seemed distracted and depressed. Goudar spoke to the man in a low voice, and then came over to me.

Business and pleasure.

'We have timed our visit badly,' he whispered. 'This man is a sheriff's officer, and has come to take the mother to prison unless she pays the twenty guineas she owes for rent.

It seems they haven't a penny; when the mother is in prison the landlord will turn the girls out into the street.'

'They can go to prison with their mother, and so will have no rent to pay.'

'Not at all, they can go and eat with her if they have money to pay for their food, but only prisoners are allowed to sleep in the place.'

I asked one of them where her other sisters were.

'They have gone to try and borrow, for the landlord insists on ready money.'

'How sad! what does your mother say?'

'She is crying, and ill as she is, they are going to send her to prison. The landlord says he will have her carried there.'

'Barbarous. But pretty as you are, it should not be difficult for you to find assistance. I will look after you if you will be grateful.'

'I don't know what you mean.'

'Your mother might be able to explain, perhaps. Go and consult her.'

Five sweethearts at once.

'You don't know whom you are addressing, sir. We are respectable girls, and ladies of quality into the bargain.' Saying this, the little thing turned her back on me and wept. The other two, who were quite as pretty as she, said never a word. Goudar, speaking in Italian, told me, that unless we could help them we had better go, and I was inhuman enough to act on his suggestion. We met the two eldest sisters on the doorstep. I was struck by their beauty, and much surprised when one of them bowed to me, saying—

'The Chevalier de Seingalt, I believe?'

'At your service, mademoiselle, and much distressed to find you in such trouble. Do you not know any one in London to whom you could appeal?'

She mentioned several names, among others Lord Baltimore and Lord Pembroke, and the Marquis Caraccioli.

'It seems incredible,' said I. 'I know the last-named

gentlemen, they are rich and generous. There must be some reason for their not helping you.'

'Yes, sir, there is a reason; these gentlemen will have nothing to say to us because we are too high principled.'

'That is to say, that as you will have no pity on them, they will have no pity on you.'

'Exactly.'

'Well, they are quite right, I agree with them. We leave you to enjoy your high principles, and take our money somewhere else. That you are so pretty is your misfortune; if you were plain, you would easily find twenty guineas; I would give them to you myself, for I should only be supposed to be doing an act of charity; as it is, people would say I gave them in the hope of reward, and would laugh at me for being so easily duped. How did you know my name?'

'I have seen you at Richmond with Miss Charpillon.'

'She cost me two thousand guineas, and all for nothing; but I shall profit by the lesson.'

The Hanoverian mother.

Just then her mother called from the next room, and the girl asked me if I would go in and speak to the invalid. I found her in bed; she was a woman of about forty-five, and must have once been beautiful. Her face was sad, but bore no traces of illness. Her eyes were bright and full of expression—in fact, everything about her told me to be on my guard; her manners were distinguished, but she reminded me, somehow, of Charpillon's mother.

'Sir,' she said, 'I heard what you said to my daughters, and you must own that you did not speak to them as a father.'

'I had no desire to play the part of a father towards them, madame. I have no pretension to virtue. If you want my help, you know the way to my purse. Adieu.'

'One moment, sir. My husband was the Count of ——, you see my girls are by birth entitled to your respect.'

'I will prove my respect for them by leaving.'

'Does not our sad situation inspire you with compassion?'

'Very much so, I would change it at once for you. You want twenty guineas, well and good! but if I give it you one of your fine young countesses must come with me.'

'What language to hold to a woman of my rank! No one has ever spoken to me like that before.'

'Forgive my frankness, but what is the use of rank in rags?'

'We are reduced to eating dry bread.'

'That is hard on countesses.'

'You seem to make fun of the title!'

'I do, I admit, but I have no wish to offend you. If you will allow me I will dine with the young ladies, and I will pay for their dinner and yours too.' The girls are obdurate.

'You are an odd man! You would find my daughters sorry company, for I shall have been carried off to prison. You had better give them the money you would spend on the dinner.'

'No, madame, for I should have nothing for my money but I will have your arrest put off till to-morrow if you like, by that time, perhaps, Providence will come to your assistance.'

I sent Goudar off to the landlord, and for a guinea down and my word of honour that his lodgers should not leave the house, I obtained a delay of twenty-four hours. I ordered in a good dinner, and told the girls that they could rest in peace till the morrow. They devoured everything which was put before them, like savages after a long fast. As they were unused to wine, they all became more or less intoxicated, and as to the mother, she emptied a bottle of burgundy on her own account. In spite of this, however, their behaviour and their conversation was most circumspect. We supped gaily, and after a bowl of punch I left them, in love with the whole five of them.

I went to see them next morning about ten, and found that the two elder ones had already started on their quest.

'Am I to withdraw my bail, countess?' I asked.

'As you will, though I believe you to be incapable of such cruelty.'

'You are mistaken. Allow me to wish you good morning, and to leave you to your virtuous reflections.'

I went then and there to the landlord, and reclaimed my guinea. I then, tiger-hearted, went on to Lord Pembroke's. When I told him about the Hanoverians he burst out laughing.

He is still hard on them.

'They came to me yesterday,' he said, 'but I laughed in their faces. They are absolutely starving, but I would not give them a sixpence. I have spent ten or twelve pounds on them already, and have been as many times taken in. Baltimore the same. They are in the style of your Charpillon.'

'We shall see what will happen when the mother is under lock and key.'

I felt sure that they would try me again, and was not mistaken, for just as I was sitting down to supper, the four eldest ones appeared, weeping like Magdalenes; the youngest had gone with her mother to prison, they said, and they were turned out into the street.

'You shall sleep here,' I said; 'I promise you good beds and a good fire; but first, sit down and have supper with me.'

They eat heartily, but in sadness, and drank nothing but water.

'Your tears and your abstinence annoy me,' I said; 'you can go upstairs to the second story, where you will find all you require for the night, but you must leave in the morning before seven, and don't come back here.'

An hour later some one tapped at my door. It was the eldest sister. She argued with me, till, disgusted, I sent her away.

About seven o'clock in the morning I felt myself being gently shaken. On opening my eyes, I saw the second sister.

'What do you want?' I asked in a cold, stern voice.

'To touch your heart, and to ask you to keep us a few days longer. You can count on my gratitude. My sister has told me everything, but you must forgive her, for her heart is not in her keeping. She is betrothed to an Italian, who is now in prison for debt.'

'And you too are in love with some one, I suppose?'

'No, I am not in love with any one as yet.'

'And could you love me, do you think?'

She cast down her eyes. I kissed her, saying, 'You have conquered.'

'My name is Victoria,' she answered, smiling.

'My dear Victoria, here are twenty guineas for you, go and set your mother free, and bring her here.'

The mother arrived in a bath chair about midday, and went straight to bed. I paid her a visit, and listened, without moving a muscle, to her long dissertation on my virtues. She wanted me to be persuaded that she thought all my actions proceeded from sheer philanthropy, and I left her undisturbed in her hypocrisy.

Victoria told me that her sister's betrothed was a Neapolitan, the Marchese Petina; that his debts only amounted to twenty pounds, but that the ministers of his country would not help him because he had left Naples without his sovereign's permission.

'Tell your sister,' I said, 'that if the minister assures me he is really the Marchese Petina, I will get him out of prison at once.'

After dining gaily with my five nymphs, I spent the evening with the Marchese Caraccioli, an amiable man whom I had known at Turin. He was able to assure me that the story of Petina was genuine, so when I returned home I gave the girl the money to release her lover, and bade her bring him to dine with us.

Next day, as I was just going for a ride, Augusta told me that her sister Hippolyta was an accomplished horsewoman, and would be glad to accompany me.

'I should be delighted,' said I, 'but has she a riding-habit?'

'No.'

'Then we must put it off till to-morrow.'

I sent for Pegu, the fashionable tailor, and ordered him to make her a habit at once, and the following day I took

her to Richmond Park, where she attracted a good deal of attention. At supper that evening I noticed that Gabrielle, the youngest of all, seemed silent and sulky. When I asked her what was the matter, she answered: 'I can ride as well as my sister.'

'Very well,' I answered, 'you shall go with me to-morrow.'

Gabrielle was only fifteen, and she was the one I liked best. We all three rode out next day, and went to Barnes, where we had lunch. On our way home we met Lord Pembroke, who at first did not recognise my companions. He was going to Saint Albans, and rode alongside of us. He asked me if I was in love with Hippolyta. I answered, 'No, with Gabrielle.'

'Then,' said he, 'you will allow me to come and see you?'

'With the greatest pleasure,' I answered, with an amicable '*shake hand*.'

Lord Pembroke's munificence.

I could not help sometimes giving way to melancholy, for my resources were drawing to an end. If my resources had been inexhaustible I should have asked nothing better than to remain as I was for ever. Lord Pembroke paid us a visit, and was struck with Augusta; he gave her a ten-pound note on leaving, which she accepted with a good grace. A few minutes after his departure the mother sent me a message, begging me to grant her a few minutes' conversation. She had never left her bed since her arrival; there she remained, eating, drinking, and sleeping, and doing nothing, not even reading. She told me, however, that she was always thinking of her children and their happiness, and spoke to me as follows:—

'I am convinced,' she said, 'that you love my daughters like a father, and I wish them to become as really your children as they are mine. I offer you my hand and heart. Marry me, and you will be their father, their master and mine. What do you say to my proposition?'

I bit my lips to keep from bursting out laughing. But

my disgust and indignation at her effrontery restored my equilibrium. I saw that the old hypocrite had made her absurd proposition with an object. I replied that her offer was a most flattering one, but that I must have time to think it over.

A few days after this grotesque proposal, Lord Pembroke wrote to Augusta, and offered her fifty guineas a month, for three years, with rooms, board, servants and carriages, at his house at Saint Albans, if she would share the affection she had inspired in him. She consulted her mother, who declared she could give her no advice till she had discussed the matter with me, whom she was pleased to designate as the wisest and most virtuous of men. My readers are perhaps of a different opinion!

He signs a deed for Augusta.

It was decided that if Pembroke could induce a responsible merchant of the city of London to be guarantee as to his fulfilling his contract, Augusta would accept. The merchant was found, and I had the signal honour of affixing my signature to the deed, as a witness and friend of the family. The old woman, true to her system of keeping up appearances, solemnly declared that before long Augusta would be Lady Pembroke; with her appearance, manners and conduct, it could not be otherwise, and for this reason only did she give her consent.

The day that Augusta left my house I received a visit from a man who called himself Sir Frederick, and pretended to be the son of Theodore, Baron de Neuhof, King of Corsica, who, as all the world knew, had died miserably in London some years before.

'Do you know the Marchese Petina?' he asked me, 'for he wants me to discount a bill of two hundred pounds for him, and I want to know if he can meet it when it falls due.'

'Sir,' I answered, 'I have only known Petina since I have been in London, but the Neapolitan minister assures me he is really a marquis.'

'If the people I have spoken to about the bill will not accept it, will you take it? You shall have it on most advantageous terms.'

'I have nothing to do with such things, and I wish you a very good morning.'

Next morning I received a letter from the betrothed of Petina. She told me that as she was convinced that her mother would never consent to their marriage, she had determined to go to Naples with him; they had enough money for the voyage, and once there, he would make her his wife. She begged me to break the news to her mother.

His pecuniary difficulties.

I felt in a measure responsible for this misfortune, for if I had left him in prison it would not have happened. I did everything for these sisters. They were well housed and well fed. I took them often to the theatre, and to pleasure parties in the country, and they adored me. Nevertheless, I was rapidly approaching pecuniary exhaustion. I had no more money, and I had sold all my best jewellery, only keeping my snuff-boxes, watches, and other bagatelles, which I treasured for sentimental reasons, and which would not have brought me a fiftieth part of their value had I parted with them. For the last month I had not paid my housekeeping bills or my wine merchant. I was in a state of indolent indifference when Victoria came to me and told me dismally that her mother had decided to return to Hanover.

'Without saying anything to me? She would leave my house as she would an inn, after having paid the bill?'

'On the contrary, she would like a private talk with you.'

I went up to her room, and she complained in the most affectionate manner that I rarely went to see her. Then she said solemnly, that as I had refused her hand she could not remain with me without giving rise to scandal. She thanked me for all my kindness to her daughters, adding that she must now go away with the three remaining to her, for fear they should leave her as the others had done.

'I have a pretty house in the country,' she said, 'and if you will come there you are welcome to live with us as long as you choose.'

I thanked her, saying, that for the moment my business prevented me from accepting her invitation.

A few days after Victoria came to tell me that they were about to embark, that in three hours they would leave London. I said good-bye to them at the house door, not wishing to have any more private interviews. The mother evidently expected me to make her a parting present. When she saw that I had no intention of doing so, she told me, with a sudden and doubtless involuntary burst of sincerity, that she had a hundred and fifty guineas in her purse, which I had given the girls at different times.

After their departure I shut myself up, and spent three days making up my accounts. I had spent in one month all the money I had received by the sale of my jewels, and I was four hundred guineas in debt. I sold my diamond cross, six or seven gold snuff-boxes, all my watches except one, and two big trunks full of clothes. When I had paid my housekeeping bills, I had eighty pounds left over; all that remained of a fine fortune which I had dissipated like a fool, or like a sage, or a mixture of both.

He writes to M. de Bragadin for supplies.

I left the beautiful house in which I had led such a merry life, and took a humble lodging at a guinea a week, attended only by my negro, whom I believed to be faithful. I then wrote to M. de Bragadin, asking him to remit me two hundred sequins. I was sure of getting money from Venice, for I had not drawn any for over five years, and I waited calmly. About a fortnight after the departure of the Hanoverians, and towards the end of February, I went to dine at the 'Canon' tavern, as I often did. Just as I was sitting down to table, the Baron von Stenau came in, and begged me to join him and his mistress in the adjoining room. She was an Englishwoman, whom I had already met, and who spoke Italian well. We dined together very gaily. Towards the

The Baron de Stenau.

end of dinner she took up a dice-box. 'Let us throw for a guinea,' she said; 'the winner shall spend it on oysters and champagne.' After which, 'Let us throw again, whoever loses shall pay for the dinner.' She lost.

Not wishing to remain in her debt, I proposed to throw with the baron; he threw and lost, lost again, and after half an hour he owed me a hundred guineas.

'My dear baron,' I said, 'luck is against you, you had better leave off.'

With a curse at the luck, and at me for wanting to spare him, he got up, took his hat and stick, and going to the door said: 'When I come back I shall pay you.'

As soon as he was gone the woman said, 'I am sure you meant to go halves with me?'

'Certainly,' said I laughing, 'I will give you fifty guineas when the baron pays me.'

By and by he came back.

'I have been to the bank,' he said, 'to get this letter of credit cashed, and though it is drawn on one of the first houses in Lisbon, they refused to give me the money.'

I took the letter, which was endorsed, and I saw that the figures ran into millions. The baron, with a smile at my surprise, explained that these millions were Portuguese *milreis*, making in all about five hundred pounds sterling.

'If the signature is a good one, I can get it cashed to-morrow,' I said.

'In that case I will make it payable to your order.'

He gave me his address and we parted. I took the letter next morning to Bosanquet, who said that his employer, Mr. Leigh, wanted some letters on Cadiz. On looking at the one I had, he declared it was better than gold, and counted me out five hundred and twenty guineas, after I had put my name to it. The baron paid me my hundred guineas, and we dined together.

A week after this good action I was taken ill. I was already harassed and troubled with difficulties of every

kind, and I was on the eve of a long sea-voyage. I determined to go to the house of some good surgeon and remain there till I was cured. With a view to this, I packed up my trunks; the greater part of my linen, however, was at my washerwoman's, who lived some six miles out of London, and who washed for all the first families in town. The very day I was going to the surgeon's, I received a letter from Leigh, containing these words:—

'The letter of credit you gave me was a forgery. You must repay me at once the five hundred and twenty guineas I gave you for it; if the man who gave it to you does not reimburse you, have him arrested, but for pity's sake do not force me to arrest you, as your life would be involved.'

A false letter of credit.

For once in my life I was glad to be alone. I flung myself on my bed, and broke out into a cold sweat. I trembled like a leaf; I saw the gallows before me. There was no one in London who would give me five hundred guineas; given a month's delay, I could get the money from Venice, but I knew how such things were managed in England. I should be tried, condemned, and perhaps hanged before I could receive a reply from my friends. A burning fever took the place of my cold terror. With two loaded pistols in my pockets, I went off to the Baron von Stenau's, determined to blow out his brains if he did not give me back the money. When I got to his house I was told he had left for Lisbon three days before. I may mention that he was hanged in Lisbon four months later.

I was now in a terrible position. I had only twelve guineas in my pocket; I must raise some money somehow. I dared not go to Bosanquet, or Vanhel, or Salvador, who might already have got wind of the affair, so I went to a small Venetian banker named Trèves, who had been recommended to me by Count Algaroti of Venice. I got him to discount a letter of credit for a hundred sequins, drawn on Dandolo. Leigh had given me twenty-four hours, and I knew the honest Englishman would be as good as his

word. I did not want to lose my linen or three fine suits of clothes which were at my tailor's, still I had no time for shillyshallying. I asked Jarbe if he would rather I should make him a present of twenty guineas and dismiss him there and then from my service, or if he would prefer to remain with me and join me somewhere or other a week later.

The negro's fidelity.

'I would rather remain in your service,' he said, 'and join you wherever you may be. When do you leave?'

'In an hour, but my life depends on your silence.'

'Why do you not take me with you?'

'Because I want you to bring my linen and my clothes. I will give you the money for your livery.'

'I do not need it; you can repay what I spend when I join you.' Saying this, he went out of the room, and returned with sixty guineas in a bag.

'Take this, sir, please, I have credit here, and can get as much again if I need it.'

'Thank you, thank you, my friend, but I do not need it, though I shall never forget your devotion.'

My tailor lived in the next street, but as I found my clothes were not yet cut out, I arranged with him to take over the cloth. I also sold him the gold braid which was to have trimmed them, and for which he gave me thirty guineas.

He leaves England.

I paid up a week's rent in lieu of notice, said good-bye to Jarbe, and went off with Daturi, a godson of mine who had claimed acquaintance. I am not sure he wasn't my son. I had lent him money when I had it to lend. I was so ill that we were obliged to stop all night at Rochester. I was in a high fever and almost delirious, and owed my life to Daturi's kind care. On his own authority, he sent for a surgeon and had me bled, which I am convinced saved me from apoplexy. We arrived at Dover early next morning, and had only half an hour in that town, as the packet was sailing at once. I employed this half-hour writing to Jarbe, and telling him

where he would find me at Calais; but though my London landlady, Mrs. Mercier, wrote to me saying she had given him the letter with her own hands, he never came. We shall meet him again in two years' time. We got to Calais in six hours, and I went to the 'Bras d'Or,' and straight to bed. I was now so ill that my life was in danger; on the third day I was at death's door. I was bled a second, a third, and a fourth time, after which I fell into a stupor, from which I did not revive for over twenty-four hours. It was fifteen days before I could leave my bed.

I was terribly weak, and very sad and downcast, humiliated at the manner of my flight from London, indignant at Jarbe's infidelity, and angry at having to give up the idea of going to Portugal. Daturi was my only consolation; he waited on me like a son, and a servant combined. We posted to Dunkirk, where I saw S——, the merchant who married Mlle. de la Meure, the niece of the mistress of Tiretta. He asked me to dine with them and their three children. The eldest interested me. It amused me to think that I had planted scions all over Europe!

At Tournay I noticed a couple of grooms exercising some handsome horses; when I asked to whom they belonged, they told me to the Comte de Saint Germain,[1] the adept. 'He has

[1] This celebrated adventurer, who was Casanova's predecessor in the good graces of Madame d'Urfé, was at St. Petersburg in 1762, and is supposed to have played an important part in the conspiracy against the Emperor Peter. From Russia he went to Germany. He died at Schleswig in 1780, where he and the Landgrave, Charles of Hesse, had devoted themselves to the study of secret sciences. Of his parentage nothing is known. He is supposed to have been a Portuguese Jew, and to have been employed as a spy by one of the European courts. Grimm says he was the most accomplished man he ever knew. He spoke all languages, and his knowledge of history was vast; he was also undoubtedly a great chemist. He was protected for many years by Madame de Pompadour and the ladies of the court of Louis Quinze. He professed to have the secret of eternal youth, and admitted to an acquaintance with Pontius Pilate, whom he had met at Grenoble in exile, but found him so insipid and insignificant—this was before the publication of the Evangels, which had dragged him into notice—that he had preserved no recollection of him. He had a lock of hair of Herod of Galilee, and knew the Emperor Tiberius intimately.

been here for a month,' they said, 'but he never goes out, and he will not see anybody; he is quite inaccessible.'

This of course inspired me with a desire to see him, and I sent him a note asking if he would receive me. I kept his reply, and still have it.

'My occupation prevents me from seeing any one, but you are an exception. Come at the time which suits you best; you will be shown to my room; you need not pronounce my name or your own. I do not offer to share my dinner with you, for my food would not suit any one but myself, and you least of all, that is, if you have kept your old appetite.'

Interview with the adept Saint Germain.

I went to see him the following evening, and found he had grown a long beard. He was surrounded by about twenty gourds full of liquids, some of which were going through a process analogous to that of digestion, on hot sand. He told me he was working at dyes to amuse himself, and that he was going to establish a hat factory to please the Comte de Cobentzel. Speaking of Madame d'Urfé, he said, 'She poisoned herself with an overdose of the universal panacea; and her will shows that she believed she was about to be a mother at the time of her death. She might really have been so, had she consulted me; it is a very difficult operation, but a very sure one if properly performed, although science has not yet arrived at determining the sex of the child.'

He showed me a white liquid in a well-corked phial, which he called *ato éther*; this he claimed was the universal essence of nature, and the proof of this he said was that the spirit escaped if one made the tiniest pin-prick in the wax. He gave me a pin, and I pierced the wax; in a moment the phial was empty.

On his first meeting with La Pompadour he promised her that he would give her a philtre, which, if it could not make her younger, would at least prevent her growing older. He was expelled from France because of his interference in the dispute between the houses of France and Austria.

'Superb!' I said, 'but what is the use of it?'

'That I cannot tell you; it is my secret.'

Anxious to astonish me still more, he asked me to give him some copper money. I handed him a piece of twelve sols.

He placed it on a piece of hot coal, dropped a little black grain on it, and then blew with a glass tube; in a minute it became red hot.

'Wait,' he said, 'until it cools. Now take it; it belongs to you.'

I picked it up, and behold it was a gold louis! I am quite sure he juggled mine away and substituted this in its place. I did not want to tell him so, in so many words; at the same time I did not choose him to think he had taken me in.

'The next time,' I said, 'I must watch the operation more carefully, so as to note the transformation.'

'Those who doubt my science,' he replied, 'are not worthy that I should speak of it to them.'

We never met again. This celebrated impostor died at Schleswig five or six years ago. The louis was a genuine one, and I gave it to Field-Marshal Lord Keith, whom I met a couple of months after at Berlin.

At Wesel I met the English general, Beckw——; he bought my postchaise from me, as the horses of the country I was now entering are not accustomed to shafts. He was garrisoned at Wesel, and he persuaded me to consult his doctor, Dr. Pipers. This young man, who was kindness itself, advised me to take up my abode at his house, promising that his mother and sisters would nurse me, and that in six weeks I should be completely cured. I was carried there in a bath-chair, holding a handkerchief over my face, for I was ashamed to let the ladies see me. Daturi undressed me and put me to bed.

The young doctor's medicaments were most efficacious; in one month I was all right, though I was as thin as a

skeleton. My poor Daturi was less fortunate, for during my illness he made friends with the soldiers of the guard, and then fell out with them. They set upon him, and beat him so ferociously, that he was brought home in a pitiable state, covered with blood, and with three teeth knocked out. As soon as he was well enough, I sent him off to Brunswick with a letter to General Salmon. The teeth he had lost made it impossible for him to be forced to enlist, which was some small consolation.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE GREAT FREDERICK

Madame de Rumain, who had heard I wanted money, sent me a hundred florins, which I received the day before I left Wesel. She said I could pay her back at my convenience, but, unfortunately, she died before I was able to do so.

'I was not rich, and in very poor health, otherwise I should have stayed longer in Brunswick, for the city delighted me. It was *en fête*, as the Prince Royal of Prussia had just arrived from Potsdam to visit his future wife, the daughter of the reigning duke, whom he married the following year. The court was giving the most magnificent entertainments, to which the hereditary prince, who is now sovereign of the duchy, did me the honour to invite me. I had met him at Madam Cornelys's in Soho Square. In Brunswick.

The prince had a small army of six thousand infantry, all very well set up. These troops were to pass in review on a plain some distance from the city, and I went to see them; it rained the whole time. There were a great many people there: many ladies in fine toilettes, all the nobility, and many foreigners. I saw the Honourable Miss Chudleigh among others, and she did me the honour of speaking to me, and asking me when I had left London. She was dressed in a simple robe of Indian muslin, and could have had nothing under it but a thin batiste chemise. She got wet through with the rain, and the thin garments clung to her beautiful form till she might as well, or better, have been naked, but she did not seem to mind. The other ladies sheltered from the deluge in tents.

I had occasion to discount a letter at Brunswick, and gave it to a Jew, who let me have the amount, less two per cent. The letter was to the order of the Chevalier de Seingalt, and naturally I endorsed it in this name. The following day the Jew came and told me I must return him the money, or find him bail for the amount, until he heard from the banker on whom it was drawn. I told him to leave me in peace, he had nothing to fear; but he replied, insolently, that he must have the money or the guarantee, adding, 'for you are well known here.' At these words the blood flew to my head, and seizing my cane I gave him a sound thrashing.

Dealings with a Jew at Brunswick.

Next day, when I was walking in the town, I met the prince, accompanied only by a groom.

'So you are going to leave us, chevalier,' he said.

'In two or three days, your highness.'

'So I heard from a Jew, who came to complain to me that you had beaten him because he asked for a guarantee of a letter of credit he had cashed for you.'

'Your highness, I own I acted hastily, but I could not, in reason, be expected to withdraw my letter, or give him bail for it; he insulted me by asking such a thing.'

'He says he would not have cashed it had you not mentioned my name; and that you signed it with a name which does not belong to you.'

'Both accusations are false, your highness. The name of Seingalt is very truly mine.'

'Well, anyhow, we have to deal with a Jew who has been beaten, and who fears to be cheated. He would like you to remain here till he hears from Amsterdam if your letter be genuine or not, but I shall take it out of his hands this morning; so you are free to leave when you like. *Au revoir*, chevalier, and *bon voyage!*'

So saying, the prince rode off without giving me time to answer. I might have told him that he was casting a slur on my integrity, by taking my letter out of the Jew's hands, and that I should prefer his not interfering in the matter. It is

not enough for a prince to be kind-hearted, generous, and magnanimous, as was the Duke of Brunswick. He ought to have tact as well, and refrain from wounding the feelings of the person to whom he wishes to be civil.

The library of Wolfenbüttel.

Profoundly hurt, I walked slowly away, pondering the prince's speech, especially over his *bon voyage*! In a royal mouth such words sounded very much like an order to depart. After reflection I determined that I would neither go nor stay, so I packed my trunks, paid my bill, and without bidding farewell to any one, went off to Wolfenbüttel with the intention of remaining a week there, and then returning to Brunswick; this I thought a good way out of my difficulty. It was soothing to my dignity, and at the same time agreeable, as Wolfenbüttel then possessed the third greatest library in the world. I was sure I should not be dull.

The amiable librarian not only placed a man at my disposal to find any books I might require, but actually allowed me to study magnificent manuscripts at my own rooms.

(I carried away from Wolfenbüttel many notions about the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, which are not to be found in any treatise on these works, and of which the great Pope himself was ignorant. A part is to be found in my translation of the *Iliad*; the rest will remain here, and will probably be lost with my other documents, for I shall not burn my papers, not even these Memoirs, though I have often thought and spoken of doing so.)

I was delighted to find on my return to Brunswick that no one knew I had been away; it was supposed in the town that I had withdrawn the letter of credit from the Jew's hands. The time had come now for him to have received the reply from Amsterdam, and I was not astonished to see the son of Israel appear while I was dining with several friends, and humbly beg my pardon for having doubted the validity of my signature.

'You have been sufficiently punished,' I said; and with a profound bow he withdrew.

From Brunswick I went to Magdeburg, and then on to Berlin, without stopping at Potsdam, as the king was not there. The roads are terrible in Prussia; they were in so bad a state, that it took me three days to do eight miserable little German miles. Prussia is a country in which gold and industry could achieve marvels, but I doubt if it will ever become a prosperous country.

The first visit I paid in Berlin was to Calsabigi, the younger brother of the one who was my partner in Paris, in the lottery. The one whom I knew in Berlin had left Paris, with his wife (who was always called Madame la Générale de la Motte.) He was a good talker, and he persuaded the King of Prussia to let him establish a lottery in his states, promising his Majesty a revenue of at least two hundred thousand crowns out of the profits. The lottery had been running for two years, and up to then everything had gone well, but the king was in continual terror lest luck should turn against him. He informed Calsabigi that he would not have anything more to do with it, and would content himself with drawing half the amount. I arrived at Calsabigi's house the very day the king had signified his intention of withdrawing his support.

A lottery scheme.

'Superstition apart,' cried Calsabigi, 'it is the goddess of chance which brings you here! I will guarantee you ten thousand crowns a year if you can induce the king to change his mind.'

He then proceeded to recall to my memory the time, seven years before, when I had had wit enough to persuade the whole Council of the École Militaire to collaborate with me in my schemes. 'What you did once you can do again,' he declared. I laughed at his illusion, and pitied him, pointing out to him the impossibility of convincing a man whose mind replied to every argument addressed to it by the invincible one of 'I am afraid, and I do not wish to be afraid.'

At the last drawing which took place under the king's guarantee, all Berlin rejoiced, for the lottery lost twenty thousand crowns. The king sent the money to Calsabigi,

saying he had foreseen what would happen, and that he was thankful to have got out of it so cheaply.

The fifth day of my arrival in Berlin, I went to present my respects to the Lord Marshal, who, since the death of his brother, had become Lord Keith.[1] The last time I had seen him was in London, when he was returning from Scotland, where he had been to retake possession of his estates which had been confiscated because of his devotion to the Stuarts. His rehabilitation was due to the intercession of Frederick the Great. At the time I am writing of, Lord Keith was living in Berlin, resting on his laurels, beloved and cherished by the king, but taking no active part in politics, as he was over eighty years of age, but simple and charming as ever. He received me kindly, and expressed a hope that I should remain some time in Berlin, as he knew, to a certain extent, the vicissitudes of my past life. I replied that I would gladly settle there if the king would give me a suitable appointment; but when I asked him to speak to the king for me, he replied that that would do more harm than good. 'His majesty piques himself on knowing men better than any one else. He likes to judge them himself; sometimes he discovers merit when no one else sees any, and sometimes *vice versa*.'

[1] Casanova makes a confusion here between the two brothers—George, tenth Earl of Keith, and Francis, Field-Marshal Keith. It was the former, Governor of Neuchâtel, whom he knew. The estates of the Keith family were confiscated for the part the two brothers took in the rebellion of 1715. Through the influence of his brother with Frederick the Great, George was made Governor of Neuchâtel, and also by the influence of Frederick the attainder on the estates was reversed. He was the friend and patron of Rousseau, who speaks of him with great affection. 'I went,' he says, in *The Confessions*, 'with Monsieur Martinet, to see him. The venerable aspect of this illustrious and virtuous Scotchman moved my heart greatly, and from that moment began between us the strong attachment which, for my part, has always remained the same, though traitors have tried to vilify me in his eyes.' According to Rousseau, the inhabitants of Neuchâtel did not appreciate the haughty but kind-hearted old man at his proper value. Further on he relates how, tired of their ingratitude, Keith left them for his castle of Keith Hall, near Aberdeen, where he invited Rousseau to join him. He did not, however, remain long in Scotland, but returned to Berlin, where he died in 1788.

He advised me to write to the king and beg an interview.

'When you speak to him, you can say that you know me, and he will then probably ask me about you; you may be sure that I shall say nothing but what is to your credit.'

'I, my lord, write to a king to whom I have no introduction? I could not think of it.'

'But you wish to speak to him, do you not?'

'Certainly.'

'That is enough; your letter need contain nothing but the expression of your desire.'

'Will the king answer me?'

'Without doubt, for he answers everybody. He will tell you when it will please him to receive you. Take my advice, and let me know how you get on.'

I did as he suggested, and wrote a simple and respectful letter, asking when and where I might present myself to his majesty. The day but one after I received a reply signed Frederick, acknowledging the receipt of my letter, and saying I should find him at four o'clock that day in the gardens at Sans Souci.

In the gardens of Sans Souci.

As my readers may imagine, I was delighted at having obtained a rendezvous, and arrived at the palace an hour before the appointed time, very simply dressed in black. I entered the courtyard, and as I did not see any one, not even a sentinel, I went up a short staircase, and opening a door, found myself in a picture-gallery. A guardian came up and offered to show me the collection.

'I did not come here to admire these works of art,' I said, 'but to speak to the king, who told me he would be in the garden.'

'At this moment he is at his concert, playing the flute. 'Tis his dessert after dinner, and he treats himself to it every day. Did he fix any hour?'

'Yes, four o'clock, but he may have forgotten.'

'He never forgets. He will be punctual, and you had better wait for him in the garden.'

I had not been there long, when I saw him approaching, followed by his secretary and a fine spaniel. As soon as he saw me he pronounced my name, at the same time taking off his bad old hat; he then asked, in a terrible voice, what I wanted. The king interviews the adventurer

I stood looking at him in silence.

'Well, can't you speak? Isn't it you who wrote to me?'

'Yes, sire; but now I can't remember what I had to say. I did not think the majesty of a king could so dazzle my senses. I shall be better prepared in future. My lord marshal ought to have warned me.'

'Ah! he knows you, does he? Come, let us walk about. What did you wish to say? What do you think of this garden?'

He ordered me to speak of his garden! I should have said I knew nothing of gardens to any one else, but if he chose to think me a connoisseur I must fain pretend to be one. At the risk of exposing my ignorance, I replied that it was superb.

'But,' he said, 'the gardens at Versailles are far finer.'

'I own it, sire; but that is because of the fountains.'

'True; but it is not my fault. There is no water here. I have spent more than three hundred thousand crowns, but without success.'

'Three hundred thousand crowns, sire! If your majesty spent that sum, there should have been abundance of water.'

'Ah! ah! I see you are a hydraulic architect.'

Could I tell him he was mistaken? I was afraid of displeasing him, so I simply bent my head. This could be taken for yes or no. Thank God, he did not continue to talk on this subject, or I should have been terribly put to it, for I did not know the very rudiments of hydraulics.

Still walking up and down, and turning his head right and left, he asked me what the Venetian forces, naval and military, amounted to. Now I was on my own ground. 'Twenty men of war, sire, and a large number of galleys.'

'And what land forces?'

'Seventy thousand men, sire, all subjects of the republic; and counting all that, only one man from each village.'

'That is not true. I suppose you want to amuse me with your fables. You must be a financier; tell me, what do you think of the taxes?'

This was the first interview I had ever had with royalty. Considering his style, his abrupt change of subject, and his sudden digressions, I felt as though I had been called on to act in one of those improvised Italian comedies in which, if the actor stops short for a word, the pit and the gallery hiss him mercilessly. I immediately assumed the style of a financier, and replied that I was acquainted with the theory of taxation.

'That is what I want,' he replied, 'for the practice does not concern you.'

A discussion on taxation.

'There are three kinds of taxes, taking into consideration their effects: one is ruinous, one is unfortunately necessary, and the third is always excellent.'

'That is good; go on.'

'The ruinous tax is the royal tax; the necessary one is the military one; and the excellent one is the popular tax.'

I wanted to throw him off his beat a little, as I had not got up my subject.

'The royal tax, sire, is the one which empties the purses of the subjects to swell the coffers of the sovereign.'

'And that is the ruinous one, you say?'

'Always, sire, for it stops the circulation of money, which is the soul of commerce and the backbone of the state.'

'Yet you consider the army tax necessary?'

'Unfortunately necessary, for war is a dire calamity.'

'Perhaps. And how about the popular tax?'

'It is always excellent, for what the king takes from his people with one hand, he gives them back with the other, turning it into useful channels, protecting science and art, and so contributing to the general social well-being; in fact, the king adds to general happiness by employing the money drawn from the taxes as his wisdom dictates.'

'There is a good deal of truth in what you say. No doubt you know Calsabigi?'

I ought to know him, sire, for we established the Genoese lottery in Paris together, seven years ago.'

'And under what head would you class that tax, if you admit it to be one?'

'It is one, sire, and not one of the least important. It is a good tax, if the king spends the profits in a useful manner.'

'But supposing he loses?'

'One chance in fifty, sire.'

'Is that the result of an exact calculation?'

'As exact, sire, as all political calculations.'

'They are often wrong.'

'They are never wrong, sire, if God remains neutral.'

'Why drag the Deity into such a question?'

'Let us say then, sire, luck, or destiny.'

'That is better. Perhaps I agree with you about the moral calculations, but I do not like your Genoese lottery. It seems to me a mere swindle, and I would not have anything more to do with it, even if I were certain to win always.'

'Your majesty is right, for the public would never support lotteries were they not led away by false security.'

Then he tried one or two other points, but I met him without flinching. Suddenly he stopped short and looked me over from head to foot.

'Do you know that you are a very handsome man?'

A compliment from Frederick the Great.

'Is it possible, sire, that after a long scientific dissertation, your majesty can credit me with merely the qualities which distinguish your majesty's grenadiers?'

The king smiled, with kind malice, then said: 'As it seems that Lord Keith knows you, I will speak to him about you.'

He then took off his hat again, for he was never chary of his bows, and I, making him a profound reverence, withdrew.

Three or four days after the lord marshal told me the king was very pleased with me, and had said he would try and find me something to do.

I was curious to know what form this employment would take, but there was nothing to do but wait. I was not sorry to remain in Berlin, for time passed pleasantly enough there. Calsabigi had obtained permission to continue the lottery on his own account; the first drawing brought him in a hundred thousand crowns profit. He paid off the greater part of his debts, and gave his mistress the promised ten thousand crowns. His successes continued for two or three years, but he ended in bankruptcy, and died poor in Italy.

At the time I am writing of, the Duchess of Brunswick, Frederick's sister, paid him a visit. She was accompanied by her daughter, the one who the following year married the Prince Royal of Prussia. On this occasion the king came to Berlin, and ordered a performance of the Italian opera at his little theatre at Charlottenburg. I saw him there, dressed in a suit of lustrine, with gold braid on all the seams, and black silk stockings. He was really a comical figure, and looked more like a stage grandfather than a mighty monarch. He came into the theatre with his hat under his arm, leading his sister by the hand. Every one was staring at him, for only a few very old men could remember having seen him clad in anything but riding-boots and uniform.

At Potsdam I saw the king commanding the first battalion of grenadiers of the guards in person. This battalion was composed of men chosen for their looks and their bravery. The room in which I lodged at the inn was opposite a corridor, up and down which the king passed when he went to the château. The shutters of the windows in this corridor were always closed, and the landlady told us that once when the pretty dancer Reggiana was lodging in the room we were then occupying, the king chanced to see her through the window *en deshabillé*, and was so shocked that he ordered the shutters to be put up; and though the incident was four years old at the time of our visit they had never been taken down. The king was no doubt afraid of being treated as severely as la Barbarina had treated him. We saw a portrait of this lady

in his bedroom, and one of La Cochois, who was the sister of the actress who became the Marquise d'Argens, and one of the Empress Maria Theresa, with whom he had been in love, principally, I imagine, from a desire to call himself emperor.

Rooms in the castle were a contrast to that in which the king slept. A miserable little room, with a small bed hidden behind a screen; no slippers, no dressing-gown, only an old nightcap, which a *valet de chambre* told us Frederick put on when he had a cold, and on the top of which he wore his hat. It must have been inconvenient for sleeping in. A table stood before a sofa, covered with paper, pens, an inkstand, and some half-burnt copybooks. The same valet told us these books had contained the history of the last war; and some of them having been burnt by accident, the king had given up the work. He probably began it again later on, for it was published immediately after his death.

The king makes him an offer.

About five or six weeks after my interview with Frederick, Lord Keith informed me that his majesty had accorded me an official position; it was that of governor or tutor to the corps of Pomeranian Cadets, which he had just formed. The number of the cadets was limited to fifteen, and there were to be five tutors; thus each one would have three pupils. The pay was six hundred crowns, and food at the cadets' table. The duties consisted in following the cadets wherever they went, even to court, when a braided uniform must be worn. I was told I must make up my mind at once; my four confrères were already installed, and his majesty liked things to be settled without delay. I asked Lord Keith where the college was, and promised him an answer for the following day.

I had need of all my self-command to keep from bursting out laughing when this absurd proposition was made me; but my surprise was still greater when I saw the habitation of these fifteen noblemen from wealthy Pomerania. Three or four large halls almost without furniture, and several whitewashed bedrooms, each of which contained a wretched little bed, a

deal table, and two chairs in the same wood. The cadets, who were from twelve to thirteen years of age, were dirty and shock-headed, tightly buttoned up in a scanty uniform, which showed up their dull, bucolic physiognomies. As for the other tutors, I took them for servants; they eyed me in an alarmed and aggressive manner, not daring to suppose I could be their expected colleague.

I hastened to Lord Keith's, anxious to tell him of the brilliant offer that had been made me through his interposition. The good old man said I was right to refuse such an occupation, but that I ought, all the same, to thank the king before leaving Berlin. I told him that I did not much care about presenting myself again to the king, so he promised to make my apologies for me.

He refuses it.

I decided to go to Russia, and I began to make preparations for the voyage. Baron von Treidel offered me an introduction to his sister, the Duchess of Courland, and I wrote to M. de Bragadin for letters to a banker in Petersburg, who would pay me monthly the sum necessary for my maintenance. Chance sent me a servant, a man named Lambert, from Lorraine, who gave himself out as a deserter from his regiment, on account of a quarrel he had had with his superior officer. I found out afterwards that this was a trumped-up story; but at the time he interested me.

I decided after all to take Lord Keith's advice, and see the king again before leaving. So I went to Potsdam with the Venetian, Baron Bodisson, who had a picture by Andrea del Sarto, which he wished to sell. Frederick was on parade with his troops when I arrived. He came up to me, and asked familiarly when I thought of going to Petersburg.

Second meeting with Frederick.

'In five or six days, sire, if your majesty permits.'

'Well, good luck to you, but what do you hope to do in that country?'

'What I hoped to have done in this, sire: please the master of it.'

'Have you been recommended to the empress?'

'No, sire. I have only an introduction to a banker.'

'That is better worth having. If you pass through here on your return, come and tell me the news from Russia. Adieu!'

'Adieu, sire.'

I had two hundred ducats when I left Berlin, but I had foolishly gambled away a hundred at Dantzig; when we reached Mitau, I had only three ducats left; nevertheless, I went to the best inn. The next morning I called on Herr von Kaiserling, who undertook to present my letter to the Duchess of Courland. He left me with his wife, who ordered chocolate to be served me; it was brought by a pretty young Polish maid-servant. She stood in front of me with downcast eyes while I drank it, and her appearance and manners charmed me, so that I slipped my three ducats under the saucer when I replaced it on the tray. It was a most foolish piece of ostentation, but as my readers know by this time, I never could resist the caprice of the moment. Journey to Russia.

Von Kaiserling brought me an invitation from the duchess to supper and a ball, which she was giving that night. I accepted the supper, but refused the ball, saying as an excuse that I had no suitable dress, my best suits being summer ones. Half an hour after, the duchess sent word that I could go in a domino, 'which,' said Kaiserling, 'you can easily hire from a Jew.' He added that masks were not originally intended to be worn, but that the duchess had sent word to her guests that they must wear them, so as to enable a foreigner who had just arrived without his baggage to be present.

I was much embarrassed, but my usual good fortune came to my assistance. A Jew presented himself at my inn, and asked me if I had any gold Fredericks with me, as he would change them for me without my paying discount.

'I have no need of your services,' I said, 'my money is all in ducats.'

'I know, sir, and you part with them very easily.'

Not understanding his allusion, I stared at him. He

went on to say that he would give me ten hundred ducats if I would be so good as to change them into roubles for him at Petersburg. I was much surprised at the credulity of this man, and told him, in an affectedly indifferent tone, that I would take a hundred from him, for which I gave him a receipt and a note drawn on Demetrio Papane Lopolo, the banker. He went off, promising to send me a magnificent domino for the ball. When Lambert came in, he told me the landlord was telling every one that I was throwing money out of the windows. The Jew had told him I had given a chambermaid three ducats for bringing me a cup of chocolate. This, then, was the key to the enigma!

I went to court at the appointed hour, and von Kaiserling presented me to the duchess, who presented me to the duke, the celebrated Biron, or Birlen, once the favourite of the Empress Anne Ivanovna, and Regent of Russia on the death of that sovereign, and afterwards condemned to twenty years in Siberia. He was over six feet high, and was still a very handsome man.

The ball opened with a *polonaise*, which I danced with the duchess, after which I danced a *contredanse* with Mlle. de Manteuffel, one of the prettiest of the maids-of-honour. I sat next to the duchess at supper, and was, in fact, the only cavalier for eleven ladies. They were all respectable dowagers, and had long left their charms behind them. The duchess was most attentive to me, and after supper I was given a glass of what I took to be tokay, and which I afterwards found to be nothing but very old English ale.

He dines with the Duke of Courland.

The next day but one I dined with the duke. There were no ladies present, and the conversation turned on mines and minerals, and though I knew nothing whatever of these subjects, I was fool enough to talk as though I had studied them all my life. An old chamberlain, who had the direction of all the mines in the duchy, saw fit to contradict some of my statements, but the duke took my part. After dinner

he asked me, if I was not in a great hurry to get to Petersburg, to spare him a fortnight, as he would like me to visit his mining establishments and write down my observations on them. I consented, and it was arranged that I was to set off on my tour of inspection next day, and that the old chamberlain was to fetch me with a carriage and six horses. Our tour lasted fifteen days. We changed horses every three or four hours, and we refreshed ourselves copiously from a store of fine wines which the chamberlain took along with him. We went over five copper and iron works. It was not necessary to know much. Here I recommended some slight reforms; there I recommended an increase of workmen. Knowing that it was economy the duke had in view, I devoted myself to reducing the expenses wherever it seemed possible, notably in one mine where thirty labourers were employed; I suggested the construction of a short canal, which could be fed by a little river, and which, by means of a simple lock, could be made to turn three wheels, and so suppress twenty hands. The duke was delighted with my observations and suggestions. He told me he would send me to Riga in one of his own carriages, and would give me a letter to his son, Prince Charles; finally, he told me to tell him frankly whether I would prefer a piece of jewellery, or its equivalent in money.

'Prince,' said I, 'I can accept money from a man such as your royal highness. It will be of far more use to me than jewellery.'

He gave me an order on his privy purse for four hundred Albertsthalers, which were immediately paid over to me. An Albertsthaler was worth half a ducat. The next day, a young chamberlain brought me the letter for Prince Charles, wished me good speed, and told me the carriage was at the door. I went off well pleased with myself, and with my manservant Lambert, who had done me good service. We arrived at Riga about noon, and I at once sent the letter to Prince Charles.

CHAPTER XLIX

THE GREAT CATHERINE

Prince Charles de Biron was the youngest son of the reigning Duke of Courland.[1] He was a major-general in the Russian service, and Knight of the Order of Saint Alexander-Newski. He was then thirty-six years old, of agreeable appearance, but not handsome. He spoke French well, and told me that his table, his society, his pleasures, his horses, his advice, and his purse were at my disposal for as long as I was in Riga. 'I don't offer to lodge you,' he said, 'because I am very much cramped for room, but I shall see that you have a comfortable apartment.'

I dined quietly with the prince and his mistress. She was pretty, but pale, sad, and dreamy, somewhere about twenty years of age. She ate hardly anything, and when the prince urged her to take food or wine, she refused disdainfully. The prince teased her, but not unkindly. I heard afterwards from a dancer named Campioni, and a friend of mine, whom I met at the prince's table, that the prince was head over ears in debt, and spent a great deal on his mistress, who made him very unhappy with her bad temper.

'Why is she so unamiable?'

'He has not kept his word to her, she says. He promised

[1] On the death of Peter II. in 1730, Anna, Duchess of Courland, and niece of Peter the Great, was proclaimed empress. She was a cold, repulsive woman, who threw herself entirely into the hands of German advisers, especially Biron, a Courlander of low origin. This period of their history is called by Russians *Bironovstchina*. At the death of Anna, Biron was exiled to Peliur, in northern Prussia, but was recalled by Elizabeth Petrovna.

to find her a husband at the end of two years; the time has elapsed. Two young lieutenants have proposed for her, but she will not take anything below a major.'

The empress [1] came to Riga while I was there; and I was witness of the affability and gracious gentleness with which she received the homage of the Livonian nobility, and the manner in which she kissed on the mouth all the young ladies who were presented to her. She was surrounded by the Orloffs, and some of the other nobles who had taken part in the conspiracy. To please these faithful servants, she played faro with them, and held a bank of ten thousand roubles against them. The bank was broken at the first deal. The next day she went on to Mitau, where they erected triumphal arches of wood, stone being scarce in that country.

The very day after her arrival, the news that a revolution had broken out in Petersburg caused great consternation. They wanted to drag Ivan Ivanovitz [2] out of the citadel where he was detained, and proclaim him emperor. As a matter of fact the unhappy prince had already been proclaimed emperor, when a baby in the cradle, and it was Elizabeth Petrovna who had dethroned him. Two of the officers to whose keeping he was confided, seeing that they were powerless to prevent his being released, slew him. Poor innocent victim!

The affair made such a sensation that the prudent Panin sent courier after courier to beg the empress to come back.

[1] The Empress Anna, who died in 1740, left the crown to her grand-nephew Ivan. But a successful conspiracy, headed by Lestocq, a French physician, placed Elizabeth on the throne. Elizabeth ingratiated herself with the soldiers, by whom the memory of Peter the Great was still cherished. On ascending the throne she summoned Peter, the son of her sister Anna and the Duke of Holstein, to court, and declared him heir-presumptive.

[2] Ivan VI. is said to have become an idiot from long confinement. He was murdered by his guards on account of the attempt of a certain Lieutenant Mirovick to set him free. Whether Mirovick was incited to this adventure by secret promises of the government, so that there might be an excuse for the murder of Ivan, has never been clearly shown. He was publicly executed, but is said to have expected a reprieve to the last moment.

She hastened back to her capital; but by the time she reached it all was quiet. She rewarded the murderers of the unfortunate Ivan, and cut off the head of the audacious man who had sought to dethrone her. It was reported that she was in connivance with the assassins, but this I believe to be a calumny. She was strong-minded, but not perfidious or cruel. When I saw her at Riga she was thirty-five years old, and had reigned on the throne two years. Without being beautiful, she was pleasing, with gentle, easy manners, and an air of calm tranquillity which never left her.

He leaves Riga, 15th December.

I left Riga on the 15th of December, when the thermometer registered fifteen degrees of frost. I did not suffer from the cold, although I travelled day and night, for I never left my carriage. I had paid in advance all the relays from Riga to Petersburg; and Marshal Braun, the governor of Livonia, had given me a passport. I had a French manservant on the box, who had offered me his services for no other wages than his travelling expenses. He bore the awful cold of those two days and three nights without appearing to suffer in the least. Only a Frenchman would put up with such hardships. A Russian dressed as lightly as my servant was would have been frozen to death in twenty-four hours, notwithstanding the amount of corn brandy he would have swallowed. I lost sight of this man on arriving at Petersburg, but met him three months after, when he was my fellow-guest at a dinner given by M. de Czernitscheff. He wore a rich uniform covered with gold braid; and I learned he was acting as tutor to a young count who sat beside him.

As for my valet, he stayed in the carriage with me, and did nothing but eat, drink, and sleep, without so much as saying a word. I arrived in Petersburg as the first rays of the rising sun were gilding the horizon; we were then in the winter solstice, and as the sun was rising at exactly twenty-four minutes past nine, I can certify that the longest night in that part of Russia is eighteen hours and three-quarters.

St. Petersburg.

I took lodgings in a wide, handsome street called the

Milliona. I had two fine rooms at a low rent; they were furnished with two beds, four chairs, and two small tables. On seeing the enormous stoves, I thought it would take a great deal of wood to heat them, but this was a mistake. Russia is the only country where they know how to make stoves, as Venice is the only place where they know how to make cisterns. The fireplaces are only filled up once in twenty-four hours, for there is a trap which is carefully shut as soon as the wood is reduced to charcoal. It is only in the houses of very rich people that the stoves are charged twice a day, because it is strictly forbidden for the servants to close the trap; and for this reason: the master may come back from hunting tired, or drunk; he goes to bed, and from inadvertence or carelessness the servant shuts the trap before the wood is all reduced to ashes; the master closes his eyes never to open them again. In the morning the servant is taken to prison, and no matter what he may say in his defence, is hanged.

I found everything very cheap in Petersburg (I am told that this is no longer the case, and that prices are as high as in London). I bought some more furniture; a chest of drawers, a writing-desk, and other articles not then in general use in Russia, and installed myself comfortably.

The language there spoken, except among the lower orders, was German, which I spoke as badly then as I do to-day. I explain myself with difficulty, which makes my listeners laugh; but it seems it is the custom of the country to laugh at foreigners.

One evening my landlord presented me with a ticket for a masked ball, given at the court, for five thousand people. The ball would last *sixty hours* he informed me. I went to it in a sedan-chair, wearing a domino I had bought at Mitau. I found a great crowd of people dancing in different rooms, a band for each. The enormous buffets were laden with eatables and drinkables, and every one ate and drank freely. Gaiety and licence were apparent on every face.

Thousands of wax candles lighted up the scene, which I must own I thought admirable.

All at once some one said, 'Here comes the Czarina,' and we caught sight of the tall figure of Gregory Orloff[1] following a masked figure, draped in a domino, which might have been worth five copecks, not more.

The masked figure moved in and out of the crowd, getting bumped by people who really did not know her. Sometimes she sat down by people who were very likely talking about her. She probably heard many remarks which were not intended for her ears, and which may have wounded her pride, but the experience must have been extremely useful to her.

I had an introduction to Peter Ivanovitch Melissino, Colonel of Artillery. He invited me to sup at his house every night while I remained in Petersburg. His establishment was managed on the French system—no tiresome ceremony prevailed. His elder brother was married to a Princess Dolgorouki. We generally played at faro, and the society was composed of reliable people, who would not go about complaining of their losses and vaunting their gains, so there was no fear of the Government stepping in to hinder our amusements.

The morals of Russian card play.

Talking one night with Baron Lefort, the son of Peter the Great's celebrated admiral, I mentioned a certain nobleman, and praised the indifference with which he bore his losses at cards. The baron laughed, and said that the prince's disinterestedness was not difficult to assume, as he played on credit, and never paid.

'But his honour is at stake!'

'Russians have a code of honour of their own, and it is not

[1] The brothers Orloff, officers in the Russian Guards, belonged to an old and influential family. The eldest, Gregory, was Catherine's lover for many years, and was mainly instrumental in placing her on the throne. When she made her appeal to the army he easily persuaded his regiment to support her, and while the priests anointed her in church regent in the name of her son, the Orloffs outside proclaimed her empress in her own right. After attempting to poison the miserable Peter, the Orloffs strangled him with their own hands in the most revolting manner.

affected by leaving their gambling debts unpaid. It is tacitly understood that he who plays on credit pays if he chooses; if he does not choose, his creditor would only make himself ridiculous by claiming the debt. In fact, dishonesty at play has reached a point in Russia impossible to conceive in any other part of Europe. I know several young men belonging to the first families, who boast of having learned how to outwit fortune—in other words, to cheat. One of the Matuschkins defies the cheats of all nations. It is impossible, he says, for them to outwit him. He has just obtained permission to travel for three years, and he declares he will come back laden with spoils.'

He visits Princess Daschkoff.

I had a letter to Princess Daschkoff,[1] and I took it to the country house, three versts from Petersburg, where she lived in exile. She had helped the empress to mount the throne, which she hoped to share with her. This was her crime. The great Catherine, unable to indulge her favourite's ambition, thought proper to mortify it.

The princess wore black for her husband. She received me kindly, and promised to speak to M. Panin about me. Three days later she wrote that I might present myself to him whenever I chose. This little incident showed me

[1] Catherine Romanofna, third daughter of Count Woronzoff, a Russian senator, married, before she was sixteen, Prince Daschkoff, and went with him to Moscow. Her elder sister, Elizabeth, was the mistress of the unfortunate and almost imbecile Peter. He made no secret of his passion, and his intention of deposing Catherine in favour of Elizabeth, and it was probably jealousy of her sister which induced Princess Daschkoff to take a leading part in the *coup d'état* of 1762. She was devotedly loyal to Catherine, but her disapproval of the licentious immorality of the empress, and her open scorn of many of the royal favourites, produced an estrangement between the two friends. In 1768 Princess Daschkoff started on a tour through Europe. She was well received at foreign courts, and when she returned to Petersburg in 1784, was appointed first president of the Russian Academy. She also edited a magazine, and wrote two dramatic works. On the accession of the Emperor Paul, she was deprived of all her offices, and ordered to withdraw to a wretched village near Novgorod, 'there to meditate on the events of 1762.' After some time the sentence was partially remitted, and she returned to her estate near Moscow, where she lived till her death in 1810. Her Memoirs, written by herself, were published in London in 1840.

that Catherine was truly great; she had disgraced the princess, but she allowed her favourite minister to pay her court every evening. Well-informed people have told me that Panin was the father of Princess Daschkoff, not her lover. The princess is now the president of the Academy of Science, the members of which, no doubt, recognise in her another Minerva, or they would blush to have a woman at their head.

On the Feast of the Epiphany, I assisted at an extraordinary function, the blessing of the Neva, which was then covered with five feet of ice. After the blessing of the water, children are baptized in it by immersion. On that occasion the priest let one of the children slip.

'*Drugoi*,' was all he said, which, being interpreted, means 'Give me another!' But what was my surprise when I saw the mother and father wild with joy. They were convinced that their child had gone straight to heaven!

We were dining at Catherinhoff one day, when, having wandered away from the rest of the party, in company with a young officer, we noticed a peasant girl coming towards us. She was extraordinarily beautiful, slim and graceful as a doe. When she saw us she ran into a little cottage. We followed, and entering the hut saw her father and mother, and several children; she herself was hiding in a corner, like a rabbit which has fled from the dogs. My companion Zinovieff (who by the bye was afterwards ambassador to Madrid) spoke to the father in Russian. I could not understand what they said, but found they were speaking about the girl, for her father called her out of her corner, and she came and stood before us, obedient and submissive, her eyes modestly downcast. When he left, Zinovieff told me he had asked the father if he would give him the girl for a servant, and he had replied that he asked nothing better, but he wanted a hundred roubles for her.

'So you see,' said Zinovieff, 'that there is nothing to be done.'

'But if I am disposed to pay the hundred roubles!' He buys Zaira.

'Then she would be your servant, and you could do what you like with her, except kill her.'

'And suppose she objected?'

'Not likely, but if she did you could beat her.'

'And suppose, on the contrary, that she liked me, could I continue to keep her?'

'You would be her master, I tell you, and could have her arrested if she ran away, unless she repaid the hundred roubles.'

'And what must I pay her?'

'Nothing. You must feed her and let her go to the baths on Saturday, so as to be able to attend church on Sunday.'

'And when I leave Petersburg, could I take her with me?'

'Not unless you have obtained permission to do so, for although she would be your slave she would be first of all the slave of the empress.'

'Good. Will you arrange the matter for me? I will give the hundred roubles, and I promise you I shall not treat her as a slave, but as I do not wish the others to know of the bargain, will you return here with me to-morrow?'

'With pleasure.'

The following day we presented ourselves at the hut, and Zinovieff told the parents bluntly what he had come for. The father thanked Saint Nicholas for this stroke of fortune, and the girl meekly acquiesced. My servant and the coachman were called in as witnesses, and the girl, whom I rechristened Zaira, went back to the city with us. She was dressed in coarse cloth, and had not so much as a chemise of her own. I dressed Zaira in French fashion, tastefully but not luxuriously. It was tiresome my not being able to speak Russian to her, but in three months she picked up enough Italian to understand all I said to her, and to say all she wanted to me. She soon learned to love me, but she was very jealous. I remember one night I had been out to

She has a temper.

dinner, and got home very late. As I was crossing my room, I just missed a heavy bottle which Zaira flung at my head, and which would certainly have killed me had it struck me. After this exploit she threw herself on the ground, screaming and striking the floor with her forehead. I held her down, and let her call me traitor, murderer, and all the other pretty names she could lay tongue to. She had, she said, discovered my infidelity by the cards. I threw them in the fire, sternly assuring her that she had forfeited my affection, and that she should go home to her family next day. She flung herself at my feet, imploring forgiveness, swearing she would never consult the cards again. I forgave her, and we left for Moscow together, where I went to a good inn, and took two rooms and a stable, for my carriage and four horses. I had five or six letters of introduction, which I delivered in person.

All the people to whom I had introductions called on me and invited me to dinner, including Zaira in the invitations. No one thought of asking whether she was my daughter, my mistress, or my servant; in this respect, as in many others, the Russians are extremely well-bred. Those who have not seen Moscow have not seen Russia, for Petersburg is not Russia, properly speaking. The citizens of Moscow pity those who expatriate themselves from ambition, and for them expatriation means living out of Moscow, which they consider their veritable country; they look on Petersburg with an envious and suspicious eye, as the cause of their ruin. The women of Moscow are better looking than those of Petersburg. The air of Moscow is much more healthy. As for the food, it is coarse, but abundant. A Russian's table is always open to his friends and acquaintances, and a man can without warning take five or six people to dine at a friend's house, even after the dinner hour. You never hear a Russian say, 'We have finished dinner, you are too late.' They are not mean. It is the business of the cook to serve up another dinner.

The first piece of news which greeted me on my return to the capital was that Prince Charles of Courland had arrived. I went to see him. He was in a house belonging to Count Demidoff, who possessed immense iron mines, and his house was built entirely of iron; all the furniture was also of iron, so there was no fear of fire. The prince was accompanied by his mistress, who was as bad-tempered as ever, and whom he was beginning to hate; he could not get rid of her unless he found her a husband, and there was daily less and less chance of a man, such as she would accept, presenting himself. When the prince saw how comfortable I was with Zaira, and at how small a cost, he must have envied me my simple, sweet-humoured little mistress.

In reality, I was far from happy. Since my detention in 'The Leads,' I had suffered terribly from internal hemorrhoids, which made me ill three or four times a year. At Petersburg I was so ill that an operation was considered necessary; fortunately, a clever surgeon who was called in in consultation advised me to wait before the knife was used; and, thanks to his advice and severe régime, I recovered.

One day at dinner at Orloff's, I sat next to the secretary of the French embassy, who, wanting to drink as the Russians do, and thinking that Hungarian wine is as harmless as champagne, was soon under the table. Count Orloff had him propped up, and given more, which made him sick; after which he was carried to bed. Zinovieff, who was on my other side, explained the jokes to me. The main thing was to propose a health with a neat sentiment, and to respond in an equally brilliant manner. For instance, Melissino got up with a great goblet of wine in his hand and proposed General Orloff's health, adding, 'May you die the day that you become rich!' in allusion to his well-known generosity. Orloff's reply seemed to me more sensible. 'May you,' said he, rising, and also holding a goblet in his hand,—'May you not die until you are slain by my hand!'

I intended to leave Petersburg at the beginning of the autumn, but Panin,[1] Alsuvieff, and several others told me I ought not to go without having spoken to the empress. I quite agreed with them, but as I had not been able to find any one to present me, I had given up the idea. At last Panin told me to go to the summer gardens early in the morning, where her majesty often walked; if she met me it was more than probable she would speak to me, he said. One day I was strolling about looking at the statues which bordered the walks; they were in bad taste, and so vilely executed as to be grotesque. Names were engraved on the pedestals. One weeping figure was supposed to represent Democritus; another with a wide, grinning mouth, Heraclius; an old man with a long beard was labelled Sappho; and an old woman with a dilapidated bust bore the name of Avicenna.

He meets the empress in the Summer Garden.

As I was smiling at these nonsensical appellations, I saw the czarina approaching, preceded by Gregory Orloff, and followed by two ladies; Count Panin was walking at her side. I drew back to let her pass, but when she got up to me she asked me laughingly if the beauty of the statues interested me. I replied that I supposed they had been put there to impose on the ignorant, and to cause the wise to smile.

'All I know,' answered the empress, 'is that my good aunt who bought them was taken in, but she did not let small deceptions of that kind trouble her. I hope that everything else which you have seen here is not as laughable as the statues.'

I assured her that that which was comic was as nothing compared to that which commanded admiration. She invited me to walk by her side, and for more than an hour I talked to this great sovereign of my impressions of Petersburg. The conversation turning on Frederick of Prussia, I spoke warmly in his praise, but at the same time I mentioned his insupport-

[1] Count Panin was tutor to Catherine's son, Paul, and one of her most devoted adherents. He took a leading part in the conspiracy, with the Orloffs and Princess Daschkoff, for the overthrow of Peter.

able habit of never giving a person time to answer his questions. Smiling in the most gracious manner at this appreciation, Catherine asked me to describe my interview with Frederick. After which she was good enough to say that she had never seen me at the *Courtag*, an instrumental and vocal concert which she gave at her palace every Sunday after dinner, and to which every one had access. She walked about the concert-room speaking to those whom she wanted to honour. I told her that, unfortunately, I was not fond of music. She answered that she knew some one else who did not care for it either. She then turned from me to talk to Bezkoi, who had just come up, and I left the gardens enchanted with the honour she had done me.

She was of middle height, well made, and of a majestic carriage. She knew how to make herself agreeable to those whom she cared to interest. She was not beautiful, but pleasing, gentle, affable, and witty, devoid of all pretension, which was the more remarkable as she had every reason to have a good opinion of herself.

Some days afterwards, Panin told me she had twice asked him about me, a sign that I had pleased her. He advised me to try and meet her again, as she would be certain to call me to her, and that if I cared to accept office in Russia she would no doubt find me a place somewhere. Although I did not know myself what employment she could offer me which would induce me to stay in a country that, when all was said and done, I did not like, I was pleased to think that I could gain admittance to the court. I walked daily in the summer gardens, and was rewarded by a second interview. This time she sent an officer to fetch me. We spoke of a fête which was to have been held out of doors, and which the bad weather had prevented. She asked me if in Venice we often had such entertainments. I answered that so far as climate was concerned my country was certainly happier than Russia, for with us fine days were the rule, whereas in Russia they were the exception.

Last interview with the empress.

At this interview, and at a third which took place some ten days later, we discussed the reformation of the Russian calendar, and she surprised me by the intelligence and depth of her arguments. She spoke modestly and simply, but with great precision, and her reasoning was as imperturbable as her good humour. Her manner, the very opposite of that of the King of Prussia, denoted a genius far superior to his. The kindness and gentleness of her demeanour gave her an advantage over her opponents, while the affected roughness and brusqueness of Frederick caused him to be frequently duped.

One day when I was in the gardens it began to rain, and the empress sent a servant to tell me to join her in the hall of the palace. We spoke again of the calendar, and she asked me if it was true that in Venice we did not divide the twenty-four hours of the day.

'It must be very inconvenient,' she said; 'and to the rest of the world it seems rather ridiculous.' She then spoke of the manners and customs of the Venetians, and of their fondness for games of chance. She asked me if the lottery had been established at Genoa.

'They tried to persuade me to permit it here,' she said; 'if I had consented, it would only have been on condition that nothing less than a rouble could have been staked; this would have prevented the poor from playing.'

I replied to this wise observation by a profound bow. This was the last interview I had with this celebrated woman, who reigned for thirty-five years without committing a single essential mistake.

He leaves St. Petersburg, Oct. 1765.

I had to leave Petersburg and Zaira, but I left her in kind hands. I set off for Warsaw, where Prince Adam Czartoryski lived, to whom I had an introduction.

I found Prince Adam Czartoryski[1] seated at a large table covered with papers. There were about fifty people in the

[1] Father of the patriot, Prince Adam George Czartoryski, principal actor in the Polish revolution of 1830.

room, which was his bedroom as well as his library. He told me, in very stilted French, that he thought most highly of the person who recommended me, but that as he was very busy at that moment, he begged me to sup with him *if I had nothing better to do.*

He is introduced to the King of Poland.

At nine o'clock, 'having nothing better to do'—I found this was a cant phrase in the mouth of Polish gentlemen—I went to sup with Prince Adam. He presented me to all present, and just as we were sitting down to table, a tall, handsome man came in. Prince Adam again mentioned my name, then turning from the newcomer to me, said in a cool tone, 'This is the king.'

I advanced towards the king, and was about to kneel, when his majesty, with the best grace in the world, gave me his hand to kiss. Prince Adam handed him the minister's letter, which he read standing, then he began to question me about the czarina and the principal personages of her court. The king seated me at his right hand and continued to talk to me all supper-time. On leaving, he told me he would always be pleased to see me at his court, and Prince Adam said that he would present me to his father the following morning. I went back to my inn, and next day, at eleven o'clock, made the acquaintance of that rarest of men, the magnificent Prince Palatine of Russia. He was in his dressing-gown, surrounded by gentlemen wearing the national dress, high boots, moustaches, and the head bare and shaven. The prince spoke with affability. He did not intimidate me, but he did not inspire me with confidence. When he heard that I had done nothing in Russia but amuse myself and frequent the court, he concluded I had come to Poland to do so likewise, and he promised to introduce me to every one. He added that he lived alone, but would be glad to see me at his table, morning or evening. He then withdrew behind a screen, from which he emerged, dressed in the uniform of his regiment, and a blond wig with a pigtail. After a low bow to the company, he withdrew

to his wife's apartments. She was the last of the noble family of d'Enoff, and had brought her husband an immense fortune. He was a Knight of the Order of Malta when he married her, and won her hand in a duel fought with pistols on horseback. The lady had given her word to marry the victor, and he was fortunate enough to kill his rival. They had only two children, Adam, and a princess, who is now a widow, and known by the name of de Lubomirska.

It was this Prince Palatine of Russia, and his brother, the Grand Chancellor of Lithuania, who brought about the first troubles in Poland. The brothers, displeased at the small amount of interest they possessed at court, plotted to overthrow the sovereign and place their nephew on the throne. This young man was Stanislas Poniatowski, son of Constance Czartoryski and the celebrated Poniatowski, the friend of Charles XII. As fate would have it, there was no need of a conspiracy, for the king, Frederick Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, died and made way for Poniatowski, who, under the name of Stanislas Augustus,[1] had been reigning for two years when I went to Warsaw. As my purse was too depleted to allow of my playing with the Polish nobles, or of seeking consolation among the ladies

[1] Stanislas was elected king chiefly through the influence of Catherine, whose lover he had been. He was a man of refined mind and manners, but weak, and a mere puppet in Moscovite hands. His reign began under most favourable auspices; his court was brilliantly organised; his principal opponent, John Clement Branecki, withdrew to his estates, and the other personages who had opposed his election recognised his authority. This calm did not last long; Russia became more and more imperious in her demands, and Stanislas, through indolence or fear, acceded to them. In 1768, a few patriots met at Bar, in Podolia, and hatched what is known as the 'Conspiracy of Bar,' a conspiracy which sounds like a bit of a comic opera. Their plan was to kidnap their king, and placing him beyond foreign influence for a time, to do what they should dictate. His carriage was surrounded as he was returning from his uncle Michael Czartoryski's house, and the conspirators succeeded in carrying the king beyond the ramparts. Here they became confused and separated, and Stanislas was able to regain his palace. He died in exile at St. Petersburg, having lived to see the dismemberment of his unhappy country, and the name of Poland wiped off the map of Europe.

of the dramatic profession, I took refuge in the library of Joseph Zaluski,[1] the Bishop of Küov, and passed all my mornings with him. He furnished me with authentic documents dealing with the plots and intrigues which were tending to overthrow the old Polish system, of which he was one of the strong supporters. He was one of those whom Russian tyranny snatched from under the very eyes of the king, and whom Catherine sent into exile in Siberia about two months after my departure.

I led a very quiet life, and I often think of it with pleasure; yet in spite of my economy, in three months' time I was heavily in debt, my carriage, servant, and the obligation to be always well dressed, cost more than I could afford. I was seriously embarrassed, but coming out of Mass one day Stanislas Augustus put a rouleau containing ten hundred Dutch ducats into my hand, telling me not to mention his gift to any one.

[1] Zaluski founded a library, on which he expended enormous sums of money. He lived in the most frugal manner, so as to consecrate all his revenue to it, and would often content himself with a meal of bread and cheese. His library surpassed all private collections, and ranked with the finest public libraries of Europe. He also founded at his own expense a college at Warsaw. He was arrested, at the instigation of Repnier, and exiled.

CHAPTER L

THE DUEL WITH BRANECKI

My readers will remember my old friend la Binetti, whom I had last seen in London. She came to Warsaw with her husband and the dancer Pic while I was staying in that city. I heard of their arrival while supping with the prince palatine and the king. His majesty said he would give them a thousand ducats if they would stay a week in Warsaw. Next morning, I went to see them, impatient to tell them of the good fortune awaiting them. While I was there, Poniatowski came in person to transmit to them the king's offer. Pic organised a ballet, with costumes, decorations, orchestra, and figurantes. In three days all was ready. Tomatis, the director of the theatre, spared no expense. Their success was so great that they were engaged for a year. This was anything but pleasing to la Catai, who till then had been the public favourite; and what was worse, Binetti took her admirers from her. Tomatis, influenced by la Catai, found means to torment Binetti in a hundred ways, and hence arose one of those complicated and implacable quarrels so frequent in the theatrical world. Branecki, a great friend of the king's, was one of Binetti's most fervent admirers, but Prince Lubomirski and the whole family of Czartoryskis were for la Catai. The obligations I was under to Binetti have been set forth at length in these Memoirs, but it was evident that even for her I could not desert my friends' side, the Czartoryskis, Prince Lubomirski, all admirers of la Catai.

La Binetti reproached me bitterly for what she considered

my treachery. When I explained the case to her, she made me promise to refrain from going to the theatre, so as at least not to be forced to applaud her rival; at the same time she told me she was preparing a revenge on Tomatis which would make him sorry he had ever offended her. This was her vengeance. On the thirtieth of February, Xavier Branecki,[1] a colonel of Uhlans, a handsome, well-preserved man, and la Binetti's admirer, repaired after the ballet to la Catai's dressing-room. She was naturally surprised to see her enemy's admirer, but concluded that they must have quarrelled. Tomatis was with her, and they both showed in word and manner how pleased they were to welcome him to their side. Branecki then offered her his arm and led her to her carriage, and seated himself beside her, calling out to Tomatis in a rude voice that he could follow in another one. The director answered that he would use no carriage but his own. Branecki ordered the coachman to drive on, and Tomatis forbade him to move. Naturally, the man obeyed his master, and my fine gentleman was obliged to get out; but at the same time he ordered his servant to box Tomatis's ears. The hussar obeyed him with such good-will that it was some time before the poor director could recover himself sufficiently to remember that he wore a sword. I witnessed the scene, and went home sad and thoughtful, feeling almost as though I had shared the insult. This incident became the talk of the town. Tomatis remained in his house for a week, vainly imploring the king to revenge him. He told me in confidence that he would have punished Branecki himself, but that he had put all his fortune into the theatre, and should have been ruined had he taken vengeance into his own hands.

La Binetti was radiant when I saw her; she condoled with me ironically on my friend's misfortune. This annoyed me, but I did not then know that it was she who had egged Branecki on, and furthermore, that she was plotting to injure me

[1] Xavier Branecki, not to be confounded with John Clement Branecki, an older man, and occupying a like position.

too. I had never spoken to Branecki, and never met him; he was not in favour at court, for he was the catspaw of the Russians and the enemy of all who did not bow to the yoke of the great Catherine. The king alone, of all the royal family, was fond of him, partly for old friendship's sake, and partly because he owed him particular and personal obligations.

One evening as I was passing before la Binetti's dressing-room, I noticed that the door was open, so I stepped in to wish her good night. While I was there Branecki came in; so with a low bow I left the room. I went to pay my homage to another actress named Casacci; she reproached me playfully for not visiting her oftener, and I was excusing myself and kissing her affectionately, when in walked Branecki; he had evidently followed me.

The affront to Branecki.

'I seem to have come at the wrong moment,' he said. 'You appear to admire this lady, sir!'

'Certainly I do; does not your excellency think her agreeable?'

'So much so that I love her, and am not inclined to admit a rival.'

'Now that you have told me, sir, I will withdraw.'

'You give way to me, then?'

'With the greatest pleasure; every one must give way to so great a man as you.'

'Very good, but it seems to me that the man who does so is a coward.'

'That is rather a strong expression,' I answered, touching the handle of my sword with a haughty gesture.

I had not got four paces away from the door when I heard him call me a Venetian coward. I turned back, and said as calmly as I could, that a Venetian coward might possibly kill a brave Pole; then without waiting for his answer I left the theatre. Next morning I wrote to him as follows:—

Warsaw, 5 *March* 1766.
5 o'clock in the morning.

Monseigneur, — Yesterday evening, at the theatre, your

excellency thought proper to insult me from pure lightheartedness, and without any reason for so doing. From this, I imagine that you hate me, and wish to efface my name from the list of the living. I can, and I will, give you satisfaction. Be so kind as to fetch me in your carriage and take me to some place where my defeat will not bring you under the Polish law, and where I shall be equally safe if God helps me to kill you. I should not make this proposition to you if I did not believe you to be generous.—I have the honour to remain, etc. etc.

In half an hour I received his reply.

Sir,—I accept your proposal; be good enough to tell me when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you.—I remain, sir, etc. etc.

I answered that I would be at his house at six o'clock next morning, to which he wrote back that our differences must be settled that very day, and he placed his carriage at my disposal. To this I replied that as I had business which would occupy me the whole of the day, I must send back the carriage.

Pourparlers.

An hour after he came in person, entered my bedroom, locked the door, and sat down on my bed. Not knowing what to make of these proceedings, I took up my pistols.

'Do not be afraid,' he said, 'I have not come to assassinate you, but merely to tell you that when I have a duel to fight, I never put it off till the next day; it must be now or never.'

'I cannot fight you to-day, it is mail day; and besides I have some work to finish for the king.'

'You can finish it afterwards; you will probably not succumb, and if you do the king will forgive you.'

'I must make my will.'

'Your will! What the devil! You are afraid to die, then! You can make your will fifty years hence.'

He discusses the conditions of the duel with Branecki.

'But what can it matter to your excellency if we wait till to-morrow?'

'I don't wish to be caught; we should both be put under arrest. You have challenged me, and I mean to give you satisfaction; but to-day, or never.'

'I am too anxious to fight you to seek for a pretext, so you can fetch me after dinner, for I want all my strength.'

'With pleasure. As for me, I would rather sup afterwards than dine beforehand.'

'Every man to his taste.'

'And moreover, why did you send me the measure of your sword? I intend to use pistols; I don't fight unknown people with swords.'

'What do you mean by unknown people? I can call twenty people in Warsaw to prove that I am no fencing-master! I will not use pistols, and you cannot force me; you gave me the choice of weapons; I have your letter to prove it.'

'Strictly speaking you are right, but you are too gallant a man to insist when I say I prefer pistols. If we miss the first shot, I will fight you with swords.'

'I like your frank way of speaking. I give way, though I consider a duel with pistols barbarous. I agree on these conditions, that you bring two pistols and load them in my presence, I to take the one I choose; if we miss, we will fight with swords, either to the first blood, or *à outrance*, as you please. You will come and fetch me at three o'clock, and we shall go somewhere where we shall be safe from interference.'

'You are an amiable man, Seingalt: let me embrace you, and give me your word of honour not to speak of this to any one.'

At three o'clock Branecki arrived. I was at the window waiting for him. He came in a berline with six horses, preceded by two mounted grooms, leading his saddle horses, and accompanied by two officers, his aides-de-camp, and two hussars, besides four servants behind the carriage. A

lieutenant-general and a chasseur were inside. I told my servants not to follow me, and to await my orders at home.

'You may want them,' said my adversary. 'You had better let them come.'

'If I had as many as you I should bring them; and I am sure that should I need them your excellency will lend me yours.'

He held out his hand to me, saying he would prefer to nurse me himself. Yet he did not volunteer any further remarks. I began an unimportant conversation, talking of the weather and the court functions. After half an hour or so, the carriage stopped before some gates opening into a fine garden. We got out and walked towards an arbour, which at that time of year was anything but green; in it was a stone table, on which one of the servants deposited two pistols, about a foot and a half long, some black powder, and a pair of scales.

'Choose your weapon, sir,' said Branecki.

The general then asked in a loud voice—

'Gentlemen, is this a duel?'

'Yes.'

'You cannot fight here, you are in the *starostie*.'[1]

They are forbidden to fight.

'That does not matter.'

'It matters a great deal. I am on guard at the château; you have taken me by surprise. Signor Casanova, you cannot fight here.'

'Then, general, why was I brought here? I defend myself whenever I am attacked; if, however, his excellency will consent to say in your presence that he regrets what happened the other night, I will withdraw.'

At these words Branecki looked at me proudly, and said in an angry voice that he had come to fight, not to palaver.

'General,' said I, 'you are my witness that as far as it was possible I tried to avoid this duel.'

[1] *Starostie*. In Russian *starosta*, a castle or domain belonging to the crown, or conferred on a nobleman by the crown. All duelling was forbidden within such bounds.

Throwing off my pelisse, I took the first pistol which came to my hand; Branecki took the other, saying he would guarantee its worth on his honour.

'I am going,' said I, 'to prove its worth on your head.' At these words he turned pale, and flinging down his sword bared his chest. I did the same, and stepped back five or six paces.

He wounds Branecki.

The signal was given, we fired simultaneously, and the lookers on afterwards declared they only heard one detonation. I felt myself struck on the left hand, and putting it in my pocket, I ran towards my adversary, who had fallen. What was my surprise when I saw three naked swords flash from their scabbards and meet over my head! Three noble assassins were ready to chop me to pieces on their master's body! Fortunately for me Branecki had not yet lost consciousness, and cried out—

'You scoundrels, leave this brave man alone!'

His voice seemed to stun them. I put my right hand under his arm, and the general took him on the other side, in this way we got him to the inn, which was close by. He walked with difficulty, bent double, but I saw he was examining me attentively, as he could not understand where the blood came from which was running down my breeches, and staining my white stockings.

In the inn Branecki threw himself into an armchair. They undressed him and examined his wound. It seemed very serious; my ball had penetrated beneath the seventh rib on the right side, and come out under the last rib on the left. He said feebly—

'You have killed me. You must escape, or you will lose your head. You are in the jurisdiction of the starostie, and I am grand officer of the crown, and grand cordon of the White Eagle. Lose no time; if you have not enough money, take my purse.'

His heavy purse fell on the floor. I picked it up, and put it back into his pocket, telling him it was useless to me,

for if I was guilty I should lose my head, and I meant to go and lay it on the steps of the throne.

'I hope,' said I, 'that your wound is not mortal. I am sorry you forced me to inflict it on you.' With these words I kissed him on the forehead and left the inn. I could see neither carriage, nor horses, nor servants. They had all scattered in search of doctor, surgeon, priest, relations and friends. I was alone in a desolate country covered with snow. After wandering at haphazard some little way I met a peasant in a sleigh.

'Warsaw,' I cried, showing him a ducat. He understood; and lifting up a coarse mat, I crept under, and he started off at a gallop.

Flight. Ten minutes after I saw Bininski, Branecki's devoted friend, tearing along, his drawn sabre in his hand. He was evidently running after me. Fortunately the humble sleigh did not excite his suspicions. Had he seen me I am sure he would have cut my head off like a reed. When I got to Warsaw I went straight to Prince Adam Czartoryski's. He was out. Without losing further time I determined to take refuge in a convent. I rang the bell. The porter, seeing me covered with blood, guessed the nature of my errand, and hastened to shut the door on me. Quick as thought I knocked him over, and forced my way in. At the sound of his cries a flock of monks came running. I told them I was seeking sanctuary. One of them led me to a little room like a prison cell. I asked them to send for my servants and a surgeon. Before these persons could arrive, the Prince Palatine of Polachia, Prince Jablonowski, Prince Sanguska, and several other nobles of the court appeared. They all began to abuse the poor monks for treating me like a galley-slave. Their excuse was that I had assaulted their porter; but in less than no time I was installed in a fine chamber and examined. The ball had gone into my hand below the index finger, the first joint of which it had broken. An unskilful surgeon caused me great pain in probing for it, and made my wound twice as bad as it was at first.

His own injuries.

After the surgeon had left, I received a visit from the Prince

Palatine of Russia. While he was with me, Prince Lubomirski arrived and told me what had taken place immediately after the duel. It seems that Bininski had followed us, and on finding his friend wounded, had jumped on his horse and ridden off like a madman, swearing to kill me wherever he should find me. He rushed to Tomatis, and asked where I was. Tomatis answered that he did not know, and he fired a pistol at his head. On this Count Moszczinski seized him round the body and tried to throw him out of the window, but Bininski drew his sabre, and freed himself, after inflicting three cuts on the count, one of which crossed his face and knocked out three teeth.

'After this exploit,' continued Lubomirski, 'he caught me by the collar, and putting his pistol to my head threatened to discharge it if I did not conduct him in safety past the servants, and see him on his horse, which I did. Moszczinski has gone home, where he will be for a long time in the doctor's hands, and I went out to witness the confusion caused in the town by this duel. As soon as it was known that Branecki was hurt, his Uhlans began to scour the country, declaring they would revenge their colonel. It is a good thing you took refuge here. The marshal has ordered the convent to be surrounded by two hundred dragoons, under pretext of seeing that you do not escape, but in reality to protect you from the fury of the mob. Branecki is in great danger; they do not know yet if the ball has perforated his intestines. It is lucky for you that Bininski did not see you when you were in the sleigh.'

'The luckiest thing is that I did not kill Branecki on the spot, for I should have been chopped to pieces on his body by his friends. As it was, they were about to slay me when he stopped them by calling out, "Villains, respect this brave man!"'

At this moment a servant brought the prince a note from the king, which he handed to me, after reading it, and which I have still—

'Branecki, my dear uncle, is dangerously ill. My surgeons are with him, exercising all their skill; but I have not forgotten Casanova. You can assure him of my pardon, even if Branecki dies.'

Next day visitors came in crowds. I also received several purses full of gold from Branecki's opponents. These purses were all presented with the same formula: being a foreigner it was probable I was in need of money, and so the givers took the liberty of sending me these few pieces, etc. I thanked the donors, but refused the gifts; the only present I would accept was that of a well-cooked meal for four persons which Prince Adam Czartoryski sent me every day. On the fourth day the wound in my hand showed signs of gangrene, and the surgeons declared that amputation was necessary. They came together, three of them.

'Why in such force, gentlemen?' I asked.

'Because,' answered my own surgeon, 'I wanted the opinion of these gentlemen before operating. We will now examine the wound.'

The wound was raw and bleeding, the flesh livid and discoloured; it was decided that the hand must come off that evening.

'Not with my consent,' I said. 'So long as I am master of my hand it will remain attached to the arm.'

'But gangrene has set in; to-morrow it will have spread to the arm.'

'Then you shall cut off the arm, but if I know anything of gangrene you are mistaken.'

Highly indignant, the surgeons withdrew, and then came a procession of people, all trying to persuade me to listen to reason. The prince palatine wrote that the king was surprised at my want of courage. Much hurt at this, I wrote a long letter to the king, half joking, half serious, in which I said that as my arm would be no good to me without my hand, I was determined to wait till the arm was diseased.

The evening brought four doctors instead of three, they

found my arm twice its natural size, and livid, but to my joy I saw that the edges of the wound were less inflamed. To get rid of them, I promised that they should do what they pleased the following day, and as soon as their backs were turned I ordered my servant to lock the door, and not admit them again. To cut a long story short, a French physician, braving the displeasure of his confrères, undertook to save hand and arm, both of which I possess to this day.

The cure lasted twenty-eight days. I was able to go to Mass on Easter Day with my hand in a sling, but I was not able to use it easily for a year and a half. After Mass I went to pay my homage to the king. He asked me why I wore my arm in a sling (as he was supposed to know nothing of the duel), and I answered that I was suffering from rheumatism. 'Take care not to expose yourself to it again,' he said, smiling.

A visit to Branecki.

After leaving the king I went to see Branecki, who had inquired after my health every day, and had returned me my sword. He was in bed, and was to remain there for six weeks more. He was sitting up, as pale as death, dressed in a magnificent gown, and supported by pillows trimmed with pink ribbons.

'I have come,' I said, 'to present you my homage, and to say how ashamed I am to have allowed a trifle to offend me so deeply.'

'You have nothing to reproach yourself with, Monsieur Casanova.'

Branecki's generosity.

He ordered chocolate to be served, and for some time we conversed amicably about the duel and our several wounds. The news having spread that I was visiting him, several ladies and gentlemen of the court came trooping in to see how the *ci-devant* enemies were conducting themselves. Branecki having expressed surprise at his ball piercing my hand, I placed myself in the position I was in at the time of the combat.

'You ought to have sheltered your hand behind your body,' one of the ladies said.

'Pardon me, madame; what I was thinking of, was how to put my body behind my hand.'

Branecki told me that had he dined before fighting, he would certainly have been killed, as it was, the intestine being empty, it did not resist the pressure of the ball, which slipped over it. One thing is certain, and that is, that as soon as he knew he was to fight at three o'clock, he went to Mass, and to confession and communion. The priest could not refuse him absolution when he said that honour forced him to fight. This proceeding was in conformity with the teachings of the old school of chivalry. As for me, who am not so orthodox as he was, I had only said, 'Lord, if my enemy kills me, I shall surely be damned; therefore, I pray Thee, preserve me from death. Amen.'

For the next fortnight I received nothing but invitations to dinners and suppers. I was the lion of the moment. Once, when I went to see Count Moszczinski, I found La Binetti there. She ran away on seeing me.

'What has she against me?' I asked.

'She is afraid of you. She was the cause of your duel, and now Branecki, who was her lover, won't hear her name mentioned!'

At the height of my popularity I started out to make a little tour, well furnished with letters and introductions. I stayed at Leopol, as the guest of the young Count Zamoiski; and Christianpol, Pularia, and a small town whose name I have forgotten. In this way I visited Podolia and Volhynia, or, as they have since been named, Gallicia and Lodomeria.

On my return to Warsaw, I found my place as 'lion' taken by Madame Geoffrin,[1] who was fêted everywhere. Instead of

[1] Madame Geoffrin owed much of her popularity in Poland to her friendship with the king, Stanislas Poniatowski. She had been a warm friend of his father and mother, and had rendered him great pecuniary services during his stay in Paris. He called her mother, and when called to the Polish throne wrote to her, saying, 'Mamma, your boy is king.' When pressed by him to go to Warsaw, she undertook the long voyage, though she was then sixty-eight years old, and was received with every mark of attention. When passing

meeting friendly faces, I found only cold looks. I was received not merely with indifference, but with positive rudeness.

'We did not expect to see you again,' people said; 'why have you come back?'

'To pay my debts.'

The King of Poland snubs him.

It was positively revolting! At the houses to which I had a standing invitation, no one spoke to me. Only the princess, Prince Adam Czartoryski's sister, was at all kind to me. She asked me to supper. I went, and sat at a round table opposite the king, who did not address a single word to me.

Prince Augustus Sulkowsky, though he received me with somewhat of his old cordiality, told me frankly I had made a mistake in returning to Warsaw, for the Poles had changed their minds about me.

'But what have I done?'

He is advised to leave the country.

'Nothing; but such is the Polish character; inconstant, inconsequent, affected and superficial. You have missed your opportunity; had you seized it, your fortune had been made. I advise you now to leave Poland.'

'I will certainly take your advice, but it is very hard.'

On returning home I found a letter, unsigned, but evidently written by a friend. It informed me that the king had declared he could not receive me at his court, as he had been assured that I had left Paris secretly, taking with me a large sum of money belonging to the lottery of the military college; that I had been hanged in effigy there for this misdeed; and that, furthermore, I had, in Italy, followed the low profession of strolling player. These calumnies were easy to spread and difficult to contradict. I should have left at once for Portugal, but I was in debt, and had not enough money for the voyage. I wrote to Venice and other places, where I thought I could raise money, and was awaiting the answers,

through Vienna, this simple Paris 'bourgeoise' was received by Maria Theresa and her son. It is even said that, guessing at the project of marriage, which seemed so auspicious for France, she exclaimed on seeing Marie Antoinette, 'What a charming little duchess. I wish I could carry her off to Paris'; and that the empress laughingly replied, 'Take her, take her!'

when the general who had been present at the famous duel came to me, and told me that the king ordered me to leave the starostie of Warsaw within a week.

Boiling with indignation, I seized my pen and wrote—

'My creditors, sire, will forgive me when they know that I only left Poland because your majesty compelled me to do so.'

The following morning Moszczinski brought me a thousand ducats, saying that the king did not know that I was in need of money, and that the most important thing for me was to preserve a whole skin. It was with a view to enabling me to do so that he had ordered me to leave the country! The danger to which he alluded arose, I suppose, from five or six challenges which I had received, and of which I had taken no notice. To revenge themselves for this indifference, my adversaries might possibly attack me at night, and do me serious mischief. I gave my word of honour not only to leave Poland, but to do in all things the pleasure of the king; at the same time I sent him my humble thanks for the interest he showed in me.

Before leaving Warsaw, I learned that La Binetti's husband had gone off with her waiting-maid, and all her diamonds and money, linen and plate. Her friends had got up a subscription for her to replace her losses.

From Breslau to Dresden.

I paid my debts, which amounted to two hundred ducats, and started for Breslau, in company with Count Clary, each of us travelling in his own carriage. From Breslau I went on to Dresden, where my mother was living. The dear woman was delighted to see me, and my arm, still in a sling, produced a most romantic effect. My brother Jean,[1] and his wife Teresa, were also in Dresden, as well as my sister and her husband, Peter Augustus. I had very good luck at cards while at Dresden, and played with a safe reserve, the result of which

[1] Jean Casanova was currently reputed of royal blood. His mother, the actress Farussi, had a great success in London, and was much run after by the nobility. The King of England himself is supposed to have succumbed to her fascinations, and to have kept her for one year. Our hero's brother was the result.

was that I left the city for Leipsic taking with me a letter of credit for three thousand Saxon crowns. This letter was drawn on the banker Hoffman, who told me something about the Empress Catherine the Second, which many Russians do not know. They are under the impression that their empress is a brunette, as they always see her with brown, or rather black hair; the actual fact is that she is blonde, but at the age of ten years they began to comb her hair with leaden combs, and to anoint it with a certain ointment, so as to darken it. She was betrothed to the Duke of Holstein, afterwards Peter III., and as most Russians are fair, it was decided the reigning family should be dark.

The indiscretion of the Princess D'Aremberg.

Princess d'Aremberg, who was lodging in the same hotel with me at Leipsic, was seized with a desire to visit the fair, *incognita*. She changed clothes with one of her waiting-maids, and mixed with the suite of servants who were ordered to follow the false princess. I suppose my readers know that the princess was very pretty and very witty, and that she had been the delight of the Emperor Francis the First. I got wind of this masquerade, and followed the princess. When she stopped to admire some jewellery on one of the stalls, I approached her, and entering into conversation with her as though she were really a waiting-maid, I asked—pointing to her pretended mistress—if that was really the celebrated Princess d'Aremberg?

'Certainly,' she answered.

'I can hardly believe it,' I said, 'for she is not pretty, and she has neither the walk nor the manner of a princess.'

'Probably you don't know much of princesses and their ways.'

'Not from want of having seen plenty, and pretty closely, too; and to prove to you that I am a good judge, I will tell you that it is you who ought to be the princess, and I will give you a hundred ducats if you will come back with me.'

'A hundred ducats! it would serve you right if I took you at your word.'

'Do! I lodge in the same hotel as you, and if you can

arrange matters I will give you the money, but only when I am sure of you, for I don't like to be tricked.'

'Very well. Don't say anything to anybody, but try and speak to me before or after supper. If you have the courage to run a few risks, I will come to you.

'What is your name?'

'Caroline.'

I knew, of course, she was laughing at me, but I was glad to have afforded her some amusement, and at the same time to have let her know that I thought her charming. About supper-time I began to hang round the princess's apartments, till one of the women asked me what I wanted.

'I want to speak to one of your comrades, whom I saw at the fair.'

'You mean Caroline, no doubt; she is waiting on the princess just now, but she will be out in about half an hour.'

By and by she came back to say that Caroline would come in a minute, and that she would show me where to wait for her. She put me into a kind of cupboard, small and dark and stuffy, where, after a moment or so, I was joined by a woman. This time I knew it was the real Caroline. She took hold of my hand, telling me I must stay there quietly, and when her mistress was in bed she would join me.

'Stay here in the dark! no, charming Caroline, no light, no heart! You had better come to my room, which is on the next landing; no one will come near us, and I have the hundred ducats here.'

'It is impossible, I dare not, not for a million.'

'So much the worse for you. I wouldn't stay in this hole for a million, so farewell, pretty Caroline.'

'Wait—let me go out first.'

But I was too sharp for her. I caught hold of the tail of her gown, so that she was obliged to let me leave the cupboard with her. Once outside, I said: 'Good-bye, Caroline, the trap was not well set,' and went up to my room laughing to

myself at having fooled them. It was evident they intended making me pass the night in the dark hole as a punishment for having offered money to a princess and the mistress of an emperor.

I was bargaining for some lace a day or two after, when the princess came into the shop accompanied by Count von Zinzendorf, whom I had known in Paris. He recognised me, and asked me if I was any relation to the Casanova who had fought the celebrated duel.

'I am the very man, sir, and you see I still wear my arm in a sling.'

The count then presented me to the princess, asking her if she had heard of the duel.

'I saw something about it in the *Gazette*,' she replied; 'so you, sir, were the hero? I am delighted to make your acquaintance.'

She talked to me most amiably for some minutes; and with that perfect dissimulation which one can only learn at court, gave the impression that she had never seen me before. She invited me to dine with her that evening, and tell her all about my singular adventures. She was perfectly attentive; her maids never looked me in the face. She left Leipsic the following day, and that was the end of our little comedy.

Madame Castel-Bajac again.

Towards the end of the fair, I received an unexpected visit. My readers who will remember Castel-Bajac, whose acquaintance had been so disastrous to me in London, and whose accomplice, the Baron Schwerin, had palmed a forged note off on me, may imagine my surprise, when my servant ushered in the beautiful Madame Castel-Bajac, with whom I had dined at Lord Pembroke's.

'You here, madame!'

'Alas, yes! I have been here for three weeks, and have seen you often, but we always avoided you.'

'Who do you mean by *we*?'

'Myself and Schwerin.'

'What! that scoundrel here?'

'Yes, and in prison for a forged bill which he cashed. I do not know what they will do with him, but I fear he will be hanged.'

'And you have been with him ever since you left England three years ago?'

'Yes; thieving, cheating, deceiving every one, and flying from place to place. I am the most miserable woman in the world.'

'How much was the forged bill for?'

'Three hundred crowns. O Signor Casanova, do a noble action, forget the past and deliver this wretched man from the gallows, or the galleys, and me from death, for I shall kill myself.'

'I shall let him be hanged, if that is his fate, madame, for he put me in peril of the gallows with his forged bank-notes; but I own I feel sorry for you—so much so, that I invite you to come to Dresden with me, and I promise I will give you three hundred crowns the day I hear that Schwerin has met with his deserts. I do not understand how a woman like you could care for a man like that.'

'Alas! I own to my shame that I never loved him, but Castel-Bajac, who, by the bye, was not really my husband, deserted me. I stayed with Schwerin because he forced me to, but if an honest man to whom I could really have attached myself had asked me, I should have abandoned the wretch, who will sooner or later be the cause of my death.'

'Where do you live?'

'Nowhere, for I have been turned out of my hotel. Have pity on me.'

Saying this she flung herself at my feet in floods of tears. I could not help being moved. She was certainly one of the most beautiful women in France, and was then about twenty-six years old. I raised her from the ground, promising that I would not desert her in her trouble. The next day I sent to her hotel and arranged with her landlord for the restitution

of her goods, which he had confiscated; the poor woman's gratitude knew no bounds.

Before leaving for Dresden we heard that the banker whom Schwerin had cheated had sent to Berlin to ask his minister there if the King of Prussia would object to his proceeding with all the rigour of justice against Schwerin.

'There!' cried my new companion, 'that is what he was most afraid of. The king will pay his debts, but he will be sent to finish his days at Spandau.'

She went off with me to Dresden, happy and grateful. I called her Countess de Blasin, and presented her to my mother and my relations. I took her to the theatre and went everywhere with her. But the time was approaching for my voyage to Portugal. I could not go there with a beautiful woman, besides my means would not allow me to travel so far with a companion. We talked the situation over amicably, and she assured me that what she most desired was to return to Montpellier, her native place, and where her husband lived. 'I have relations there,' she said, 'who will take me in, and I hope that my husband will forgive me; I shall go to him as the prodigal child, and I believe he will receive me as a kind father.'

He leaves for Dresden with La Castel-Bajac.

About the middle of December we left Dresden together, and the Countess de Blasin was once more transformed. She now became Mlle. Blasin, milliner. In this character she was to travel back to Montpellier, while I returned to Vienna, where I lived for some time very quietly; I frequented neither good nor bad company, only a few old friends who were living there, Calsabigi,[1] a Venetian named Uccelli, and my friend Campioni.

[1] Calsabigi, or, as it is sometimes written, Calsiabigi, was a Florentine, to whom is due the doubtful honour of having first introduced state lotteries into France and Russia: the reader will remember that he was associated with Casanova in the French lottery scheme patronised by Louis XV. His brother, Ranieri Calsabigi, was the collaborator of Gluck when the latter, disgusted with the emptiness of the lyric poems suitable for opera, was looking for something more in harmony with his ideas. He had the luck to encounter Ranieri, whom

One day when I was at dinner with the last named, the door opened and a pretty little girl about twelve years old walked in. She came up to me with a mixture of boldness and timidity, and when I asked her what she wanted, answered me in Latin verse that her mother was waiting in the antechamber and would come in if I desired it. I replied in Latin prose, that I did not wish to see her mother, and I told her frankly the reason. She continued, always in verse, saying that her mother must come in, or she might be put in prison if the *Commissaires de chasteté* (officials peculiar to Vienna, whom I have already spoken of in these Memoirs) knew that she was alone with me. Her language was exceedingly simple. I could not help laughing at her; I asked if her father was in Vienna; she answered yes, and then began to recite erotic verses. I gave her a couple of ducats, and she left me her address. I could not help admiring her father's inventive genius, which had found this means of living at the expense of his daughter, but in Vienna it was bound, sooner or later, to get him into trouble. My evil genius inspired me with a desire to go and see this girl at her own lodgings. At the age of forty-two, and with my great experience, I was yet fool enough to go alone. She saw me from the window, and beckoned me. Imagine my horror on entering her room to find myself in the presence of the infamous Pocchini, a blackmailing thief, with whom I had had dealings in London, and whom I had then treated with the severity he deserved. His supposed wife, Catina, and two brigands of the lowest type were with him. He began by cursing and swearing, declaring

He raises scandal in Vienna.

he had known in Paris, and he undertook to write lyrical dramas for the musician, in which all the parts should be connected and final, without the vague episodes and ridiculous buffooneries then in vogue, when the aria served only as a pretext for the caprices of the singer. He composed in Italian the librettos of *Hélène et Paris*, *Alcestis*, and *Orphée aux Enfers*, which Gluck set to music. The first is little known, the other two are numbered among the five which make Gluck immortal. Catulle Mendès, warm in his praises of Ranieri Calsabigi, says that he was the inventor of 'new or modern opera, by which is meant a musical drama.'

that the time for his revenge had now come, and that my life was in his hands, but one of his comrades intervened, saying we must make up our differences and be friends; thereupon he produced a bottle which I was forced to share with them. When I refused a second glass, Pocchini shouted in a furious voice that it was because I did not want to pay for the wine. 'You are mistaken,' I said, 'I am willing to pay.' I put my hand in my pocket to get a ducat without taking out my purse, but one of the men said I need not be afraid, I was in honest company. I was forced to give way again; Pocchini snatched the purse from me, saying he would keep it in part payment of what I owed him.

Putting the best face on the matter I could, I said he was master in his own house, and rose to leave. One of the brigands insisted on my embracing him, and when I protested he drew his sword; his companion imitating him, I thought I was lost. I embraced them all, and after this they allowed me to depart. More dead than alive I returned to my inn.

I wrote out an account of the whole affair, beginning with the girl and the Latin verses, with the intention of taking it to the chief of police, but they did not give me time. I was summoned next morning to appear before the Count von Schrotembach, statthalter.

The statthalter was a stout man, who received me standing, a watch in his hand.

'Do you see the time?' he said. 'If to-morrow at the same hour you are still in Vienna, I will have you put out of the city by force.'

'May I ask the reason of this unjust and arbitrary order?'

'I owe you no explanations, but I will say this much: you would not have received such an order had you not transgressed her majesty's laws, which forbid games of hazard, and condemn swindlers to hard labour. Do you know this purse, and these cards?'

'I recognise my purse, which doubtless does not contain

what was in it when it was taken from me yesterday; as for the cards, I have never seen them before.' I then gave him the written recital of my wrongs. He read it, and then burst out laughing; it was a tissue of lies, he said; every one knew who and what I was, and why I had been expelled from Warsaw. 'However,' he added, 'you must go at the time I have appointed, and, furthermore, I must know where you are going.'

'I have not made up my mind to leave yet!'

'Ah! you mean to say you will not obey me! I advise you to do so if you wish to avoid worse treatment.'

'Give me back my papers.'

'No; I shall keep them. Now, be off!'

This was one of the most terrible moments of my life, and I shudder when I recall it. Only a cowardly love of living prevented me from thrusting my sword through the body of the infamous statthalter, who behaved to me, not as a judge, but as hangman's boy.

I went off in haste to Prince Kaunitz, who I fancied would perhaps help me, although I did not know him personally. I found him surrounded by guests, among others Signor Polo Renieri, the Venetian ambassador. Prince Kaunitz smiles.

The prince asked me what I wanted, and I told him.

'Write out a petition,' he said, 'and I will see that the empress receives it; but you had better only ask her to suspend the order for your departure, not to abrogate it, as that would offend her.'

'And if she does not grant my request, shall I be violently expelled?'

'Put yourself under the protection of the ambassador of your country.'

'Alas! prince, I have no country, though mine is ever dear to me. Legal and unconstitutional violence have deprived me of my rights as a citizen. I am a Venetian. My name is Casanova.'

Prince Kaunitz looked at Renieri, smiling. Renieri looked

amused, and drew him aside. They talked together for ten minutes in a low voice.

'It is unfortunate for you,' said the prince kindly, 'that you cannot claim the protection of any minister.'

Just then a man of colossal stature came forward, and told me I could claim his protection, as my whole family was in the service of the prince, his master, whom I had myself served. This was a fact, for the tall man was the ambassador of Saxony, Count von Vitzthum.

'Write your petition to the empress,' said von Kaunitz, 'and if you do not immediately receive an answer, go to the Embassy, where you will be safe from violence, until such time as you choose to leave.'

I sat down, and in ten minutes composed the following:—

The worm's letter to the empress.

'MADAME,—I am sure that if some poor insect were in a plaintive voice to implore your imperial and royal majesty not to step on it, your highness would turn away her foot so as not to crush the poor creature. I am that insect, madame, and I dare to implore you to order the Statthalter von Schrotembach to wait eight days before crushing me with your imperial slipper. It is possible that after the expiration of this short time, your majesty may take out of his hands the slipper which you confided to him for the punishment of scoundrels only, and not for that of a poor Venetian, who, in spite of his escape from the state prison of his country, is an honest man, and profoundly submissive to your majesty's laws. CASANOVA.

'VIENNA, 21*st Jan.* 1767.'

I gave the letter to a servant and went away, trembling like a paralytic man; I really feared my rage would make me seriously ill. About seven o'clock Vitzthum paid me a visit; he asked me to tell him the story of the girl and to write him down the verses.

'But I am much afraid,' he said, 'that justice will not be done you.'

'What! I shall be forced to leave to-morrow?'

'Oh no, she cannot help being touched by your remarks about her slipper! I never read a petition written in that vein before. Even the cold von Kaunitz was obliged to smile; he read it to the Venetian ambassador, who gravely asked him if he meant to send it as it was to her majesty. "Why, yes," he answered; "it could be sent to God if one only knew the address!" He despatched it there and then by one of his secretaries. We talked about you all dinner-time, and I was pleased to hear Renieri declare that no one knew *why* you had been imprisoned in 'The Leads.' They also spoke of your duel with Branecki.'

Next day at noon von Vitzthum's secretary came to tell me that I had no cause to fear, either at home or even abroad, if I went in a carriage, but that I must not go out on foot.

This favour could only come from the empress, and I immediately began to build castles in the air; my enemies would be punished, my money returned to me. I determined to pay a visit to the Countess de Salmor, who had constant access to the empress, and to whom I had had a letter of introduction. This lady told me that I ought to leave off wearing my arm in a sling, that it was a ridiculous piece of charlatanism; after nine months I could not possibly need it. I replied, very much astonished, that I certainly should not wear a sling unless I required it, and that I was not a charlatan, adding, 'I came to see you, madame, on a very different matter.'

'I know, but I do not wish to be mixed up in it; you are all scoundrels, the whole lot of you.'

I turned on my heel and left the room without bowing.

Discrepancy between the public opinion of Casanova and his own.

I was completely crushed; ill-used and insulted by rogues of all degrees, powerless to revenge myself, rejected by justice itself. What! a miserable wretch of a countess to dare to make fun of my sling! If I had received such an insult from a man, I would have taken the glove off my left hand and slapped his face with my right. I could not prevent my left hand swelling if I kept it out of the sling for an hour, and

then the slightest movement caused me intolerable pain. I was not entirely cured till twenty months after the duel.

Schrotembach treated my whole story as a romance, and said I had kept a faro-table, and played with marked cards; that I had used both hands to deal with, and my sling was only a pretence. This came from the empress through Prince Kaunitz, who told Vitzthum, who told me. The empress was of course obliged to believe what Schrotembach told her; if she had listened to me she would have been forced to discharge him, and he was useful to her. The girl with her Latin verses and supposed parents had disappeared from Vienna, no one knew where they had gone; he advised me to forget my two hundred ducats, and to depart quietly.

I left Vienna full of bitterness and regret, at not being able to kill the barbarous despot who tyrannised over me. I stopped at Lintz and wrote to Schrotembach, a more biting letter even than the one I had addressed seven years before to the Duke of Würtemburg, and I put it in the post myself, and took a receipt for it so as to be sure it would reach him.

From Lintz I went to Augsburg, where I passed four months as agreeably as possible. My pockets were not too well lined, but I lived plainly and played moderately. While I was at Augsburg several Poles took refuge there from the troubles which were devastating their country. The crown notary, Rzewuski, who was on his way to Spa, assured me if I went there I should meet Prince Adam's sister, Tomatis, la Catai, whom he had married, and many other friends. I decided to take his advice, and as I was short of money, looked round for some means of procuring three or four hundred ducats.

I wrote to Prince Charles of Courland,[1] who was then at

[1] This great friend of Casanova's, though of superior rank, was a man of his own kidney. Charles Ernest, Prince of Courland, was thirty-nine; and was sent to the Bastille under a *lettre de cachet* in 1768. He was arrested on suspicion as a forger of bills of exchange and of signatures. He took his arrest quietly, says his chronicler, only begging to be allowed to keep a packet containing a white powder. He was known to have the secret of eradicating ink and mending torn edges of paper—a forger's stock in trade, in fact.

Venice, and asked him to send me a hundred. To induce him to do so at once I sent him an infallible recipe for the philosopher's stone. As my letter was not written in cipher, I asked him to burn it; he did not do so, and it was seized in Paris with his other papers when he was put in the Bastille.

My letter, which was kept within the archives of the prison, would never have seen the light again but for the Revolution. When the Bastille was destroyed it was found, and printed with several other curious documents, and translated into German and English. The ignorant fools who abound in the country where my destiny wills that I end my life, were delighted to have this fact to bring against me. They were stupid enough to consider the authorship of this letter a terrible stain on my character, and imagined they were confounding me when they told me it had been translated into German, and would stand for my everlasting confusion. The brutal Bohemians, who thus reproached me, were thunderstruck when I laughed in their faces, and said, that on the contrary this letter immortalised me.

I do not know if the text of the letter has been changed, but as it has been made public I will give it here, as a homage to that God of truth, the only Deity, I adore. I have in my hand an exact copy of the original, written at Augsburg, in the month of May 1767, and we are now at the first day of the year 1798.

Augsburg, May 1767.

'Monseigneur,—Your highness will please to burn this letter after reading it, or at least preserve it with the greatest secrecy. It would be better to burn it, and keep only a copy of it in cipher, so that if it should be lost or stolen, the contents will remain undecipherable. My attachment to you is not my only reason for writing it; I will own that my interest counts for something. Permit me to say that it is not enough for me that your highness approves certain qualities in me; though this flatters my self-love, I cannot but dread the natural inconstancy of princes. I wish to give you, mon-

seigneur, a better reason, for your preference; I wish you to be under an obligation to me. I give you the secret of making, or rather increasing, gold, the only thing of which your highness stands in need. Had you been a miser you would be rich; but you are generous, and you would remain poor all your life, but for this secret of which I am sole possessor.

'Your highness asked me at Riga to tell you my secret for the transmutation of iron into copper; I did not do so: now I am going to give you a far more important secret. But I must tell you that the place where you live now is not suitable to the operation, although you could easily obtain there all that is necessary. My presence is necessary for the construction of the furnace, which demands great nicety of execution; the smallest fault would render the operation null.

'The transmutation of Mars is easy and mechanical; the secret I am now going to explain to you is philosophical. When your gold is precipitated, it will be equal to that of which Venetian sequins are made. Remember, monseigneur, that I am not only putting you in a position to be independent of me, but I am also putting my life and my liberty in your hands. The step I am taking ought to bring me your eternal goodwill, and set you above the prejudices under which chemists and their methods of procedure and application generally labour. My vanity will be much hurt if your highness does not place me above my fellows. Will you wait until we can make the experiment together? You cannot work alone, and you must not trust anybody, for even if the operation succeeded, the man who helped you would sell your secret. I will tell you that it was with the same ingredients, with mercury and nitre added, that I made the *tree of projection* for Madame d'Urfé; the Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst calculated the *végétation*, which was fifty per cent. I should now be the possessor of an enormous fortune, had I been able to trust a prince who was master of a mint. I am now for the first time in a position to do so, for your divine character is above all suspicion. But to come to facts.

'You must take four ounces of good silver, dissolve it in aqua-fortis, and then precipitate it with a copper blade; after which wash it in tepid water to separate the acids, then dry it well; mix it with half an ounce of sal ammoniac, and place it in a retort. After this take a pound of feather alum,[1] and a pound of Hungarian crystal, four ounces of copperas, four of native cinnabar, and two of sulphur. Pulverise these ingredients, and mix well together; then place them in a cucurbite, capable of holding twice as much again. This cucurbite must be placed on a four-blast furnace, and the fire heated to the fourth degree. You must begin with a slow fire, which will only extract the vapours of watery parts; and when the spirits begin to be thrown off, you must place over the retort the recipient containing the mercury, and the sal ammoniac. All the fissures must be carefully stopped with *lut de sapience*, and as the spirits are thrown off, the fire must be decreased to the third degree. When the sublimation begins, open the fourth blast, but take care that the sublimate does not pass into the recipient where the mercury is; close the opening of it with a triple bladder and put it in a circulation furnace for twenty-four hours, then take off the bladder and turn the retort towards the centre so that it can distil. After having repeated this operation three times you will see gold in the retort. You must take it out and melt it with the addition of a *corps parfait*.[2] If you melt it with two ounces of gold and then plunge it in water,

[1] Feather alum, or halotrichite, is the double sulphate of iron and potassium.

[2] It is noticeable that Casanova carefully omits to give the composition of this *corps parfait*, and thus renders his recipe entirely valueless, unless tried under his own supervision. Indeed, all those who laid claim to the possession of the philosopher's stone were very careful to keep the secret of their *materia prima*. Ernst von Meyer, in his *History of Chemistry*, says 'that the most unexpected substances, natural products of every kind, were taken as raw material for the manufacture of this preparation, and worked up in every conceivable way.' It should be remembered that one of the very first questions addressed by the adventurer to Madame d'Urfé related to this *materia prima*, a question to which the old lady replied in the affirmative.

you will find four ounces of gold, which will stand any proof, perfect in weight, malleable, but rather pale coloured.

'Here, monseigneur, is a mine of gold for your mint at Mitau, by means of which a director with four men under him can produce a revenue of a thousand ducats a week for you, or the double or quadruple, if your highness chooses to multiply the workmen and the furnaces. I ask to have the direction of it myself, and I only want for my part such share in the gold produced as your highness shall see fit to give me, and which you will allow me to strike in such coin as I shall point out. Remember, monseigneur, that this must remain a state secret. Consign this letter to the flames, and if your highness wishes to reward me in advance, I will only ask a return of the affection I feel for you. I shall be happy if I can so far flatter myself as to call my master my friend. I deliver my life with this letter into your hands, and I shall always be ready to sacrifice it in your service; at the same time I shall know how to protect myself, if I ever have cause to repent having written so openly to your highness, of whom I have the honour to be,' etc.

If this letter, no matter in what language it is printed, is expressed otherwise than above,[1] it was not written by me, and I give the lie to all the Mirabeaus in the world. I have been wrongly called an exile; a man who leaves his country because of a *lettre de cachet* is not an exile. He is forced to obey an order of a monarch, who, by an arbitrary decree, kicks out of his house, so to speak, whoever displeases him, without listening to any defence he may offer.

He leaves Augsburg, 14th June 1767.

As soon as my purse was respectably filled out, I left Augsburg; this was on the 14th June 1767. I was at Ulm when a courier of the Duke of Würtemberg passed through on his way to Louisberg; he brought a letter for me from Prince Charles of Courland,[2] treating of our private affairs.

[1] The Bastille archives were ransacked and published, and among the papers of the Duke of Courland this letter was found, expressed more or less as above.

[2] Casanova does not anywhere reveal the prince's reply to his proposition!

I went on to Mayence, where I embarked with my carriage on a big barque, and I arrived at Cologne towards the end of July. I was looking forward with pleasure to meeting again the burgomaster's charming wife. But this was not the only reason I had for stopping in this hideous town. While at Dresden I had read in the *Cologne Gazette*, that 'the individual known as Casanova having reappeared at Warsaw after an absence of two months, had received orders to leave that city at once, the king having heard several stories about him which obliged him to forbid his court to this adventurer.'

I could not digest this article, and determined to pay a visit to Jacquet, the editor of the *Gazette*.

The wife of the burgomaster again.

When I called at the burgomaster's house, I found him at table with his pretty Mimi. My welcome was all that I could desire, amiable and cordial. I recounted my adventures to them, and the recital took two hours. As Mimi was going out that day, they invited me to dine on the morrow. She appeared to me more beautiful than she was seven years previously, and my imagination began to run away with me. After an agitated night, I made a careful toilette, and went to my host's house betimes, so as to find his wife alone. She was alone, but though she listened with patience to my transports, her manner was frigid.

'Time is an excellent physician,' she said, 'and has cured my heart of a malady, in which there was too much bitter in proportion to the sweet. I do not wish to again expose myself to a passion which only leaves remorse behind it.'

'What! the confessional——'

'Is the place in which to repent our sins, and fortify ourselves against fresh temptations.'

'God preserve me against a repentance and remorse which are based on mere prejudice. I shall leave here to-morrow.'

'I did not tell you to go away.'

'If there is no hope for me I cannot remain. Is there any hope?'

'No—none whatever.'

Nevertheless, she was charming to me at dinner; but I was so discouraged that I must have seemed ill-tempered; women have always had the power to raise or depress my spirits. The next morning, at seven o'clock, I got into my chaise. As soon as we were out of the gates and on the road to Aix-la-Chapelle, I got out, and telling the postillion to wait for me, I went to Jacquet's house, armed with my cane and a pistol. The servant, in answer to my knock, showed me into the room where he was at work. The door, on account of the heat, was open. At the sound of my entrance he turned round and demanded what my pleasure was.

As Jacquet was a man with whom I could have fought, I had no scruple in beating him.

'Infamous scribbler,' I said, 'I am that adventurer Casanova, whose name you defamed in your paper, some four months ago.' Saying this, I grasped my pistol in my left hand, and raised my cane. But the miserable wretch fell on his knees and asked for mercy, with clasped hands, at the same time offering to give me the letter from Warsaw, so that I could read the name of the person who had calumniated me.

'Where is the letter?'

'I will give it you in one moment.'

I moved aside to let him pass, and I drew the bolt of the door. He began to search for the letter, trembling like a leaf. I showed him the date of the article in his *Gazette*, which I had in my pocket, but his correspondence was all in disorder. At the end of an hour he again flung himself on his knees and, trembling and stammering, told me to deal with him as I would. I gave him a kick, and putting my pistol in my pocket, ordered him to follow me. He accompanied me without a word, and without a hat, to my postchaise; when he saw me get into it, he thanked God for having got off so cheaply. I arrived that evening at Aix-la-Chapelle, where I found the Princess Lubomirska, General Roniker, several other distinguished Poles, Tomatis and his wife, and a crowd of Englishmen of my acquaintance.

CHAPTER LI

A LETTRE DE CACHET

The quantity of adventurers who frequent Spa[1] at the season for taking the water is enormous, and they all go hoping to make a fortune. The amount of money in circulation is extraordinary, but it all passes into the hands of the gamblers and the shopkeepers, usurers who do good business. The passion for play is even stronger than that for gallantry, and the gambler at Spa has neither the time to consider a woman's attractions, nor the courage to make any sacrifices for her. The profits of the tables are divided into three: the first and smallest share goes into the purse of the Prince Bishop of Liége; the second to the nameless scoundrels who haunt the place; and the third and largest part, which is estimated at half a million yearly, is engulfed in the coffers of twelve professional cheats, owned to, and authorised by the sovereign who is associated in their gains. In a place like this, where one does nothing but eat, drink, promenade, gamble, and dance, living is not dear; at a richly spread *table d'hôte* I only paid half a French crown piece, and for the same sum I was well lodged.

I had been some days at Spa, winning and losing little sums, when my landlord informed me that an Italian gentleman had taken rooms in my hotel. I asked his name, and was shown a card bearing the title 'Le Marquis don Antonio della

[1] The name of Casanova does not figure in the *Livre d'or* here, but it is among those of the notabilities who have visited Spa, and whose names are inscribed on the vase of what is called *La Cascade memoriale*, just outside the 'Pouhorn,' the principal spring.

The villain Croce re-appears.

Croce.' Could it be Croce? It was very possible. I was told that he had a secretary and two menservants, and his wife a maid. I was impatient to see this marquis, and had not long to wait, for learning that I was his neighbour he came to pay me a visit. It was indeed Croce—Monsieur de Sainte Croix—Il Marchese della Croce!

We spent two hours talking over our adventures since our separation at Milan. He had heard what I had done for the girl he had abandoned, and in the six years which had passed since then, he had overrun half Europe. He had made money in Paris and Brussels; and in the last-named city had fallen in love with a young lady of quality, whose father had shut her up in a convent. They had eloped together, and she was the Marquise de la Croce, and soon to give him an heir to his self-assumed title. He passed her off as his wife, because, he said, he firmly intended to marry her.

'I have fifty thousand francs in gold, as much again in jewels and carriages, and I intend to have a table in our room and give suppers; if I play without attempting to *correct the cards* I am always certain to lose.'

He intended to go on to Warsaw, and expected me to give him letters to my acquaintance there; but he was mistaken, I did not even present him to the Poles I knew at Spa. His pretended secretary was only his accomplice, a tricky Veronese, named Conti. I promised to remain perfectly neutral, and I accepted his invitation to dinner. His supposed wife was about sixteen or seventeen years old, a tall, pretty blonde, with all the style of the nobility to which she belonged. The story of her elopement is known to her brothers and sisters, and as her distinguished and honourable family is still extant, I must not mention her name. She wore fine earrings and two superb rings, which gave me an opportunity to admire her hands. I could not keep my eyes off her. I could not help speculating as to what could be the charm of Croce, that women of such superior breeding fell in love with him. He was not handsome or cultivated; he had not the ways of one

accustomed to good society; he was not witty in conversation, and yet here was the second girl of good family who had deserted the paternal roof to follow him. After dinner I drew him aside, and read him a little lecture. I pointed out to him the necessity of being more circumspect in his conduct, and told him he would be the most execrable of men did he grieve this excellent creature.

'I shall marry her at Warsaw, and you may be sure that I shan't leave *this one* to your care. If you are in want of money, my purse is at your disposal.'

At the end of a week, as Croce failed to attract people to his house in spite of his suppers, he took to playing at the public tables, and lost continually. At the end of three weeks, Conti, who played prudently, had won a considerable sum, and went back to Verona with his wife and one of the menservants. About the same time Charlotte—this was the name of the marquise—discharged her waiting-maid. 'I only stayed on at Spa because I foresaw the approaching catastrophe, and had not the heart to leave Charlotte. Croce sold all his jewels, then those of his companion, then her lace, and her best clothes, then his own wardrobe, and with the two hundred louis this yielded made one last effort. He played like a madman in my presence. He rose from the table, and making me a sign to follow him, said, 'My friend, there is nothing left for me but to kill myself, or to leave Spa at once, without returning to the inn. I shall go on foot to Warsaw; leaving my wife to your charge; I know you will take care of her, for you adore her. Tell her I only wanted to make a fortune for her, and if I am more lucky in future I shall devote my whole life to her. Take care of her, she is worthy of a better man than I; take her to Paris, where I will write to you. I know you have money. Farewell, I commend Charlotte to you; better for her if she had never known me!'

Croce again recommends the care of his mistress to Casanova.

He embraced me weeping, and set off, then and there, without a cloak, or a second shirt, in silk stockings, a cane in

his hand, and a fine apple-green velvet coat on his back, leaving me speechless and in despair at having to communicate such news to a woman in her position.

I told her that we must not wait dinner for the marquis, who was detained at the tables; she sighed, wished him luck, and we sat down. After dinner we went for a turn in the Capucin convent garden, and there, as gently as I could, I told her the story, winding up with Croce's parting words, 'I commend Charlotte to your keeping.'

She was silent; her eyes cast down, her hands clasped. I could tell by her irregular breathing what she was suffering. Then wiping two big tears from her beautiful eyes, she said: 'My generous friend, if I may still count on you, I am far from being wretched.'

He undertakes the care of Charlotte.

'Charlotte, I swear I will never leave you, till I leave you in the arms of your husband.'

'Enough. I swear to be eternally grateful and submissive to you.'

We sold Croce's carriage, and what was left of his wardrobe, dismissed the servants, and remained on at Spa, seeing no one. She saw that I loved her as a father. I would hold her in my arms for hours, kissing her beautiful eyes, and content to see that she was happy and at ease. Our affection had all the purity of first love.

We left Spa, unattended, and when we reached Liége, went by the Ardennes to Paris, thus avoiding Brussels, where she was afraid of being seen.

An altered Paris.

Paris seemed a new world to me. We lodged at the hotel Montmorency,[1] in the street of the same name. Madame d'Urfé was dead; my old friends had changed house or fortune. I

[1] Called after Mathieu de Montmorency, who built a house there in 1215. The hotel of which Casanova speaks is still existing, portions of it can be traced at No. 8. It will be remembered that during Madame d'Urfé's life Casanova had always lived in the Rue du Bac, so as to be near her. In a plan of Paris dated 1750, Nos. 85 and 89 Quai des Théatins are set down as belonging to Monsieur le Camus. These two houses were situated at the right and left of the Rue du Bac.

found poor people become rich, rich poor; new buildings, new streets; I no longer knew my way about. The craze for plays had introduced a new system, new rules, new actors; everything had become dearer. Crowds of miserable people, to distract their minds from their troubles, paced up and down the false ramparts, which went by the sonorous name of boulevards. The luxury of those who drove was only apparent because of the contrast. The two extremes were turn and turn about, beheld and beholders. Paris is perhaps the only city in the world which can change its face completely in five or six years.

My first visit was to Madame de Rumain, who was delighted to see me. I returned her the money she had had the goodness to send me in my distress. My brother and his wife were living in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. They begged me to stay with them, which I promised to do as soon as the lady who was with me should be confined. I did not think it necessary to tell them her story, and they were delicate enough not to ask questions. These duties performed, I remained at Charlotte's side. On the 8th of October I arranged for her to board with Madame Lamarre, a nurse, who lived in the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Denis, and on the evening of the same day we went together in a *fiacre*.

We were obliged to stop for a funeral to go by, and Charlotte covered her eyes with her handkerchief.

'Dear friend,' she said, 'it is very foolish, no doubt, but this seems to me a bad omen.'

When I had seen her installed, I went off to my brother's; but only to sleep, for as long as Charlotte lived, I spent the entire day with her, from nine in the morning until past midnight. On the 13th of October she had a feverish attack, and on the 17th she gave birth to a fine boy, who, by the express wish of his mother, was taken that morning to church and baptized.[1] She wrote with her own hand the name she wanted

[1] It will be observed that, contrary to his usual habit, Casanova does not allow himself to imply any doubts of the paternity of the child of Croce.

Her child a foundling.

him to have. James (my name) and Charles (her own), son of Antonio della Croce, and Charlotte —— (she gave her own name). On the child's return from church, she insisted that Madame Lamarre should take him to the Foundling, with the certificate of his baptism, the place where he was born, and his name pinned to his clothing. I tried in vain to persuade her to let me bring him up. She said that if he lived, his father could easily remove him from the Foundling. The same day the nurse gave me the following certificate, which I copy from the original, still in my possession:—

'We, J. B. Douval, councillor of the king, commissary of the Châtelet of Paris, formerly chief of the police of the quarter of the city, certify that to our knowledge, a male child has this day been taken to the Foundling Hospital. The boy, apparently about one day old, was brought from the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Denis by the midwife Lamarre, wrapped in its swaddling-clothes, in which was found a certificate, stating that he had been baptized this day at the church of Saint-Laurent by the names of James Charles, son of Antonio della Croce and Charlotte de ——. In support of which we give the present certificate at our hotel in the Rue des Marmousets,[1] in the city, this 18th day of October 1767, at seven o'clock in the evening. Douval.'

Death of Charlotte.

After this I never left Charlotte's bedside day or night; the fever did not diminish for one moment, and she died on the 26th of that month. One hour before she died she said good-bye to me, and kissed my hand in the presence of the priest

[1] Casanova probably means the Rue des Marmousets de la Cité, a street which owed its name to a house called 'Des Marmousets' (marmosetarum), which existed in the thirteenth century. It was at the corner of this street, and that of the Two Hermits, that tradition placed the dwellings of the barber and the pastry-cook, one of whom cut the throats of his customers, while the other made their bodies into excellent meat-pies. At the base of the house which formed the angle of the two streets was to be seen, until a year or two ago, a square stone bearing vestiges of sculpture, supposed to have been placed there to perpetuate the memory of the French Sweeny Todd and his accomplice.

who had heard her confession. The tears which are falling as I write these lines are probably the last I shall shed in memory of this charming creature, victim of her love for a villain who is still living, and whose mission it seems to be to make others miserable.

At midday my brother and his wife came to inquire for me. They found me in tears beside the body of a young and beautiful woman. They brought me several letters, which I did not open until the day after the funeral. The first one I read was from M. Dandolo, and announced the death of M. de Bragadin. For twenty-two years this man had been to me as a father. He had lived economically—he had even run into debt, in order that I should want for nothing; yet, great as my loss was, I could not weep. His fortune was all held in trust, so he could not leave me anything; his furniture and his library went to his creditors. His two faithful friends, who were mine as well, were poor, and could only give me their affection. This terrible news was accompanied by a letter of exchange for a thousand crowns, which the dead man, foreseeing his end, had sent me twenty-four hours before.

He decides to go to Spain, and intrigues for letters of introduction.

I remained shut up for three days, and on the fourth I began to pay court to the Princess Lubomirska. I had decided to go to Madrid, and the princess gave me a letter to the Count d'Aranda, who was then all-powerful. Marchese Caraccioli, then in Paris, gave me three others: one to the Prince de la Catolica, the Neapolitan minister to Madrid; one to the Duc de Lossada, chief butler to the king and his favourite; and a third to the Marchese Mora Pignatelli.

On the 4th of November I went to a concert given in a hall opposite the Orangery, with a ticket presented to me by the Princess Lubomirska. When the concert was half over, I heard some one pronounce my name sneeringly. I turned round and saw who it was; it was a tall young man,[1] seated between two older ones. As I looked at him he turned away, but continued insolently speaking. He said, among other

[1] The young man was the Marquis de Lille.

things, that I had cost him at least a million, which I had stolen from his aunt, the late Marquise d'Urfé.

'You are an insolent fellow,' said I; 'if you were outside, I would give you a kick to teach you how to talk of your betters.'

Saying this I rose up and went out. The two older men were holding the younger back. After waiting a while to see if he would come, I went on. The day but one after, I was at table with my brother, my sister-in-law, and some Russians who boarded with them, so as to learn how to paint battle-pieces, when the servant said a Chevalier of Saint-Louis was in the hall, and desired to speak to me. I went out, and he handed me a paper. I opened it; it was signed *Louis*. The king ordered me to leave Paris within twenty-four hours, and the kingdom within three weeks, and all the reason he alleged was, that *it was his good pleasure*.'

A *lettre de cachet*.

'Very well, sir. I have read the order, and I will try and please the king by going as soon as possible. If I am not able to leave in twenty-four hours, his majesty will have the satisfaction of doing with me what he pleases.'

'The twenty-four hours, sir, are only assigned as a formality. Sign the order, give me a receipt for the *lettre de cachet*, and you can go when it suits you. I simply ask you to give me your word of honour that you will not go to any of the theatres or public promenades on foot.'

'I give you my word, sir, and I thank you for relying on it.'

I took the chevalier to my room, where I wrote what he dictated to me. As he said he would like to see my brother, whom he knew, we went into the dining-room, where I announced as gaily as I could the object of his visit.

My brother began to laugh. 'My dear Monsieur Buhot,' said he, 'this news comes like the month of March in Lent; my brother intended to leave during the week.'

'So much the better; if the minister had known it, he would not have troubled himself to sign the letter.'

'What is the reason of this order?'

'They say there was some talk of a chastisement to be dealt to some one who, though very young, is not to be treated so.'

'You must know, chevalier,' said I, 'that those words were only a formality, like your twenty-four hours, for if the impertinent young fellow whom I thought it necessary to threaten in such a way on account of his insulting words had followed me, why, he wore a sword with which he could easily have protected himself!'

I then told him the affair from beginning to end, and he agreed with me that I was in the right. He advised me to tell the story to M. de Sartine, who knew me, and would listen to me; I did not say anything to this, as I remembered the celebrated lieutenant of police, and what a preacher he was. The *lettre de cachet* was dated the 6th of November, and I did not leave Paris till the 20th.

A new view of 'the king's pleasure.'

I informed all my acquaintances of the honour the King of France had done me, in signifying to me his good pleasure— the most atrocious and humiliating formula in the world—and I would not listen to Madame du Rumain, who wanted to go off at once to Versailles, saying she was certain she could get the king to cancel the letter. My passport for post-horses was given me by the Duke de Choiseul, and was dated 19th November. I have it still.

He leaves Paris.

I left alone, without a servant, sorrowing for my Charlotte, but otherwise in a tranquil frame of mind. I had a hundred louis in my purse, and a letter of credit for eight thousand francs on Bordeaux. I was going to a country where I had need of circumspection. I had lost all my extraneous resources; death had isolated me; I began to see that I had arrived at what is called *a certain age*, an age at which fortune frowns on one as a rule, and the smiles of women become rare.

I got into my postchaise at six o'clock in the evening, intending to travel all night, and dine at Orleans. I reached Bourg-la-Reine in half an hour, and then I fell asleep, to wake at Orleans at seven o'clock in the morning.

O my dear, my beautiful France! where in those days

Panegyric on France.

things went so well, in spite of the *lettres de cachet*, in spite of the *corvées* and the misery of the people, and the good pleasure of the king and his ministers, dear France, what hast thou become to-day? The people is thy sovereign, the people, most brutal and most tyrannical of all rulers. Thou hast no longer to submit to the good pleasure of the king, it is true, but thou hast to submit to popular caprice and the republic; a frightful government, which means public ruin, and which is not suited to modern peoples; too rich, too learned, and, above all, too depraved for a government which presupposes abnegation, sobriety, and all the virtues. It cannot last.

I hoped to see Noël, the King of Prussia's cook, at Angoulême, but I only found his father, who treated me very well, and also possessed, I found, a veritable talent for making pâtés. He assured me that he would undertake to send any pâtés I might order all over Europe, to any address I gave him.

'What! to Venice, London, Warsaw, Petersburg!'

'Constantinople, if you like, and to prove that I am not deceiving you, you need not pay for them till you hear they have arrived at their destination.'

I took him at his word, and sent some to my friends in Venice, Warsaw, and Turin, and received thanks and compliments for each.

This man had grown rich by his trade. He told me he sent many to America; and with the exception of those which were shipwrecked, they all arrived in perfect condition. They were made for the most part of turkey, partridge, and hare, stuffed with truffles, but he also made them of *foie gras*, larks, and thrushes.

CHAPTER LII

SPAIN

I TRAVELLED from Bordeaux to Bayonne and Saint Jean-de-Luz in my chaise; here I sold my carriage and went to Pampeluna, across the Pyrenees on a mule's back, with my baggage on a second mule. These mountains seemed more imposing than the Alps; at any rate, they are more pleasant to look on. The roads of Spain.

At Pampeluna I hired a guide, named Andrea Capello, and we started for Madrid. The road is as good as any in France. It was made by the famous General de Gages at his own expense, and does him more honour than his bloodstained laurels. Twenty leagues further on I cannot say the roads were bad, for there simply were not any; up the rugged ascents, down the steep declines, there was no sign of anything on wheels having ever passed that way before. I do not advise travellers who love their ease to take that route to Madrid. There are no inns, only a miserable tavern here and there. Signor or Senhor Andrea carefully chose the best among them, and after having seen to his mules and procured all that was needful for them, he would hunt through the village for something for me to eat. The landlord of the establishment would never think of putting himself out. He would show me a room in which I could sleep, and a fireplace in which I could make a fire if I chose, but would not procure me either food or fuel. He would sit nonchalantly smoking his cigarette of Brazilian tobacco rolled up in a bit of paper, and looking like the quill of a pen, puffing out long columns of smoke, as grave as a judge. In no part of Europe do the people live as soberly as

the lower-class Spaniards. Two ounces of white bread, or the roasted cones of the cork-tree, suffice for a Spaniard's daily nourishment. He is proud to be able to say when his guest departs: 'I did not give myself any trouble about him.' This is the result of laziness and pride. 'A Castilian must not abase himself by serving a *gavacho*.' The French, and by extension, all foreigners, are to them *gavachos*—a much more unpleasant name than dog, which the Turks give us, and which term is also bestowed liberally by the English on all who are not born within the three kingdoms. It is, of course, understood that polished and educated people do not speak or think in this way. A well-conducted and well-mannered foreigner is well received all over, in Spain as in England or Turkey.

Recollections of St. Maria of Agreda.

I slept one night at Agreda, where a nun, Maria d'Agreda, once carried her madness to the point of writing the life of the Blessed Virgin from her own dictation. The reader may remember that I was given this book to read in 'The Leads,' and that the reveries of this holy visionary almost drove me mad.

I noticed that though the chamber doors in each inn where I slept were furnished with bolts on the outside, on the inside there was nothing but a latch. When I asked Andrea the meaning of this: 'Senhor, you must put up with the arrangement, for the holy Inquisition must be free to see at any moment what foreigners are doing in their rooms.'

'But what has your cursed Inquisition——'

'For the love of God, Senhor Jacob, don't talk like that! or we are both lost.'

'Well, then, what has your holy Inquisition got to be curious about?'

'Everything: whether you eat meat on fast days; whether there are two unmarried persons of different sexes in one room. The holy Inquisition, Senhor Don Jaïmo, watches continually for our eternal salvation in this country.'

Whenever we met a priest taking the viaticum to a dying person, Andrea would stop and bid me imperatively to get

down and kneel in the mud, and there was nothing to do but to obey. Just then the burning religious question of the day was breeches. An edict had been issued forbidding the wearing of breeches with buttoned fronts; flaps only were allowed. The tailors who made the other model, and the men who wore them were punished. In spite of all, however, the fashion persisted, and priests and monks preached themselves hoarse. Matters had come to such a pass that a revolution almost broke out—a revolution which would have enriched history with an episode worthy of Tacitus, and which would have made all Europe hold its sides for laughing. Fortunately it was settled without bloodshed. A notice was stuck on the doors of the churches, declaring that buttoned breeches would be permitted to the executioner only. This had the desired effect, for no one cared to emulate that worthy.

Spanish customs criticised.

I entered Madrid by the Alcala gate. I was searched, and my books were taken from me, but returned to me three days after. One of the clerks asked me for a pinch of snuff; I handed him my box. He calmly threw the contents into the road, saying: 'Senhor, in Spain this tobacco is accursed.' It was good Paris *râpé*. But they are rigorous on this head. The king, who only stuffs one enormous pinch into his enormous nose in the morning on rising, insists that others should keep his factory going. Spanish tobacco is very good when it is pure, which it rarely is.

A friend at Bordeaux had given me the address of an hotel, where I took comfortable rooms, but I suffered somewhat from the cold, which is drier and more stinging than in Paris, in spite of Madrid being forty degrees further south. One reason is that the city site is the highest in Europe, and is furthermore surrounded by mountains. The air is bad for foreigners, especially those of a full habit. Spaniards, who are generally thin and wizened, never go out without their long black mantle. The poor people wear a regular Arab burnous. The men are narrow-minded and prejudiced, while the women, although ignorant, are generally intelligent. Both sexes are

animated by desires and passions as lively as the air they breathe, and as burning as the sun which shines on them. The men hate foreigners, but the women revenge us by loving us, though with the most extreme caution.

I had need of a servant who could speak French, and after much difficulty succeeded in finding one, and at an exorbitant wage. He was what is called in Madrid a *page*. I was not to ask him to ride behind my carriage, to carry parcels, or to light me at night with a lanthorn or a torch. This page was about thirty years old, and repulsively ugly. I wish to God he had broken his leg on his way to take service with me!

I presented my letter from the Princess Lubomirska to the Count d'Aranda.[1] It was he who purged Spain of the Jesuits, and he was more powerful in Madrid than the king himself. He had proscribed the wide-brimmed hats and long cloaks. He was President of the Council of Castile, and never went out without a bodyguard; needless to say he was the *bête noire* of the whole nation. He was a great statesman, of a profound daring, an inflexible thinker, an epicurean; but with an appearance of strictness he permitted himself everything which he denied to others. This hideous personage, who squinted disagreeably, received me with coldness.

'What have you come to do in Spain?'

'To instruct myself by observing the manners and customs of an esteemed nation, and at the same time to put my poor talents to account, if I can find some employment under the government?'

'You have no need of me; if you live quietly and conform to the laws no one will molest you. As to what you propose to do with your talents, you must address yourself to your

[1] D'Aranda succeeded the Italian Squillace as minister of finance. He was an Arragonese noble, imbued with the French spirit of philosophical speculation. He was the first layman to preside over the Council of Castile, and induced the King of Spain to sign an order for the banishment of the Jesuits. His further intention of abolishing the Inquisition was prematurely disclosed, and great indignation excited against him. He was dismissed from office and sent as ambassador to Paris. He was succeeded in the presidency by his political adversary Grimaldi.

ambassador. He will introduce you, and make you known to the people who might employ you.'

'Monseigneur, the Venetian ambassador can do me no harm, but he can do me no good, for I am in disgrace with the State Inquisitors. I am certain he will not even receive me.'

'In that case you must not expect anything from the court. I advise you to make amusement your object during your stay here.'

The Neapolitan ambassador spoke in the same strain; so did the Marquis de Moras, and the Duke de Lossada. The latter advised me to try by some means to conciliate the Venetian minister. With this end in view, I wrote to Signor Dandolo, asking him for a letter which would instigate the ambassador to be favourable to me in spite of my quarrel with the inquisitors. I furthermore wrote to his excellency himself, claiming his protection, not as ambassador of the State Inquisitors, but as ambassador of the republic of which I had never ceased to be a citizen. The following morning my servant announced Count Manucci; and a handsome young fellow, with a charming manner, came in. He told me that he lived in the ambassador's house, and that his excellency had sent him to say that though for certain reasons he could not openly receive me, he should be delighted to see me privately.

The favourite of the Venetian ambassador.

Manucci told me he was a Venetian, and knew me by reputation, having heard his father and mother speak of me a hundred times. I was not long in discovering that he was the son of John Manucci, who had acted as spy to the inquisitors to put me in 'The Leads'; it was he who had so cunningly taken away my books of magic, those fatal books which were probably the cause of my incarceration. I said nothing of all this, however, to the young man; but I asked him if he was called count by the ambassador and his household (his mother was the daughter of Signor Loredano's footman, and his father was a poor setter of precious stones). He answered yes, because he was a count by virtue of a diploma given him by the Elector Palatine. Seeing that I was acquainted with his origin and

family history, he spoke to me openly. He was Signor de Mocenigo's favourite, and led him by the nose. 'I will do everything I can for you,' he said, and he invited me to take coffee with him in his rooms that evening, saying that the ambassador was certain to come in. He did, and spoke most kindly to me.

He calls on the painter Mengs.

I had already made two or three visits to the painter Mengs,[1] who had been for the last six years in the service of his Catholic Majesty, and in receipt of large remuneration. His wife and family were at Rome, and he was alone with his servants; he had lodgings in the royal palace, and was highly considered, because he had the ear of the king.

I often went to the theatre, which was a hundred paces from my hotel, and to the masked balls which the Count d'Aranda had established in Madrid. In a big box, just opposite the stage, sat *los padros* of the Inquisition, to watch over the morality of actors and spectators. One evening when my eyes were fixed on these venerable and hypocritical faces, the sentinel who was at the door called out '*Dios!*' and immediately men, women, and children in the audience, actors and actresses on the stage, fell on their knees, and remained in this position till the sound of the bell could no longer be heard down the street. It was a priest on his way to administer the Last Sacrament. I felt strongly inclined to laugh, but aware of Spanish prejudices, I restrained myself. The Spaniards put all their religion in exterior observances: a woman, before yielding to her lover, will cover up the picture of Christ or the Virgin, if there is such a thing in the room.

[1] Antony Raphael Mengs, a celebrated representative of the eclectic school of painting. He played a great part in the early days of classic revival. He was intelligent, but above all endowed with an extraordinary capacity for work. The Elector of Saxony appointed him court painter, but he spent much time in Rome, where he married and abjured Protestantism. In 1754 he was made director of the Vatican School of Painting, but his best work was done in Spain, notably the ceiling of the banqueting-hall at Madrid. The colleges of All Souls and Magdalen at Oxford have altar-pieces by him. He wrote much in Italian, Spanish, and German.

The first time I went to a masked ball, an elderly gentleman who sat next me at supper, and who saw I was a foreigner, asked me what I had done with my feminine companion.

'I have none,' I answered; 'I came alone merely to see this charming establishment where pleasure and decency go hand in hand together.'

'That is all very well, but to really enjoy yourself you must have a companion. I should say, to look at you, that you loved dancing, but unless you come provided with a partner you must not hope to dance, for each woman has her *paregó* (cavalier), who allows her to dance with no one but himself.'

'In that case I must be content to sit still, for I know no lady whom I could invite to come with me.'

A masked ball.

'But in your quality of stranger you could easily procure a companion. All the women are mad about these balls. You see there are about two hundred dancers here; well, I do not exaggerate when I say there must be four thousand young persons in the city to-night weeping and sighing because they have no one to bring them here. I am sure if you presented yourself to one among them, stating your name and address, she would be allowed to accompany you; there is no father or mother courageous enough to refuse, if you sent the girl a domino, mask, and gloves, and took her in a carriage to and from the ball.'

'And suppose she denies me?'

'You will make your bow and withdraw, and the parents will repent them bitterly, for the daughter will be ill, and pretend to have convulsions and have to be put to bed, cursing the paternal tyranny. She will swear she never spoke to you before, so that nothing could be more innocent than your request. I hope you will come and tell me the result of your efforts,' continued my new friend, who spoke Italian admirably. 'I am here every night when there is a ball, and you will find me in the box to which I shall now have the pleasure of conducting you. If you will allow me, I will present you to a lady whom you will also find here on future occasions.'

I was much touched with his politeness, and told him my name. He took me to a box where I saw two ladies and another middle-aged man. The conversation turned on the ball and my opinion of it. One of the ladies, whose features bore traces of great beauty, asked me in good French what *tertulias*, *i.e.* what society, I frequented.

'Madame, as I have only been in Madrid a very short time, and have not yet been presented at court, I am absolutely without acquaintance.'

'Oh, how I pity you! Come and see me, you will be most welcome; my name is Pichona, any one will tell you where I live.'

He dances the *fandango* at Madrid.

About midnight the wildest and maddest of dances began, at a given signal from the orchestra. It was the *fandango*, which I fondly supposed I had often seen, but which was far beyond my wildest imaginings. I had seen it on the stage in Italy and France, where the dancers there are careful not to make the gestures which render this the most voluptuous of dances. Each couple, man and woman, only make three steps, then keeping time with their castagnettes to the music, they throw themselves into a variety of lascivious attitudes; the whole of love, from its birth to its end, from its first sigh to its last ecstasy, is set forth. In my excitement I cried aloud. My new friend told me that to see this dance to perfection, one should see it danced by *gitanos*.

'But,' said I, 'has the Inquisition nothing to say to it?'

La Pichona, interposing, said that it was absolutely forbidden, and no one would dare to dance it if the Count d'Aranda had not given permission. I told my wretched page to get me a teacher for the *fandango*. He brought me a dancer from the theatre, who also gave me Spanish lessons; in three days I learned it so well, that in the opinion of Spaniards themselves I could dance it as well as any of them.

On the feast of St. Anthony, as I was passing the church of the *Soledad*, I went in with the double intention of hearing Mass and finding a partner for the next ball. A tall, good-

looking girl was coming out of one of the confessionals; her eyes were cast down and she wore a look of contrition. Her graceful walk, well-formed figure and small foot led me to believe that she would dance the *fandango* like a *gitana*, and I determined she should be my *parega*. I waited till she had accomplished her devotions, and followed her as she went out accompanied by another girl. She went into a small one-storied house. I took down the number and name of the street, and at the end of half an hour went back and rang the bell.

'Who is there?'

'A man of peace,' I answered, according to the custom of the country. Doña Ignazia.

The door opened and I found myself in the presence of a man, a woman, the devout young girl whom I had followed, and another about the same age, but very plain.

With my hat in my hand, and in the best Spanish I could muster, I explained that I had come in by chance to ask if I might have the honour of conducting his daughter, if he had one, to the ball.

'Señor, here is my daughter, but I do not know you, and I do not know if my daughter cares to go to the ball.'

'If you will allow me, father, I should be only too happy to go.'

'Do you know this gentleman?'

'I have never seen him before, and I doubt if he has ever seen me.'

The man then asked my name and address, and promised me an answer by dinner-time. When he appeared it was to tell me that his daughter accepted my invitation, but that her mother would accompany her, and would remain in the carriage. Her father, the gentleman-cobbler.

'She can do as she likes,' I said; 'but I fear she will be cold.'

'She will have a cloak,' he answered.

He then told me he was a cobbler by trade.

'In that case,' said I, 'I will beg you to measure me for a pair of shoes.'

'That I cannot do, as I am an *hidalgo* (nobleman), and in measuring any one I should be obliged to touch their foot, and that would degrade me.'

'Well, will you at least mend my boots?'

'Certainly, and will return them as good as new; but I see there is a great deal to do to them, it will cost you five francs.'

I assured him I thought this exceedingly cheap; he bowed profoundly, and left me.

Next day I sent a mercer with dominoes, masks, and gloves to the gentleman-cobbler's house, but was careful not to show myself till it was time to fetch my partner. I hired a good carriage, to hold four. The bright colour in the girl's cheeks betrayed her pleasurable anticipations. We all three got into the carriage, the mother wrapped in an enormous cloak; but it was not until we were alone that my pretty *parega* told me she was called Doña Ignazia. We danced minuets and country dances until ten o'clock, when we went to supper, talking very little, for I knew hardly any Spanish, and she was too timid. After supper came the *fandango*, which she danced marvellously, and seemed astonished to be so well seconded by a foreigner. The hour of parting being now come, we went back to the carriage and woke up the mother. When the coach started, I took the daughter's hands, meaning to kiss them. But my hands were seized, and held as in a vice, and in this position Doña Ignazia calmly gave her mother an account of the evening. She held them till we got to the corner of the street, and the mother called out to stop.

The Duke de Medina Cœli befriends him.

La Pichona had kindly asked me to visit her. I had asked about the woman, and learned that she had been an actress, and owed her fortune to the Duke de Medina Cœli. The duke had once paid her a visit on a cold day, and had found her without a fire, as she could not afford one. Ashamed at seeing a

woman so poor while he was so rich, the gallant gentleman sent her next day a silver brazier, in which instead of coal he put a hundred thousand *pezzos duros*, in gold, making about three hundred thousand francs. From this time forth La Pichona lived at her ease, and received good company. When I went to visit her I found her looking sad. I told her that not having had the happiness of seeing her at the last ball, I feared she might be ill.

'I was not there,' she said, 'for on that day I lost the only friend I had in the world, the Duke de Medina Cœli, who died after three days' illness.'

'Receive the expression of my sincere sympathy, madame. Was the duke very old?'

'No, barely sixty. You saw him; he did not look his age.'

'When did I see him, madame?'

'Was it not he who brought you to my box.'

'What, was that the duke! He did not tell me his name.'

Towards the end of the Carnival, Don Diego, the cobbler, brought me back my boots. His daughter, he said, did nothing but talk of the ball, and how she had enjoyed it.

'She is as good as she is pretty,' said I, 'and if I have not been to see her, it was because I did not wish to injure her reputation.'

'Her reputation,' said he, 'is above scandal, and so is mine, Senhor Caballero; we should be most happy to see you whenever you care to come.'

Doña Ignazia says her prayers.

I went that same day, and found Ignazia seated on the ground, her rosary in her hand, and her legs crossed like a Moorish woman. She thanked me for the honour I did her in visiting her, and said she had not dared to hope to see me again, as without doubt I had now found some more worthy partner.

'I have not found any one worthy to replace you,' I answered; 'and if you would like to go to the ball again, I will take you with the greatest pleasure.'

As the ball was that very night, we sent the mother off to

get dominoes and masks. As soon as we were alone I told Ignazia that she could do what she pleased with me, for I adored her, but if she meant to make me languish I should leave her and seek a more amenable *parega*.

'What can you want of me? I am secretly betrothed to Don Francisco de Ramos, who comes under my windows each night to pay me court. He is to be my husband, and I must do my duty.'

The idea of duty is strong in Spanish women. I made up my mind to try to destroy the idea of duty. 'If your duty,' I said, 'forces you to repulse me in spite of yourself, then your duty is inimical to your happiness; you must cast duty out.'

'Impossible.'

'Yes, shut your eyes.'

But it was no use. She replied sadly that I ought to spare her.

'My adorable Ignazia! I will ask nothing from you, unless you love me.'

'But if I listen to you, how can I convince you that I do so from love and not from a shameful complaisance?'

'My vanity will help you to persuade me.'

His courtship of Doña Ignazia.

During the evening I was tender and full of attention, and took care at supper to see that she was served with the things she liked best. I filled her pockets with sugarplums and my own with two bottles of ratafia, which I gave to her mother. She refused gently to accept a gold piece which I pressed on her, saying if I wished to make her such presents to give them to her lover, who intended to pay me a visit. The young man was not long in appearing; the day after the second ball my page announced him, at eight o'clock in the morning.

Her betrothed.

He told me that Doña Ignazia, to whom he spoke every night from the street while she was at her window, had confided to him that I had taken her to the ball, and that, persuaded as she was that I loved her like a father, he had ventured to present himself to me, and to beg me to lend him

a hundred doubloons, which would put him in a position to marry his *fiancée* at the end of Carnival.

'I am,' he said, 'employed at the mint, and hope to be soon promoted. My parents live at Toledo; therefore, when we are married, I shall only see my father and mother-in-law and you, as I have no friends or relations here.'

'I am sorry,' said I, 'but I am very short of money just now. I shall not mention your request to any one, and shall be delighted to see you whenever you can spare time to visit me.'

He left me with a mortified air. My devout Spanish girl wished me to understand that I might hope for everything after her marriage, and she intended to make me pay a hundred doubloons for this privilege; but I did not see things in quite the same light.

In the evening I went to see Don Diego, who regaled me with my excellent ratafia. We spoke of the benefits conferred by the Count d'Aranda, but for whom the innocent pleasure of dancing would have been forbidden.

'The poor bless his name,' said the mother, 'for all the profits go to them.'

'Thus,' said the gentleman-cobbler, 'one performs a meri- More balls.
torious and pious action in going to the ball.'

'I have two cousins,' said Ignazia, 'who are as good as gold. I told them I went to the ball with you, and as they are poor they have no chance of ever going themselves, unless you will make them both happy by taking them the last day of the Carnival. Their mother would allow them to go the more readily because that night the dancing ceases on the stroke of midnight, so as not to encroach on Ash Wednesday.'

'I am quite willing, my dear Ignazia, to give them this innocent pleasure; and it will save your mother the trouble of waiting for us in the carriage.'

The younger of the two cousins was plain, but had some little feminine charm, whereas the elder was most remarkably

ugly; she looked like a hideous man in petticoats. The contrast between the girls amused me, for Ignazia was perfectly lovely, and most seductive when she put off her devout airs. On the appointed day, they dined with me, and did full justice to the excellent fare and exquisite La Mancha wine which I had provided. I had ordered everything necessary for their toilette to be placed in my dressing-room, and after dinner I told the eldest one that I had arranged to disguise her as a man; she looked alarmed, and her sister asked if this would not be sinful. 'Do you think I would suggest it to your sister if it were wrong?' I asked in indignant tones, and Doña Ignazia, who knew the legends by heart, corroborated my assertion by saying that the glorious Saint Marina spent her whole life in male attire.

'Come with me,' said I to the ugly girl, 'come, and you will be surprised to see how handsome you look!'

Ignazia's cousin in male attire.

Making a strong effort to overcome her scruples, she followed me into the dressing-room. I made her put on white silk stockings, and some smart shoes. I fastened her garters for her, telling her I should never have imagined she had such beautiful feet. I gave her a lace-trimmed shirt, and a pair of my breeches, which fitted her very well, although I was five inches taller than she was. Then putting on her domino and mask, I led her back to the others.

'Now it is for you to come,' I said to the younger one. There was little to change in her costume as she was simply to wear a domino; but I wanted to detain her as long as possible so as to have an excuse for staying some time with Ignazia, whom I had left to the last, so I advised her to change her stockings and her fichu, to rearrange her coiffure, and a hundred other trifles.

At last it was the turn of my pretty Ignazia to be attired. She came with the prettiest mixture of resignation and affection. When we went back to the others, she said naïvely to her cousins, 'I thought I should never be ready, I had to resew nearly the whole of the domino.'

This day being a specially privileged one, Count d'Aranda had given permission for the *fandango* to be danced as often as the people thought fit, but the crowd was so great it was impossible to dance at all. At ten o'clock we had supper, after which we walked about until the first stroke of midnight, when the orchestra stopped instantaneously. This passage from folly to devotion, from dissoluteness to piety, from paganism with its bachanalia to Christianity with its myteries, was to me most shocking.

When we had seen the sisters safely home, Doña Ignazia expressed a desire for some coffee; I guessed at once that this was merely an excuse. At the door we found ourselves face to face with Don Francisco, who smilingly asked to be allowed to make a third. There was nothing for it but to accept his presence with the best grace possible; but Doña Ignazia was less amiable than I. She told him with much severity that she would not have asked me for coffee if she had known that he meant to force himself upon us; after which she would not deign to speak or look at him, but talked all the time to me, thanking me again and again for the pleasure I had given her and her cousins.

A domiciliary visit.

Two days after, as I was returning home from dining with Mengs, a man of somewhat doubtful exterior came up to me and said if I would follow him to a neighbouring cloister, he would tell me something which would interest me greatly. As soon as we were safe from listeners he informed me that the Alcalde Messa intended to visit me that very night, with his police, 'of which,' he said, 'I am one. He knows that you have arms in your room, and that you have hidden them under a mat behind the chimney; he also knows other things about you, by virtue of which he considers himself authorised to arrest you, and conduct you to the prison where malefactors destined to the galleys are detained. I warn you, because I believe you to be an honourable man; do not despise my warning, put yourself at once in some place of safety.'

The painter Mengs gives Casanova an asylum.

I gave the man a doubloon, and going at once to my hotel, I took my weapons under my coat, and repaired to Mengs's rooms; there I knew I should be in safety, as they were in the king's palace. The painter, who was an honest man, but ambitious, proud, and suspicious to a degree, did not refuse me an asylum for the night, but gave me to understand that I must find another one next day. The Alcalde, he said, must have other and stronger motives for arresting me than the mere possession of prohibited arms. While we were discussing thus, my landlord arrived to tell me that the Alcalde and thirty of his men were in my apartment, having broken open the door; they had searched everywhere, but finding nothing, they were now sealing up the trunks they had forced. My page had been taken off to prison, accused of having warned me.

'My page must be a dirty scoundrel,' said I, 'for if the Alcalde accuses him of having warned me, it is a proof that the Alcalde knew that my page knew of his intentions. From this, I deduce that the page is himself the traitor who betrayed me.'

Early the following morning, the great Mengs sent body linen, and everything else necessary for my toilette, to my room. His servant brought me chocolate, and his cook came to ask if I had permission to eat meat. By such means a prince impresses on his guest that he wishes him to remain in his house, but a private person conveys a hint to the contrary. I declined everything but the chocolate and a pocket-handkerchief.

My carriage was at the door, and I was just thanking Mengs for his hospitality, when an officer came in and asked the painter if the Chevalier Casanova was with him.

'I am Casanova, sir,' I said.

He is arrested.

'Then, sir, I beg you to follow me to the guard-house, Buen-Retiro, where you will be a prisoner. This house being royal, I cannot employ force, but I warn you that if you do not come of your own free will, in one hour from now the

Chevalier Mengs will receive orders to turn you out, and then you will be taken in a far more disagreeable manner.'

I embraced Mengs, who looked excessively mortified, had my weapons taken down to my carriage, and went off with the captain, who seemed a perfectly honest man.

He conducted me to the palace known as the Buen-Retiro, a strong place which had once belonged to the royal family, and was now used partly as a prison, partly as a barracks. It was in this palace that Philip v. used to retire with his queen to prepare for his Easter Communion.

He is thrown into prison.

The captain handed me over to the officer commanding for that day, a man worthy to be a gaoler of the galleys. A corporal took me to an immense hall on the ground floor in the interior of the castle, where I found about thirty prisoners, ten of whom were soldiers. The atmosphere was almost insupportable; there were ten or twelve large beds, some few benches, but no other seats, and no tables. I asked one of the soldiers to get me some paper, pen and ink, and I gave him a *duro*, to pay for these things. He took the money and went off laughing.

What astonished me the most was the sight of my page among the prisoners, and of another man named Marazzani, whose acquaintance I had made in Madrid. This latter told me that we should probably be kept where we were for a fortnight or so, and then be sent under escort to some fortress where we should be made to work, with the hope of being delivered in three or four years. 'That is,' he added, 'if the Venetian ambassador does not claim you.'

Dissimulating my consternation as well as I could, I sat down on one of the beds, to leave it three hours later covered with the hideous vermin which seem endemic to Spain, and the sight of which makes a man sick. At midday Marazzani told me I could send out for some dinner; there was one soldier, he said, whose honesty he would guarantee. 'I have no desire to eat,' I said, 'and I shall not give any

money to any one till the crown I gave for paper and ink has been returned to me.'

My page had begged him to ask me for something, as he had not a penny and was starving. 'Not one penny will I give him,' was my reply; 'he is no longer in my service, and I wish to God I had never seen him.'

At four o'clock one of Mengs's servants brought me a delicate dinner, sufficient for four persons. As I would not share with the wretches round me, I made him wait till I had finished and take away what remained. Marazzani remarked in a rude voice that I might at least have kept a bottle of wine.

Manucci rescues him.

At five o'clock Manucci appeared with an officer. After listening to his condolences, I asked his companion if it was forbidden to write to one's friends; on his answering no, I asked if a soldier would be allowed to keep money given him to buy necessaries.

'Which soldier was it?' was his answer. 'I promise you he shall give you back your money, and be punished into the bargain; furthermore, you shall have pen, ink, paper, a table, and a lamp immediately.'

'And I,' said Manucci, 'promise you that one of the ambassador's servants shall come here at eight o'clock to take the letters you write to their destinations.'

I took three crowns out of my pocket, and holding them up said I would give them to the man who named the faithless soldier; it was Marazzani who got the name out first. The officer, much amused, wrote it down on his tablets; he was learning to know me, for a man who would spend three crowns to get back one was assuredly not a miser.

When these gentlemen had gone, I sat down to write, but had to exercise the greatest possible patience, for my fellow-prisoners came and read what I wrote over my shoulder. When they did not understand it, they asked for an explanation; or on pretence of snuffing the candle they would put it out. One soldier dared to say that if I would give him a crown he would keep the others quiet. I got the letters written however and

sealed, in spite of the infernal tumult; they were not composed with much art, but I had put in all the fire with which I was burning. According to my custom I kept a copy of all my letters.

I spent as frightful a night as any that Dante has depicted. The beds were all full, and even had there been a place I would not have occupied it. I asked in vain for some straw, but had they given it me, I could not have slept on it, as the ground was running with water. There was no provision of any kind made for cleanliness, and my readers may imagine the consequences. I sat up on a bench without a back, resting my head on my hand. At seven o'clock, the good Manucci came again; he *was* good then, and a second Providence for me. He brought me some chocolate, which I drank while I related my horrible experiences. He said that my letter to the ambassador was cruel, and when I showed him the copies of the others, he told me that one obtained more with gentleness than with abuse. He was too young to know that these situations make it impossible for a man to moderate himself. An hour after his departure, Doña Ignazia and her father appeared. This visit hurt my pride, but I had to make the best of it and appear grateful; it was pure kindness on their part. When the honest cobbler was leaving, he embraced me; at the same time slipping a rouleau of money into my hand, he whispered to me that it contained four quadruples, and that I was to repay them when I could. This was more than a thousand francs! I was thunderstruck, but whispered back that I had fifty quadruples in my pocket, but did not dare show them to him because of the scoundrels who were watching us. He put his rouleau back in his pocket, weeping the while. I promised I would go and see him as soon as I was free. The good man had not given his name, and as he was very well dressed, he was taken for a person of importance. Characters such as his are not uncommon in Spain, where a kind of heroic exaltation is very general.

Doña Ignazia visits him in prison.

Mengs sent his servant again at noon, with a more delicate

and less abundant dinner than the day before; this was what I wanted.

He appears before the Alcalde.

At one o'clock I was taken before the Alcalde, but refused to answer any of his questions, alleging my imperfect knowledge of Spanish. Finally he told me to write down my name, qualities, and reasons for being in Spain, in Italian; which I did. I passed a second night more frightful than the first, and when Manucci came in the morning he was alarmed at my appearance. While he was there a superior officer came in.

'Monsieur le Chevalier,' he said, 'Count d'Aranda is at the door; he regrets extremely the misfortune which has befallen you; if you had written to him sooner, your detention would have been shorter.'

'It was my intention to write to him, colonel,' I said, 'but a soldier'—and I told him the story of the stolen crown.

The colonel having learned the man's name sent for his captain, and after severely reprimanding him, ordered him to refund the money himself, and to have the soldier bastinadoed in my presence.

I recounted to him in detail the circumstances of my arrest, and what I had endured in the stinking, filthy hole where I had been put. I told him if I did not that day recover my liberty, my arms, and my honour, I should either go mad, or kill myself. He assured me that my arms would be returned to me, and that I should be able to sleep in my own bed before nightfall. He added that my arrest was due to a mistake; that the Alcalde Messa had been deceived by my infamous page.

'He is here,' I said; 'and I beg you to have him removed elsewhere, for it is quite possible I may kill him in my first fury.'

The colonel ordered two soldiers to take the scoundrel away, and I have never seen or heard of him since. I went down into the guard-room with the officer and Manucci, to witness the punishment of the bastinado inflicted on the wretch who had robbed me. On my return to the filthy prison I found

an arm-chair, which had been brought for me, and never did seat seem so comfortable.

After dinner the Alcalde Messa came and ordered the officer of the guard to restore me my sword; after which, walking at my side, and followed by thirty of his men, he conducted me to my hotel, where he removed the seals, and I found all in order. He is restored to liberty.

I need hardly say in what haste I was to make a complete toilette, after which I went to see the gentleman-cobbler.

Ignazia was mad with joy. I invited these worthy people to dine with me next day. After this I went on to see Mengs, who was much surprised at my appearance. He was in full court costume, and when I asked the reason told me that he was just going to implore Don Emmanuel de Ricla to intercede for me. He gave me a letter which had come for me from Signor Dandolo, and inclosing one for the ambassador. Mengs declared that it only depended on me now to make my fortune in Spain, as all the ministers would be anxious to make me forget the outrage which had been put on me. He sent me home in his carriage, and getting into bed, I slept for twelve hours.

Manucci came early; he told me the ambassador had heard from Venice that he could present me anywhere, as the grievances which the tribunal had against me were not in any way prejudicial to my honour.

'The ambassador will present you at court next week,' he said, 'and he wishes you to dine with him to-day; he has a large party.'

'I am engaged to dine with Mengs.'

'That does not matter, I will go at once and invite him; even if he refuses you must come, for you can imagine what an effect your presence at the ambassador's table will produce, the day after your release from prison.'

'You are right; go and ask Mengs, and I will accept with pleasure his excellency's invitation.'

CHAPTER LIII

WELL-MERITED DISGRACE

THROUGH all the vicissitudes of my life, it would seem as though circumstances had combined to make me somewhat superstitious. Dame Fortune plays with a man who surrenders himself to her caprices as a child plays with an ivory ball on a billiard-table, pushing it hither and thither, and laughing with joy, when by chance he sends it into the pocket; an expert player, who calculates speed, reaction, distance, angles, and a crowd of other things, does what he pleases with the ball; but Fortune is not a learned geometrician, and he who abandons himself to her must stand the hazard of the die. She seems, indeed, to take a malicious pleasure in proving that she is not blind; she has never raised me up except with the intention of casting me down afterwards.

His theories on colonisation.

At the time of which I am writing, the heads of the Cabinet at Madrid were much taken up with a fine scheme of colonisation. The beautiful country of Sierra-Morena, celebrated throughout the world as the scene of the adventures of Don Quixote, was so depopulated as to be almost a desert; the scheme was to induce a thousand families from the Catholic cantons of Switzerland to come and make their home there. Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to this country: delicious climate, fertile soil, pure and abundant water, and an advantageous situation between Andalusia and Grenada. In spite of all, the vast country had remained uninhabited. Desiring to change this state of affairs, his Catholic Majesty decided to offer great inducements to whoso would settle there. He

paid the travelling expenses of the Swiss colonists, and the Spanish government saw that they were provided with homes, and with a good temporal and spiritual police. There were magistrates to render prompt justice, priests, a governor, artisans to build houses and churches, and above all an arena for bull-fights; this latter was an extra, and against the taste of the good Swiss, but Spaniards cannot conceive life without this adjunct.

He dines with the Venetian ambassador.

During the much talked-of dinner with the Venetian ambassador, the subject of this colony cropped up; indeed, two of the principal projectors of the scheme were at the table. I listened modestly to the discussion, and when I could with advantage put in a word, remarked that in a few years the colony founded with so much expense would evaporate like smoke. The reason I alleged was, that the Swiss are different from all other nations.

'A Swiss,' said I, 'is a vegetable, which, transplanted to a soil other than that on which it is born, pines away and dies. The Swiss are of all people the most subject to nostalgia. When this malady attacks an individual, the only remedy is for him to go back to his country—to the chalet, the bourg, the lake where he first saw the light. It would be a good thing to combine a Swiss colony with a Spanish colony, so as to induce them to intermarry. They should have, in the beginning, nothing but Swiss priests and Swiss magistrates, and it should be declared to them that the tribunal of the Inquisition has no power over them, for the Swiss have laws, usages, a manner of making love, all inseparable from their nature, and all utterly opposed to the points of view of Spanish ecclesiastics. The slightest restraint in these matters would bring on violent and general nostalgia.'

My speech, which was begun half in fun, seemed to interest one of the guests, the celebrated Don Pablo Olavidès. He begged me to write down my reflections, and to communicate them to him, and to him alone. I promised, and Mengs fixed a day on which we could dine together at his house.

Fifteen days after Easter, the king left Madrid to go to Aranjuez with the court. Signor de Mocenigo invited me to go as his guest, saying he should easily find an opportunity for presenting me to the king. Of course I accepted, but the day before leaving I was taken with a fever while driving with Mengs in his carriage. I broke his window-glasses to pieces, and alarmed him terribly. I was put to bed, where after four hours' delirium, I began to sweat, so abundantly that I soaked through two mattresses and the paillasse, and watered the floor round my bed. Forty-five hours after, the fever ceased, but I was so weak I had to stay in bed, and did not go to Aranjuez for a week. I was well received and well lodged in the ambassador's house, but a boil which I had felt coming on during the day became as big as an egg. It increased in size until it became as large as an ordinary melon. Every one who saw it was amazed, and the king's surgeon, a Frenchman, declared he had never met with its like. After this abscess was lanced I was very weak, and while in this state received the following letter from Mengs, in whose house I had been staying at Madrid :—

Mengs casts him out as a heretic.

'Yesterday the priest of my parish posted a list on the church door of those unbelievers who have not fulfilled their Easter duties. Among those names yours figures prominently, and I have had to submit to a reproach from the said priest for harbouring heretics. I did not know what answer to make him, for it is certain you might have remained one day longer in Madrid, and done your duty as a Christian, had it only been out of regard to those to whom you are under obligations. I owe it to the king my master, to my own reputation, and to my future tranquillity, to warn you that my house is no longer open to you. On your return to Madrid you must seek other lodgings, and my servants will take your belongings to any place you may select.—I remain, etc.,

ANTONIO RAFAËL MENGS.'

This brutal and uncalled-for letter made such an impression

on me, that had the writer of it been there, he would surely have suffered for it. The bearer of it told me he was waiting for an answer, whereupon I rolled the letter up in a ball and flung it in his face.

'There is my answer,' I said; 'take it to your master.'

Without losing any time I dressed, and went in a sedan-chair to the church at Aranjuez, where a Franciscan friar heard my confession; the next day I went to Communion. My confessor was good enough to give me a certificate stating that in spite of my extreme weakness I had been to confession and Communion like a good Catholic, and was perfectly in accord with the rules of the Church. Armed with this document, I wrote to the priest in Madrid, and ordered him to instantly efface my name from the list of dishonour.

As for Mengs, I shall have occasion to speak of him two or three years hence, when I met him in Rome.

He takes a house in Madrid.

The population, or rather the colonisation, of Sierra-Morena took up much of my time. I drew up several schemes which pleased and flattered Mocenigo. He thought that if I succeeded in being named governor, his embassy would share in some of the glory. My work did not prevent me amusing myself, and frequenting good society; especially men about the court, who were likely to influence the royal family in my favour. However, no definite proposal was made to me while I was at Aranjuez, and I returned to Madrid three days before the minister left. I had written to Don Diego requesting him to take a lodging for me in a respectable house, and he had answered that he had found what I required, and had engaged a Biscayenne servant who could cook for me if I wished. I found my new apartment very pretty and sunny. Before going to fetch my things from Mengs, I turned my steps towards Doña Ignazia's house, as I wanted to thank her father for his trouble.

The house was empty. He had removed. I asked Philip, my new manservant, the cobbler's new address.

'A long way off, sir; I will take you there to-morrow.'

Don Diego is his landlord.

When supper-time came, I found a small table spread with a cleanliness and refinement rarely met with in Spain. After supper, Philip told me that my landlord would like to speak to me. What was my surprise when Don Diego appeared, followed by his charming daughter. He had taken this house on purpose to let part of it to me. The cobbler-gentleman feared, perhaps, that in calling himself *noble* he had made himself ridiculous in my eyes, but knowing that he was so, in the acceptation which he accorded to the word, he wished to convince me also. His action towards me when in prison had already revealed the fine qualities of his soul to me, but this was not enough for him. I had charged him with a commission which any man might have executed, but he wanted to prove to me that he served me as a friend, not as a hireling. After thanking him for his pains, I made him promise that he would dine and sup every day at my table; he did so on condition that I would allow him the right to send his daughter in his stead, whenever he should be too busy to dress himself properly. My readers may imagine that I accorded this with pleasure.

A bull-fight.

Ignazia asked me to take her and her cousin to the bull-fight on Sunday, and I the more readily agreed as I had never seen one. We took three places in a box, the only ones by the bye which were to be had in the theatre; the two girls sat in front, and I behind on a bench which was raised about a foot and a half above the first one. There were two ladies sitting by the girls, one of whom was the famous Duchess of Villa-donas. She was in such a position that her head was almost between my knees. When she recognised me, she laughingly said that she must thank chance which made us meet, always either in church or in the theatre. She then spoke in French, praising the beauty of my companion, and asking me if she was my mistress. I replied no, that I sighed in vain. She smiled, and said that on certain points she was very incredulous; then turning to Ignazia she began to talk to her. She made several reflections on Love, evidently imagining that her listener

was as deeply versed in that art as she was. Finally, without even asking her name, she said that I had made a most charming choice, and that she hoped we would both go and dine with her in the country. I accepted, of course, but was careful not to fix a day. She forced me, however, to promise I would pay her a visit the next day at four o'clock, but she frightened me when she added that she should be alone. She was pretty, but too celebrated ; my visit would have given rise to too much talk. Fortunately for me, the bull-fight began, and every one was quiet. So much has been written and said about these performances that I willingly give my opinion of them: that their barbarity must have a bad effect on the moral tone of the nation. The arena is flooded with the blood of the bulls, disembowelled horses, and sometimes with that of the unfortunate *picadores* and *toreros*, who excite the furious animals, and who have nothing to defend themselves with but little red flags.

Doña Ignazia has scruples.

At supper that evening, Doña Ignazia, who had become very pensive, suddenly asked me if I intended to visit the duchess.

'Certainly,' I said. 'I should be wanting in the most ordinary politeness if I did not, and we will dine with her one day at her country house.'

'You must not expect me to come too.'

'And why not?'

'Because she is mad. She whispered things in my ear which would have offended me deeply, had I not remembered that she thought she was doing me an honour in treating me as an equal.'

After supper we went on to the balcony to wait for Don Diego, and to enjoy a little fresh breeze which had sprung up, after the excessive heat of the day. Seated side by side in the soft twilight, which protected us from all inquisitive glances, I read in Ignazia's eyes that her indifference to me of late had been only assumed. I took her in my arms and kissed her.

'Shall you go and see the duchess?' she whispered.

'No, my angel, if you in return will promise not to go and see your confessor to-morrow.'

'I am not thinking of my confessor at this moment, but if you put it into my head I shall begin to do so.'

'And supposing you do go to confession, will you love me afterwards?'

She confesses them.

'No, for I hope God will give me the grace not to offend Him again.'

'As I am sure that you will do everything in your power to merit that grace, I foresee that on Sunday evening you will be unkind to me.'

'Alas! dear friend, what you say is true; but why think of it now?'

'Because I cannot bear to feel that to-morrow will not be like to-day. Promise me you will not go to confession all the time I am in Madrid; or let me leave you now, though to do so would make me the most miserable of men. I cannot be happy now, if I am not to be happy to-morrow.'

He dispels them.

'You are cruel, and you make me very unhappy. I cannot make you such a promise.'

I put her gently from me, and at that moment we heard her father's step.

She did not dine with us next day, on the pretext that she was suffering from headache. I went to her room, and for three hours sat by her bed, talking to her, as a lover, such as I was, talks to the woman whom he wishes to win. She kept her eyes shut, and said never a word. When I left her, I said that if she did not come down to supper, I should assume that all was over between us. This threat produced the desired effect. She appeared at table, pale and weary-looking, ate little, and said never a word. From time to time her eyes filled with tears. I saw she was suffering, and I was much moved. Before returning to her room, she asked me if I had been to see the duchess, and brightened up a little when I answered No.

'But you will go some other time?'

'No, my dearest, for I see it would distress you.'

She gave a sigh of satisfaction. I embraced her gently, and she went away, leaving me almost as sad as she was. I knew that what I was asking was too much for her, but I also knew that she would give way, for she was deeply in love. It was not her God I was fighting, but her confessor. If she had not been a Catholic I should have succeeded the very first day. She was very upright, and filled with the exalted sentiments peculiar to Spaniards. She could not deceive her confessor, or reconcile her love with her religion. She was right. I could not but admire her, and I pitied her when I thought of the struggle which was going on in her heart, and I began to be sorry that I had not contented myself with the regard she had given me willingly, without insisting on more, for I feared that I might now lose all.

Ignazia goes to confession.

I rose early on Sunday, and followed her to the church of La Soledad. I took a place behind the sacristy door, where I could see everything and not be seen. By and by she appeared with her cousin. After kneeling some time in prayer, she went into the confessional. I waited a long, long time. 'What is she saying?' I thought to myself, and was just on the point of going, when she rose and came and knelt by me. I thought she would rise to go and take the Sacrament; but no, when Mass was over she joined her cousin, and in a few minutes both girls left the church. I was ashamed. 'She has confessed all,' I said, 'and he has refused her absolution!' I did not see her again till dinner-time, when I noticed that she looked calm and happy. She wore a black velvet bodice with knots of ribbon on the shoulders and seams. There is no prettier costume in all Europe. As we were leaving the table, she asked me if I still loved her.

'More than ever. I adore you.'

'Then take me to the bull-fight.'

I ran up to my room, and having sent for the barber, made a most careful toilette. I put on a fine suit of *drap de soie*, bordered with Lyons velvet, which I had never worn before,

and we started on foot. This time I had the luck to find two seats in a large box, so that we could sit side by side.

In the evening the gentleman-cobbler dined with us, and amused us with a hundred little stories and gallant anecdotes. Before leaving, he made me a little speech, the words of which I can transcribe here, but I cannot do justice to the Spanish gravity with which they were delivered.

'Amigo, Senhor don Jaime, I leave you here to enjoy the freshness of the evening with my daughter on the balcony. I feel that you love her, and I am delighted that it should be so. I can assure you that it rests with you to become my son-in-law, provided, that is, that you can convince me that you are of noble birth.'

I asked Ignazia to explain to me her change of front.

Ignazia yields.

'So please you,' she said, 'you owe it all to the tyranny of my confessor. He tried to make me promise never to be alone with you again, and as I could not, he refused to give me absolution. It is the first time in my life that such a thing has happened to me, but I can bear it better than I should have imagined possible. I have put myself in God's hands, saying, "Thy will, O Lord, be done." I have made up my mind, so long as you are here to do all you wish. When to my sorrow you leave Spain, I shall find another confessor. My fancy for you is, after all, only a passing madness.'

A new matter.

If ever these Memoirs, which I am writing principally to palliate the deadly dulness which is killing me in this dull Bohemia,—if ever these Memoirs, I say, see daylight, it will be when my eyes are closed to it, when I shall laugh (as for the matter of that I do now) at the opinion of the world. Nevertheless, as the said world is divided into two parties, one—and by far the greater—composed of ignorant and superficial men, and the other of learned deep thinkers, it is to the latter alone that I address myself, and I trust that they will understand me, and will, at any rate, appreciate the veracity with which I write about my doings and misdoings. Up to now,

I have spoken the truth, without pausing to consider whether that truth was favourable or no to my reputation. The story of my life is not a dogmatic recital. If ever I am read, I shall not pervert any one's mind; to do so, at least, is far from being my object; but my experience, my vices, my virtues, my principles, may be of use to some who know, like the bee, to extract honey from all sorts of flowers. After this digression, I will say candidly that none of the things I have confided to these papers have cost me, in the telling, one tithe of what I now have to confess will cost me, and yet it is nothing but an indiscretion, but an indiscretion so inconceivable that I have never forgiven myself for it, and even now, after so many years and such vicissitudes, it saddens me to think of it.

The one crime of his life.

My evil genius brought to Madrid a certain Baron de Fraiture. He came from Liége, where he was master of the royal hunt. He was a *roué*, a gambler, and a cheat, as are all those who to-day dare to say the contrary. I had known him at Spa. When I had told him I was going to Portugal, he had come with the intention of joining me, and counted on me to introduce him into good society, where he could fill his pockets with his dupes' losses. There was never anything in my conduct which could lead such adventurers to imagine I belonged to their infernal clique, yet they have always persisted in considering me one of them. When he came to see me in Madrid, I gave him a tolerable welcome. It seemed to me that a little politeness shown him, and a few acquaintances presented to him, would not seriously compromise me. He had a companion with him, a big, stout, ignorant and lazy Frenchman, but still a Frenchman, and consequently amiable. He was a cavalry officer, and seemed to be one of those fortunate beings who get an eternal leave of absence.

Four or five days after their arrival, Fraiture told me they had spent all their money, and asked me to lend them some, which I flatly refused to do. He then addressed himself to Manucci, to whom I had been foolish enough to introduce him.

His treatment of Manucci.

Manucci was too sharp to lend him money, but he found some one who consented to do so at high interest; and with this money Fraiture and his companion started playing, and won some considerable sums. I was not in any way mixed up with them, as I was too busy with the colonial scheme. I went daily to see the ministers, and was preparing to make a journey to Sierra-Morena. Manucci was to accompany me, merely for his own pleasure. From this my readers can judge the fortuitous state of my affairs. Signor de Mocenigo had been replaced, and the new ambassador, Signor de Querini, was even more favourable towards me than his predecessor had been.

The Venetian ambassador's departure.

But one morning Manucci came to see me. He looked worried, and his manner was strange.

'What is the matter, my friend?' I asked.

'I don't exactly know: Baron de Fraiture has written to me saying if I do not lend him a hundred pistoles to-day, he will blow out his brains, and I am afraid he will do so if I refuse.'

'He said the same thing to me three days ago. I answered him that I would bet two hundred pistoles he would do no such thing. He was very angry, and challenged me to fight him, to which I replied that as he cared nothing for life, he had too big an advantage over me. Answer him in the same strain, or don't answer him at all.'

'No; I can't feel as you do about it. Here—here are a hundred pistoles; give them to him, and try and get a receipt for them.'

I admired his generosity, and undertook the commission. I found the baron very busy. He received the money without expressing any surprise, or showing either pleasure or gratitude. He gave me the receipt, and told me he was leaving for Barcelona next day with his friend. I took the paper to Manucci, and remained to dinner with him and the ambassador. It was for the last time. Three days later, when I presented myself at the house, the porter told me he had orders not to admit me. I was thunderstruck. I wrote to Manucci asking

him the reason of this affront, but Philip brought me back my letter unopened. I could not guess what had happened, but determined to have an explanation at no matter what price. As I was about to take my siesta, however, Manucci's servant brought me a letter, in which was enclosed another one. I read the second first. It was from Fraiture; in it he asked Manucci to lend him a hundred pistoles, in return for which he would show him how the man whom he thought his best friend, and the most devoted to his person and his interests, was in reality his enemy.

Manucci's righteous anger.

Manucci, in his letter, called me traitor and ingrate, and then went on to say that, curious to know the name of this enemy, he had given Fraiture the money and had learned from him that the enemy was none other than myself. I had, it seemed, told Fraiture that the title he bore was false, and that he had no right to the rank he assumed. He mentioned several other details about his private life which Fraiture could only have heard from me, and wound up by advising me to leave Madrid as soon as possible, within a week at latest.

I cannot describe the dejection into which this letter cast me. For the first time in my life I was forced to own myself guilty of monstrous indiscretion, of reasonless babbling, of frightful ingratitude. Miserable, ashamed, and confused, I recognised the enormity of my offence. I felt that I did not deserve forgiveness, and should not even ask it. I could not conceive what had led me to betray a man from whom I had received the greatest kindness, for I had actually been so indiscreet and base as to tell Fraiture all I knew of Manucci's antecedents—his humble origin, the occupation of his parents, and his relations with Mocenigo.

But although I acknowledged his vexation to be just, I could not but think he was wrong in advising me to leave Madrid. He must have known himself that it was not likely I should obey him in this matter; he was not powerful enough for me to receive his order as a command; having had the misfortune

to commit one unworthy action, I could not lower myself still further.

After thinking the matter well over, I wrote to the friend whom I had so grievously offended the sincerest of confessions, in the most submissive of terms. I ended my letter by saying, that if he was as generous as I believed him my repentance would satisfy him, but if it did not, I was ready to do anything he asked, except the one thing which would lay me open to a charge of cowardice. 'You are at perfect liberty to assassinate me if you wish,' I said, 'but I cannot leave Madrid until it suits my convenience to do so.'

I put an ordinary seal on the letter, and made Philip direct it. I then sent it by the royal post, so that Manucci, not knowing who it was from, would be certain to open it.

It remained unanswered.

Three days later I went to pay a visit to Prince de la Catolica. Directly my carriage stopped at the door, the porter came out and told me politely that his excellency had certain reasons for begging me not to present myself at his house again.

Spanish society avenges Manucci.

At the Abbé Bigliardi's, a lackey, after taking my name, returned to say his master was out. The next day the Marquis de Grimaldi refused me an audience. The Duke of Lossada received me, but warned me that he had been advised not to do so again. Wherever I went it was the same story. Manucci was showing off his power and influence. I wondered if he had forgotten Don Emmanuel de Ricla and the Count de las Moras. No. There remained the Count d'Aranda. He made an appointment with me. I was cold with fear. I found him alone, very calm and quiet. It gave me heart. He told me to sit down.

'What have you done to your minister?' he said.

'My lord, nothing except indirectly, but by a most inconceivable indiscretion, I have injured his friend Manucci, the man with whom he is all-powerful and who is all-powerful here, who has set him on to me!'

'You have acted wrongly, but done is done. Now, I have no power to send you out of the kingdom, since you have infringed none of its laws, and so I told your minister. But I have promised, in your name, that you will hold your tongue about him in speaking to any Venetian subjects of your acquaintance now in Madrid. This, it seems to me, I can fairly ask you to promise to do.' The Count d'Aranda explains.

I promised.

'Then you can stay in Madrid. Mocenigo goes next week!'

I remained five or six weeks longer in Madrid, paying court to no one, but amusing myself with my dear Ignazia, and the one or two people who remained faithful to me. I had given up the idea of going to Portugal, for I no longer received letters from Pauline, and I made up my mind to go to Marseilles, and thence to Constantinople, where I thought I might make my fortune without taking the turban. Had I followed out this plan, I should no doubt have been again disappointed, for I had reached the age when Fortune forsakes a man, though I had no right to complain, for she had bestowed plenty of favours on me, and I had abused them all. My servant, Philip, who was a good fellow, and superior to his station, corresponded with me for over a year after I left. He it was who told me that Ignazia married a rich shoemaker, whose wealth was sufficient to induce Don Diego to overlook his lack of birth.

On my way to visit a certain Doña Peliccia in Valencia, I saw the ruins of ancient Saguntum.[1] 'I want to go up there,' said I, pointing to the eminence they crown. A priest who was travelling with me, and the driver, both objected. The former wanted to get to Valencia before sundown, and the latter thought more of his mules than of all the antiquities in the world. After arguing in vain for ten minutes, I produced a gold coin, which instantly converted the driver.

[1] Saguntum, the centre of a fertile district, was once a rich trading-place. The Romans restored the city after its destruction by Hannibal. The modern Saguntum, or Murviedro, is about three miles from the sea.

He discourses on antiquity.

'May God be my aid, he is a man of means.'

This is the greatest praise which one can desire from a subject of his Most Catholic Majesty.

The walls of Saguntum were, to a large extent, intact, the battlements clearly defined. Nevertheless, the city dates from the Second Punic War. I noticed several inscriptions on two gates still standing. This monument of a people who preferred to perish in the flames rather than break their faith with the Romans and surrender to Hannibal, excited in me an admiration which my ignorant companions thought laughable; he would not have said a Mass to become master of the whole place with all its great memories, and of which time has destroyed even the name.

'It has always been called Murviedro,' maintained the priest.

'That is not possible; it stands to reason that a place would not be called *old* in the beginning, when it must have been new.'

'Well, Old Castile must be more ancient than New Castile.'

'You may think so, but you are wrong; it is called New Castile because it was the last place taken from the Moors, but, as a matter of fact, it is more ancient than Old Castile.'

The poor priest said no more, but contented himself with shaking his head at my folly.

CHAPTER LIV

MONSIEUR AND MADAME CAGLIOSTRO

His new amour.

Just as my visit to Valencia was drawing to a close, and I was preparing to leave for Barcelona, my evil genius took me to a bull-fight. There I was struck by the appearance of a woman, who was not merely handsome, but singularly impressive. I asked a gentleman of Alcantara who was sitting beside me who she was.

'She is the famous Nina.'

'Why famous?'

'If you do not know the story, it is too long a one to tell here.'

About two minutes later a well-dressed, though somewhat villainous-looking, man left the side of the imperious beauty, and approaching my neighbour, whispered something in his ear. My neighbour then politely told me that the lady whose name I had asked wished to be informed of mine. Stupidly allowing myself to be flattered by this request, I told the messenger that if the lady would allow me, I would tell her in person after the spectacle.

'I imagine, from your accent, that you are an Italian,' he said.

'Yes, a Venetian.'

'So is the lady.'

It clashes with that of the captain-general of Barcelona.

When he had returned to his companion, my neighbour becoming less laconic informed me that Nina was a dancer, and belonged to the Count de Ricla, captain-general of the principality of Barcelona. She had been living at Valencia for

some weeks, as the bishop would not allow her to remain in Barcelona on account of the scandal; the count, he said, was madly in love with her, and allowed her fifty doubloons a day.

'Which she doesn't spend, I hope,' I said.

'She can't, but she commits a thousand follies every day, for which she has to pay dearly.'

As soon as the bull-fight was over, I accosted the dancer. She received me as she was stepping into her fine carriage, drawn by six mules, and invited me to breakfast with her on the morrow. I replied that nothing would delight me more. She lived in a very large house about a hundred steps from the city gates, surrounded by immense gardens; the furniture was costly, and in good taste. The first thing that struck me was the crowd of servants in brilliant liveries, and the waiting-maids and serving-women, all elegantly dressed, who were coming and going in every direction. I heard an imperious voice scolding loudly in the room to which I was being conducted; the voice belonged to Nina, who was rating a scared-looking individual, who was standing near a table spread with his wares.

'You must excuse my being furious,' said Nina, 'but this Spanish fool wants to persuade me that these are good laces.'

They really were, but as I did not want to contradict her on my first visit, I said I was no judge.

'Madame,' said the merchant, at last becoming impatient, 'if you do not want the lace, leave it; do you want the other materials?'

'Yes; and as for your lace, to show you that it is not from stinginess that I won't take it——' She caught up a pair of scissors and hacked it into bits.

'It is a great pity,' said the man who had brought me her message the evening before. 'People will say you are mad.'

'Hold your tongue, you——' she answered, giving him a sound box on the ear, to which he replied by calling her a well-deserved name. This seemed to amuse her, and, bursting out laughing, she turned to the merchant, telling him to make

out his bill. She took it from him, signed it without even looking at it. 'Take it to Don Diego in Valencia. He will pay you at once,' she said.

The chocolate being now served, she sent a maid to find the man she had chastised, and bid him come and join us.

'You must not be surprised,' she said, 'at the way I treat him. He is a wretch of no importance, whom Ricla puts here to spy on me. I beat him as you see on purpose that he should write it all again to his master.'

Everything she said and did was so extraordinary, I was dumb with amazement. I could not believe that such a woman could exist. The miserable spy came back and drank his chocolate without a word. He was a musician from Bologna named Molinari. We spent an hour talking of Spain, Italy, and Portugal. She begged me to return to supper with her, and I did.

His infatuation for Nina.

It was now the beginning of October, but in Valencia the thermometer marked thirty degrees Réaumur in the shade. I found her walking about in the garden with her *jocrisse*, both of them very lightly clad. She had nothing on but a chemise and a thin petticoat. As soon as she saw me she came forward and invited me to make myself at home too. During supper she told lascivious stories, of which she was invariably the heroine. The supper was exceedingly delicate and profuse, and the wines of the best. She amused herself by making the brute drink until he fell senseless on the floor.

She invited me to return the following evening, adding that we should be alone, as the spy would be ill in bed. When I presented myself at seven o'clock, she met me with assumed melancholy.

'Alas!' she said, 'Molinari is ill.'

'You said he would be. Have you poisoned him?'

'I could; but God forbid that I should.'

'But you have given him something?'

'Nothing but what he likes. Come, don't let us talk any

more about him. Let us enjoy ourselves to-night, and to-morrow evening we will begin over again.'

'I fear not, for I leave Valencia to-morrow.'

A venal angel.

'Oh no, you don't, and your coachman will raise no objections even if you have engaged him. He is paid as though he had made the journey. Here is his bill receipted.'

All this was said in an affectionately despotic manner which flattered me. I laughingly assured her I was not worth the present she had made me.

'It surprises me,' I said, 'that, living in such a magnificent house, you do not receive more company.'

'People are afraid to come,' she said. 'They fear Ricla, who is jealous, and to whom that sick animal there writes letters telling him all I do and say. I am glad he does so, and am only sorry that up to now I have given him nothing worth writing about.'

'He will write that we have supped together *tête-à-tête*.'

'So much the better. Are you afraid?'

'No; but you ought to tell me if there is reason for my being so.'

'No reason at all. The blame will fall on me.'

'But I should be sorry to be the cause of a break between you and your lover.'

'The more I tease him, the more he adores me, and the making up will cost him dear.'

'Then you do not love him?'

'Yes, but only to ruin him, though he is so rich I shall never succeed.'

The woman was as lovely as sin, and as corrupt as the angel of darkness; venal by nature, and fated to punish terribly whosoever should have the misfortune to love her. I had known others of the same calibre, but her equal never. I got into the habit of supping with her. At night we played cards, and I was generally the winner, which in the then depleted state of my pocket was a consideration with me. The spy had recovered, and made a third at our parties, but

his presence was not the slightest check upon us. Nina would, after lavishing caresses on me, tell him to go and inform Count Ricla. He must have done so, for the poor count wrote to her, asking her to return to Barcelona, and assuring her that the bishop had received orders not to interfere with her. She persuaded me to go to Barcelona, too, telling me that I could see her every night after ten, and that if I was in need of money she would lend me all I wanted. She made me leave Valencia one day before she did, so as to meet her at Tarragona. She went in the morning, and I followed after sunset. I went to the hotel the singular creature had recommended to me, which was kept by a Swiss, who told me confidentially that he had orders to see that I wanted for nothing. We shall see by and by what all this led to!

He follows her to Barcelona.

Although my landlord seemed an honest sort of fellow, Nina's recommendation struck me as imprudent. The captain-general, however broad-minded, was nevertheless a Spaniard, and not likely to admit of trifling. She had herself told me he was passionate, suspicious, and jealous.

'I am surprised,' I said to the landlord, 'that La Nina should have ordered all this, for she has no idea as to my means, and cannot tell what my expenses should be.'

She provides for him there.

'Everything is paid for, sir.'

'Paid for! but I cannot allow this.'

'You must arrange it with her, then.'

I foresaw that trouble would come of it, but as I have never cared to look on the black side of things, I put aside all disagreeable thoughts, and went out to present my letters of introduction.

Ricla received me, but remained standing all the time, and did not offer me a chair. Although he spoke Italian perfectly, he addressed me all the time in Spanish. He asked me if I intended to remain long in Barcelona, and I replied that with his permission I intended to remain as long as I pleased.

I was a week at Barcelona before receiving any news of

Nina; then came a note asking me to go and see her, but on foot, without a servant, and after ten o'clock at night. I was a fool to go, more especially as I was not in love with her; but as my readers know, prudence was never one of my distinguishing qualities. At the appointed hour I presented myself at her house, alone, and with no weapon but my sword. I found her sister with her; a woman of about thirty-six, who was married to an Italian dancer called Schizza, because he was as flat-nosed as a Kalmuck. The sister never left us, and when I withdrew at midnight, I had not had one moment's conversation alone with Nina. But next day, as I was strolling in the town, an officer of the Walloon guards accosted me. He begged me to forgive the liberty he was taking, as he was a perfect stranger to me, but he wished to speak to me on a matter which, though it in no way concerned him, yet interested him greatly.

He is advised to discontinue his visits to Nina.

'Speak, sir,' I said, 'I shall take anything you may say in good part.'

'Well, sir, you are a foreigner, and you do not understand the manners or the ways of the Spaniards. You do not know what a risk you run in going to visit La Nina every night.'

'What risk can I run? I am sure the count is aware of my visits, and does not object to them.'

'No doubt he is aware of them, but though he may pretend not to object, sooner or later he will punish you. Take my advice, sir, and discontinue your nightly excursions.'

'I thank you sincerely for your goodwill,' I answered, 'but I shall only leave off going when Nina herself asks me to do so, or when the count requests me.'

I did not tell Nina of this episode, and continued to see her every night. Had I been in love with her, my conduct would have been excusable. On the 14th of November, when I entered her room, I observed a strange man engaged in showing her some miniatures. On looking at him more closely, I recognised my enemy, the infamous Parsano or Pogomos,

who had already betrayed me to Madame d'Urfé, but failed to injure me in the eyes of my dear old friend. Parsano comes into his life again.

The blood rushed to my head. Taking Nina by the hand, I led her into an adjoining room, and told her she must instantly dismiss the scoundrel, or I would leave her house never to re-enter it.

'He is a painter.'

'I know. I know him; I will tell you everything by and by, but send him away now, or I must go.'

She called her sister, and told her to tell the Genoese to leave at once and never to come back. It was all done in a moment. When the sister returned, she said Parsano's last words were, 'He will be sorry for this.'

The following night I went to Nina's again. The door of the house opened on to an arcade, which ran the whole length of the street. It was very dark; I had only gone about twenty-five steps when I was attacked by two men. I stepped back, drew my sword, and called 'murder' loudly, at the same time plunging my blade into the body of the nearest ruffian. I broke out into the street and ran off at the top of my speed, fortunately just missing the bullet which the second assassin fired after me. In my flight I stumbled and fell, losing my hat, but I did not pick it up. I rushed on till I reached my hotel. I was too breathless to speak, and could only fling my bloody sword down before my astonished host. My riding-coat was pierced in two places below my armpit. He is set upon by an ambush.

'I am going to bed,' I said to the honest Swiss. 'I will leave you my sword and coat. To-morrow, I shall ask you to go with me before a magistrate, for some one has been killed this night, and you must bear witness that it was in self-defence.'

'You would do better to leave the town at once.'

'What! you do not believe my story?'

'I believe every word of it; but go, I guess who struck the blow, and God alone knows what will come of it.'

'No harm will come of it, and if I left as you advise, I should be writing myself down guilty. Take care of my sword; murder has been attempted, let the would-be murderers tremble.'

He is arrested.

Before seven in the morning there came a loud knocking at my door. It was my host, accompanied by an officer, who ordered me to give him all my papers and passports, to dress myself quickly and follow him, adding that if I resisted he would employ force.

'I have no intention of resisting,' said I, 'but tell me by whose orders, and by what right you demand my papers?'

'By the governor's orders. Your papers will be returned to you if there is nothing to suspect there.'

I put some linen and clothes into a bag, and handed my papers over, receiving in return a detailed receipt for them. I then left the hotel with the officer, and his men followed us at a respectful distance till we came to the citadel. I was conducted to a room on the first floor, which was clean, though bare; the windows looked on to a little square, and were not barred. Here I was left alone, and remembering what had happened to me at Madrid, I congratulated myself on being so humanely treated. I had not been there ten minutes, when the guard came in bearing my bag and a bed. I flung myself on the latter, and gave myself up to reflection. Ought I to write to Nina? Should I be allowed to do so? In the midst of my ponderings I heard a sound outside, and looking from the window, saw the scoundrel Parsano being taken to prison by a corporal and two soldiers. The wretch looked up, and on seeing me, burst out laughing.

'Ha! ha!' thought I, 'here is the key to the enigma. He has invented some atrocious calumny about me, and to be sure of his upholding it, they are going to put him under lock and key.'

And cast into the Donjon of Barcelona.

At midday they brought me an excellent dinner, and in return for a gold piece a soldier procured me pen and ink and candles. I gave him part of my meal, and he assured

me he would speak to the comrade who would relieve him, and who would serve me as well as he had done. I passed my time making geometrical calculations. On the morning of the fourth day, the officer who had arrested me appeared, and told me politely that he was the bearer of bad news: he had orders to take me to the dungeon in the tower. It was a kind of round cellar, paved with large stones; there were five or six slits in the thick walls, each about two inches in width. I was told I could order what I wanted for dinner, but that the gaoler would only visit me once a day, and that I could be furnished with a lamp if I wanted one. When they brought me my food, the officer who accompanied them cut up the fowl and stuck his fork into all the dishes so as to be sure they contained no letters or papers. My food and wine were excellent, and there was always enough for six people, so I shared it with my sentinels, who had never in their lives been so well fed. The poor devils would have done anything in the world for me. I was curious to know who saw to my supplies, but there was no means of finding out.

He writes a book.

I passed forty-two days in this hole, and it was there that I wrote in pencil, and with no help but my memory, a complete refutation of Amelot de la Houssaye's *History of the Government of Venice.*

On the 28th of December, six weeks after my arrest, the officer on guard came and told me to dress and follow him.

'Where are we going?'

'I am to hand you over to the officer of the captain-general, who is expecting you.'

When we got to the guard-room, he consigned me to the same civil officer who had arrested me; he in his turn conducted me to the palace, where a clerk gave me a trunk containing my papers, which were all intact, and included my three passports; the latter, he assured me, were perfectly genuine.

'I know that, and have always known it,' I answered.

'Probably, but we had strong reasons to believe the contrary, and I must now make known to you the order that you

He is enjoined to leave Barcelona.

are to leave Barcelona in three days, and Catalonia in a week.'

'I shall obey, though the order is an unjust one.'

'You are at liberty to appeal against it at Madrid, if you choose.'

'I shall complain, but in Paris, not in Madrid; I have had enough of Spain. Be so good as to give me the order you have just communicated to me in writing.'

Accompanied by the civilian officer and a servant, I returned to my inn. The good Swiss was delighted to see me, and assured me no one had entered my room since I left it. He gave me my sword, my riding-coat, and, what astonished me most, my hat, which I had lost when flying from my would-be murderers. There were several letters awaiting me at the post, from Paris, Venice, Warsaw, and Madrid, and I do not think that any of them had been tampered with. I mention this as a proof of what an exceptionally orderly government that of Spain is. When I asked my landlord for my bill, he answered that I did not owe him a penny. He had received orders, he said, to furnish me with everything I needed as long as I remained in prison, and, indeed, as long as I remained in Barcelona.

'Who is it that has paid everything for me?'

'You know as well as I do.'

'Have you a note or letter for me?'

'Nothing.'

'What do they say in town of this affair?'

'All sorts of odd things. Some say you shot the gun off yourself, and bloodied your sword, for, strange to say, no wounded man was discovered. The hat was brought to me three days after you were imprisoned. The reason which was publicly alleged for your arrest was that your passports were forged, but every one knew that the real reason was because you passed your nights with La Nina.'

'You know I always returned at midnight.'

'So I told every one. However, you went to see her, that

was enough for a certain gentleman; and now, my good sir, promise me you will not go near her again.'

'Have no fear, my good man; my mind is quite made up on that point.'

Just as I was sitting down to dinner, a banker's clerk brought me a letter which agreeably surprised me. It contained the bills of exchange which I had drawn at Genoa on Signor Augustino Grimaldi, and ran as follows: 'Parsano is begging me to send this enclosed letter to Barcelona, so as to have you arrested for forgery. I am sending it, but to you, to do as you like with, and to convince you that it is not my way to add to the troubles of men already persecuted by fortune.'

He was the fourth Genoese who had behaved towards me in a truly noble manner. For the sake of the four good men, I ought perhaps to forgive their infamous compatriot Parsano, who, I learned some years after, returned to his native city and died there in abject poverty.

I spent three days writing letters to all my acquaintances, as I was superstitious enough to wish to leave Spain on the last day of the miserable year I had spent there. I took a servant with me, who occupied the back seat of my carriage. My coachman was from Piedmont, and seemed a decent fellow. On the second day of our journey he asked me if I had reason to believe that we were being followed, 'because,' he said, 'there are three ill-looking scoundrels, whom I noticed yesterday at Barcelona, here now. It seems they slept in the stable with the mules; they have nearly finished their dinner, and will get three-quarters of an hour's start of us. I must say I don't like their looks.'

'What do you advise me to do?'

'Start late, and stop at an inn which I know of, and which is about a league this side of the one they expect you to stop at; if they retrace their steps and join us, there will be no further doubt as to their intentions.'

Acting on his suggestion, we started late, and reached the

inn about five. Our three scoundrels were not there, but about eight in the evening, as I was at supper, my servant came in to say that they were in the stable drinking with my coachman. My hair stood on end with fear; but my good Piedmontese was not easily discouraged, he had worked out a little scheme by which we could escape them. We started before daybreak, and dined at the ordinary coaching station. After having given the scoundrels half an hour's start, we followed for a mile or two, then brusquely turning round we galloped back to the inn, and taking a peasant with us as guide, we struck across country. We kept the mules going at such a pace that in seven hours we had done eleven leagues, and at ten that night we arrived at a good inn, in a big village in dear France, where we had nothing to fear. I gave our guide a gold piece, and stretched myself out delightedly to sleep soundly in a good French bed. Long live France for her good beds and her delicious wine!

Back in France.

I got to Aix, in Provence, in time for the Carnival. I took lodgings at the Three Dolphins. The town was full of people, balls, suppers, and pretty Provençal women helped me to spend the time agreeably until mid-Lent, when, coming back one evening from dining in the country, I caught a violent cold. I went to bed, suffering from a sharp pain in my side, and awoke to find myself seriously ill with pleurisy. An old doctor whom the landlord summoned refused to bleed me; I began to cough, and in two days to spit blood; in a week I was in so desperate a state that a priest was sent for, who heard my confession and administered the Sacraments. But on the tenth day, after sixty hours' unconsciousness, the doctor declared there was hope for me, and then began a long convalescence, which to me was more tiresome than my illness had been. During all this time I had been nursed night and day by an unknown woman. Her solicitude and care never flagged; she slept in my room, and waited on me with the greatest attention; though she was not old, she did not inspire me with any tender feelings. When I was well enough to go

His illness.

out, I recompensed her as well as I could, and thanked her gratefully for all she had done for me. When I asked her who had sent her to me, she said, the doctor; but when some days later I told him what a good nurse he had provided me with, he looked much astonished, and assured me he had never seen her before. The landlord and landlady told the same tale—in fact no one knew anything about this woman, who she was, or where she came from. She disappeared as mysteriously as she came. The mysterious nurse at Aix.

Among the letters waiting for me at the post, was one from my brother in Paris, in reply to one I had written him from Perpignan. He said how thankful he had been to hear from me, as he had been told that I had been assassinated on the borders of Catalonia. 'It was one of your best friends, Count Manucci, who is attached to the Venetian embassy here, who told me the frightful news,' wrote François; 'he said he was absolutely certain of the fact of your death.'

This was a ray of light, showing me that 'one of my best friends' had pushed his desire for vengeance to the point of hiring three assassins to murder me. Up to then Manucci had been excusable in all he had done against me, but from that moment he became unpardonable. He must have felt very sure of his facts, and never doubted but what his ruffians had safely despatched me, but it would have been less compromising for him had he waited a little before announcing my death. When I met him two years later at Rome, I reproached him with his treachery, but he indignantly denied everything, and swore he had been told at Barcelona that I was dead.

One day, when I was dining at *table d'hôte*, with a numerous and distinguished company, some one spoke of the pilgrims who had just arrived; they were Italians, it appeared, and had come on foot from the shrine of Saint James of Compostella in Galicia; they were evidently of high birth, for on arriving at Aix they had distributed very generous alms to the poor. The woman, they said, was charming; she was about eighteen,

Cagliostro.

and so tired that she had gone straight to bed. We were all curious to see the new-comers, and in my quality of Italian and fellow-countryman I took the lead, and we started in a band to visit them. They must be either fanatics or swindlers, we said. We found the woman sitting in an arm-chair; she was beautiful and young and interesting. She held a long crucifix of yellow metal in her hand. The man was fastening cockle-shells on his black oil-cloth cloak. He seemed about twenty-five years old, was short but well built, and looked bold and cynical. His wife's expression was that of good breeding, naïveté, gentleness and modesty. They neither of them spoke French, and were relieved when I addressed them in Italian. He was a Neapolitan, and she a Roman, as her pretty accent told me at once: on his passport he was called Balsamo,[1] and she Sérafina Feliciani. We shall meet him ten years hence under the name of Cagliostro.

'We are on our way back to Rome,' she said; 'having paid our devotions to Saint James of Compostello, and Our Lady

[1] Joseph Balsamo was born at Palermo in 1743. He was therefore little more than a boy when Casanova met him; nevertheless he was well on in his career of adventure and crime. He was educated at the monastery of Castagirone, and employed to read aloud to the monks during dinner. For the lives of saints, however, he substituted those of the most notoriously profligate women. After his expulsion from the monastery, he started a system of forgery, beginning with theatre tickets, and ending with a will. He robbed his uncle, and committed a cold-blooded murder, for which he was tried, but escaped through a flaw in the evidence. He married, in Rome, a beautiful but unprincipled woman, Lorenza Feliciani, whose false naïveté and delicacy were of great assistance to him in his schemes. Madame Cagliostro was Grand Mistress of the Isis Lodge, which numbered among its members Mesdames de Brienne, de Choiseul, and de Polignac. Cagliostro, strong in his sense of the importance of having the women on his side, always maintained his intention of introducing the Egyptian rite, which admitted women into the highest grades in Freemasonry, and was never able to come to an understanding with the Freemasons. Though implicated in the affair of the Diamond Necklace, he was imprisoned in the Bastille on another count. After his liberation he went to England, whence he predicted the fall of the French state-prison. He incurred the rigours of the Fleet Prison in our country. In Rome he was condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted, and he died in San Leo in 1795.

of Pilar. We have travelled entirely on foot, and have lived only on charity, the better to obtain the mercy of God, whom we have so often offended. I never asked for more than a sol, but have always been given silver, and even gold pieces, so that in each town we have had money to give to the poor. My husband, who is very strong, has not suffered much, but it has been very hard for me to walk so far, and to sleep on straw, when I have not dared to take my clothes off, for fear of catching some disease. I am so tired that we shall stay here and rest for three days, before going on to Turin, where we shall stop to adore the Holy Napkin.' The wife of Cagliostro.

'You know of course that there are several of those in Europe?'

'I have heard so, but am assured that the real one is at Turin, the one with which Saint Veronica wiped our Saviour's face, and on which His divine Image is imprinted.'

We were all taken with the pretty pilgrim, but did not believe in her devotion. There was not one amongst us but would gladly have invited her to supper. Next day the husband came, and asked me to go and breakfast with them, unless, he said, I would rather they came and breakfasted with me. It would not have been polite to say, 'Neither one nor the other,' so I told him to come to my room.

He told me he was by profession an etcher, but that his talent lay in copying; he could reproduce an engraving so perfectly with his pen that no one could tell it from the original; in spite of his skill, however, he said he could barely make enough to live on. He showed me some fans he had made; it would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than the pen-and-ink drawings decorating them. I offered him twenty francs for one, but he begged me to accept it gratis, and in return make a collection for him at table, which I did, and succeeded in raising two hundred francs. I also gave them two letters to friends at Avignon, one of which she returned to me in the evening, saying that

her husband did not think it necessary. As I was about to tear it up, she asked me to look at it, so as to be sure it was the same one I had written for her. 'Certainly,' I said, 'it is my letter.' She then laughingly drew mine from her pocket; the one in my hand was only a copy.

'Your talent is very admirable,' said I to her husband, 'and it is more difficult to imitate handwriting than an engraving; clever as you are you may go far and succeed well, but, on the other hand, if you are not careful your ability may cost you your life.'

They went away next day. I shall tell my readers by and by how I met them ten years afterwards; the man then called himself Count Pellegrini, and the good Serafina, his wife and his *âme damnée*, was still with him. At the moment I write these lines he is in prison, and will probably never come out again; his wife is in a convent.

One of my greatest pleasures at Aix was the company of the Marquis d'Argens; I spent hours *tête-à-tête* with this good and learned old man. He told me a quantity of anecdotes about the private life of Frederick the Great, such characteristic anecdotes that my readers I am sure would thank me to repeat them, the more so that the greater part of them are not generally known, and will be lost to history; but somehow I am strangely indolent. Perhaps at some other time, when the palace of Dux is less smothered in mist, when some few rays of sunshine come to cheer me, I will commit them to paper; at this moment I have not the courage to write them down.

The Marquis d'Argens made me a present of his works. When I asked him if I could flatter myself I possessed them all, he answered yes, with the exception of the history of part of his life, which he wrote when he was young, and which he regretted now.

'And why?' I asked.

'Because, in my intense desire to write the truth, I have made myself ridiculous. If ever you feel the same temptation,

cast it from you, or, I can assure you, you will regret it; as an honest man and a truthful historian, you will be obliged to conceal nothing, you must have no cowardly complaisances for your own faults, you must castigate them mercilessly; on the other hand, you must yourself point out the good you have done. You must praise and blame yourself on each page, and whereas all the ill that you say of yourself will be taken as gospel, all the good that you say will be put down to pride and vanity. Furthermore, in writing your memoirs, you will make enemies of all those of whom you speak ill. Believe me, my friend, if it is not permissible for an honest man to speak about himself, it is still less permissible for him to write about himself. I hope you will never fall into the same mistake as Rousseau, a mistake which I should not have thought possible in such a superior man.'

The opinions of the Marquis d'Argens on memoir writing.

I promised him I would never commit such a folly, in spite of which, for the last seven years I have done nothing else, and I have sworn to myself I will go on to the end. But I write in the firm conviction that my history will never see the light of publicity; for one thing, the infamous Censor, the snuffer-out of intelligence, will never allow it to be printed, and for another thing, I shall be wise perhaps in my last illness and burn all my papers. If neither of these comes to pass, I can only beg my readers to be indulgent, and to remember that writing has been the only thing which has kept me from going mad, or dying of grief in the midst of the discomfort and pettifogging annoyances daily caused me by the envious wretches who live with me, in this castle of Dux, belonging to the Count Waldstein, or Wallenstein. By writing ten or twelve hours a day, I have prevented black sorrow from eating up my poor heart and destroying my reason. We will talk of all this later, if I do not die in the meantime.

While I was at Aix, I thought incessantly of my dear Henriette. I knew her real name, and she had sent me a message through Marcolina to look for her at Aix. I thought

The third appearance of Henriette.

I should come across her at some assembly or gathering. I often heard her name mentioned, but never asked questions about her, as I wanted no one to guess that I knew her. I thought she must be at her country-house, and was only waiting till I had recovered my health to pay her a visit. I left Aix, with a letter to her in my pocket, intending to send it in by the postillion and to wait at the door until she made known her pleasure to me. Her house was a league and a half beyond the Golden Cross; it was eleven in the morning when we arrived. I gave my letter to a manservant, who said he would be sure to forward it to madame.

'What! is she not here then?'

'No, sir, she is at Aix.'

'How long has she been there?'

'For the last six months.'

'Where does she live?'

'In her own house; she only comes here for about three weeks in the summer.'

'Will you allow me to add a few words to my letter?'

'With pleasure. Come in, sir. I will open madame's room for you, where you will find all you require.'

I followed him in. Imagine my surprise when I found myself face to face with the woman who had nursed me recently.

'You! do you live here?'

'Yes, sir, for the last ten years.'

'And how was it you came to take care of me?'

'Madame sent for me in all haste, and told me to go to your house, and install myself by your bedside, and tend you. She said if you questioned me I was to say it was the doctor sent me.'

'The doctor said he did not know you.'

'I think he was probably acting under madame's orders; but I am not sure. I am surprised you never saw madame while you were at Aix.'

'She cannot see much company, for I went everywhere.'

'She does not receive at home, but she goes everywhere.'

'It is extraordinary that I did not meet her, it cannot be that I did, and failed to recognise her. You say you have been with her for ten years. Has she changed much? Has she had any illness which has altered her features? Has she grown older?'

'No, she is a little stouter, but she looks like a woman of not more than thirty.'

'I must have been blind; no, it is not possible that I can have met her!'

I could not make up my mind what to do. 'Ought I to return to Aix?' I asked myself. 'She is alone, she receives no one; what prevented her from speaking to me, from giving me some sign? Suppose she will not receive me; but no—she still loves me, she would not have had me so tenderly nursed had she been indifferent to me. She is vexed perhaps at my not recognising her? She must know that I have left Aix; she must guess that I have come here! Shall I go to her? Shall I write?'

It was the latter course which I decided to pursue, and in my letter I told her I would wait at Marseilles for her reply. This is what I received:—

A letter from Henriette.

'Nothing, my dear old friend, can be more romantic than the story of our meeting at my country-house six years ago, and now again twenty-two years after our parting at Geneva. We have both of us grown old, 'tis the law of nature. But will you believe that though I still love you, I am glad that you did not recognise me? It is not that I have become ugly, but I have grown stout, and that has entirely changed me. I am a widow, happy, and well enough off to assure you that if you are in want of money you have but to draw on Henriette. Do not come to Aix to see me, for your return would only give rise to gossip, though if you revisit the town some time hence we can meet, but not as old friends. I am glad to think I may have contributed to the

prolongation of your days by placing near you a woman on whose fidelity I could rely. If you would like us to write to each other I will do my best to make the correspondence agreeable. I am very curious to know all that you have done since your escape from 'The Leads,' and now that you have given me such a proof of your discretion, I promise to tell you my history, the cause of our meeting at Cesena, and my return to my native country. The first is an absolute secret, M. d'Antoine alone knows the facts. I am grateful to you for not having inquired about me; Marcolina no doubt gave you all my messages. Tell me what has become of that charming creature? Adieu.'

I wrote back, relating to her in brief the vicissitudes of my life, and accepting gladly her offer of correspondence. She in her turn told me her story, and wrote me in all about forty letters. If she dies before I do, I shall add these letters to my Memoirs; but to-day she is still living, and, though old, she is happy.

CHAPTER LV

A PLEA FOR PARDON

My *Refutation of the History of the Government of Venice*[1] by Amelot de la Houssaye was now complete. My readers will remember that I wrote it during my imprisonment in Spain, from memory, and on my return to France I revised and corrected it, and determined to publish it in Switzerland. As soon as I made known to my friends my intention of so doing, they came generously forward with subscriptions to the expense. The Count de la Pérouse gave me two hundred and fifty francs for fifty copies. I knew that at Lugano there was a good press and no censor, and that the master of the printing-house was a man of letters. I took lodging in the best inn in Lugano, and the day after my arrival went to see Dr. Agnelli, who was at once a printer, a priest, a theologian, and an honest man. I agreed to pay him weekly for the work done, and he reserved to himself the right of censorship, but hoped that so far as that was concerned we should be in accord. I gave him the preface and the introduction, which would take a week to print, chose the paper which pleased me, and the form of the book, which was to be large octavo. When I returned to my inn, the landlord told me the *bargello*, or chief of the police, had been to see me; although Lugano belongs to the Swiss Confederation, the police is managed in

He publishes his *Refutation*.

[1] He is supposed to have written his *Refutation* principally to curry favour with the Venetian government, from whom he had already determined to ask pardon.

the Italian fashion. I was curious to know what this person could want with me, and I ordered him to be admitted. After making me a profound bow, he informed me that he had come to offer me his services, and to assure me that although I was a foreigner, I should enjoy every possible advantage in Lugano, and had no cause to fear for my person or my liberty, even though I might be in difficulties with the Venetian government.

'Thank you, sir,' I replied, 'I am quite sure that what you say is true, as we are in free Switzerland.'

'I will make so bold as to add, sir,' he said, 'that it is customary for strangers who come here, and who wish to enjoy an inviolable asylum, to pay a trifling sum, by the week, month, or year, but in advance.'

'And supposing they do not choose to pay?'

'Then they are not so safe.'

'Money then does everything?'

'Well, sir——'

'I understand; but I might as well tell you at once that as I have nothing to fear I do not intend to pay.'

'Nevertheless I know, if you will excuse my saying so, that you are in trouble with your government.'

'You are mistaken, my friend.'

'Oh no, I am not mistaken.'

'If you are so certain, find some one who will back your opinion for two hundred sequins that I have anything to fear from Venice, and I will lay down an equal sum.'

The *bargello* looked discomfited, and the landlord, who was present at our interview, told him he must have been ill informed. He bowed and withdrew. The landlord advised me to go and see the captain or governor, who had absolute authority in the city. 'He is a most amiable Swiss gentleman,' he said, 'and has a wife as intelligent as she is beautiful.' I went next day about noon, and was admitted at once. Imagine my surprise when I found myself in the presence of

M. de R—— and his charming spouse, the Amazon of the Inn of the Sword, as I called her, who held on her knee a pretty little boy five or six years old.

We were all three mute with surprise and pleasure. M. de R—— was the first to break the silence and to embrace me cordially, and insist on my taking pot luck with them. He was delighted when I told him I should remain three or four months till my book was printed, and quite distressed when I said I could only accept his hospitality once a week, on account of my arduous work.

It was nine years since I had seen Madame de R—— at Soleure. She told me Lebel had established himself at Besançon, where he lives happily with his charming wife. From something she let fall during our conversation, I gathered that she found me altered, and that I did not look as young as I did nine years ago. This determined me not to attempt to renew our intrigue. 'So much the better,' thought I, 'as I cannot be her lover, I will be her friend and her husband's.'

The nostalgia of country grows strong in him.

I spent a whole month in my room, working assiduously, only going out to Mass on Sundays, or to dine with M. de R——. At the end of this time the first volume was finished and bound; towards the end of October the whole work, complete in three volumes, was finished, and in less than a year I sold the entire edition. My object in writing this book was not so much to make money as to obtain favour in the eyes of the Venetian inquisitors, for after having wandered all over Europe, the desire to revisit my country was growing so strong in me that I felt I could not live an exile any longer. For the last seventy years the world had accepted and relied on Houssaye's *History*, which was a clever satire, containing much truth and many calumnies. No one had taken the trouble to refute the latter, and, indeed, it would not have been possible for a Venetian living in the republic to do so, for the government allows no one, on principle, to write about it, either in praise or blame. I believe that this work was

reserved for me, on account of my exceptional situation. My cause of complaint would put me above all suspicion of partiality, and the evidence with which I could back up my contradictions of his lies and blunders made me hope for a tardy act of justice. Permission to return to my country was surely due to me, after fourteen years' exile, and I thought the inquisitors would gladly seize this opportunity to repair their harshness. I was right, though they made me wait five years for a favour which they might have granted me at once. M. de Bragadin was dead; I had only my two old friends, Dandolo and Barbaro, left: it was, thanks to them, that fifty people in Venice subscribed to my book secretly.

From Lugano I went to Turin, where I intended to spend the winter; the English minister there was a friend of mine, and I had other agreeable acquaintances. We were a little society composed of Epicureans: there was the old Chevalier Raiberti, the Count de la Pérouse, the charming Abbé de Roubieu, the voluptuous Count de Riva, and the already-mentioned Englishman. We all loved literature and good cheer, and gave delightful supper-parties. It was during my stay there that a pretty milliner, the mistress of la Pérouse, being at the point of death, swallowed her lover's portrait instead of the Eucharist. I wrote two sonnets on this incident, and am as pleased with them to-day as I was then.

The Russian squadron was at this time at Leghorn, under the command of Count Orloff. The squadron threatened to bombard Constantinople, and might perhaps have done so had it been commanded by an Englishman. As I had known Orloff in Petersburg, it occurred to me that I might be useful to him, and make my fortune at the same time. I went to Leghorn full of chimerical ideas; I imagined that Orloff could never pass the Dardanelles without me. At Bologna I saw the humpback Dubois, director of the mint. I had known him twenty-two years before, in the days

when I was in love with Henriette. He received me with joy. When I told him my intentions, he said that Orloff must be on the point of starting, as he had had letters to that effect from Leghorn. I answered mysteriously that he would not leave without me, at which the malicious humpback bowed admiringly. He wanted to talk about this expedition with which all Europe was ringing, but my reserved tone compelled him to change the topic of conversation.

During dinner he spoke frequently of my Henriette, and boasted that he had found out all about her, but I was careful not to let him get anything out of me. He complained bitterly of all the sovereigns of Europe, except the King of Prussia, who had made him a baron, although he did not know him, and had never had any dealings directly or indirectly with him. After listening complacently to his jeremiads, I asked him to give me the name of some banker who would advance me fifty sequins; he replied that it was useless to trouble a banker for such a small matter, and that he would lend them me himself. I accepted, and promised I would repay him as soon as possible; unfortunately I have never been able to do so, and I fear I shall die without acquitting myself of this debt, for even should I live to be as old as Methuselah, I grow daily poorer and poorer. News of Henriette.

At Pisa, where I stayed a few hours, I saw the pretender to the throne of Great Britain at the public baths. Hurrying on to Leghorn I found Orloff, who had been delayed by contrary winds; and the English consul presented me to him. The Russian admiral declared he would be delighted to have me on board, and told me to have my luggage embarked at once, as he intended to set sail at the first good wind. When we were alone the English consul asked me in what capacity I was going.

'That is just what I want to know, before I put my things aboard,' I answered.

The following morning I presented myself at Orloff's house,

and sent up a note asking him for an interview. I was told he was in bed writing despatches, but would see me soon. After waiting some time, da Loglio, the King of Poland's agent at Venice, came in.

'What are you doing here, my dear Casanova?'

'Waiting to see the admiral.'

'He is very busy'; and so saying, he passed by me into the inner room. This was impertinence, for it implied that Orloff was too busy to see me, but not too busy to see him. A few minutes after the Marchese Marucci appeared; he too went into the admiral's room, and several other gentlemen were admitted. I was getting angry, and my project did not smile on me as much as it had done. After I had waited five hours Orloff appeared, followed by a number of people, he said affably that he would talk things over at table, or after dinner. During dinner I never spoke, and Orloff read his letters the whole time. When the coffee was served, he jumped up suddenly as though he had just recollected something, and drawing me into the embrasure of a window, told me to be sure and send my things on board that day, as he hoped to leave on the morrow.

'Will you allow me to ask you in what capacity I go, and what my occupation will be?'

'I have no occupation to give you, though something may turn up: you will go as my friend.'

Orloff's diplomacy.

'A most estimable qualification, to gain which I would risk my life, but which will not count for anything after the expedition, or during the expedition either, as you are the only person who will show me confidence and esteem. I shall be considered as an idle man, good for nothing in particular, and I may kill some fool who shows me disrespect. You must give me some definite function which will allow me to wear your uniform. I know the country you are going to, I speak the language, I am in perfect health, and not lacking in courage. I do not desire your friendship gratis; I would rather have the honour of meriting it.'

'All very well, my dear friend, but I have no occupation to give you.'

'Then, sir, I wish you good luck and a safe voyage; I am off to Rome. I hope you will not repent leaving me behind, but I can tell you that without me you will never pass the Dardanelles.'

'Is that a prophecy?'

'It is the declaration of the oracle.'

'We shall see, my dear Calchas.'

Such was the short dialogue I had with this brave man, who did *not* pass the Dardanelles! Would he have done so if I had been aboard? No one can say. The squadron left next morning, and I went on to Pisa and Siena.

The day before my departure thence my coachman asked me if I would share my *calèche* with another traveller, by doing which I should save three sequins.

'I don't want a companion,' I answered.

'You are wrong, for it is a pretty young lady who has just arrived.' Miss Betty.

'Alone?'

'No, she is with a gentleman on horseback, who is also going to Rome.'

'And how did she come here?'

'On horseback; but she cannot go on like that; she is overcome with fatigue. The gentleman has offered me four sequins to take her to Rome, and as I am a poor devil, you might let me have a chance of making a little money.'

'I suppose the gentleman will follow the carriage?'

'He won't be in your way, or mine either.'

'What is he like?'

'Handsome, and speaks very little Italian.'

'Tell him to come and speak to me.'

A moment after, a good-looking young fellow in a fantastic uniform appeared, when I addressed him in French.

'God be praised!' he said, 'you speak my language. My wife is an Englishwoman,' he continued, 'and will not be

in your way in the least, if you will be so obliging as to give her a seat in your carriage.'

'With pleasure, but I do not want to postpone my departure. Can she be ready in five hours' time?'

The following day, at the appointed moment, I found her sitting in the carriage. I complimented her on her punctuality, and we started.

CHAPTER LVI

MISS BETTY

This was the fourth adventure of the kind which had happened to me. There is nothing very extraordinary about it when one happens to be travelling with a carriage to oneself; nevertheless, this last seemed to me more romantic than its predecessor.

I had two hundred sequins and was forty-five years old. I still worshipped the fair sex, but not with the same ardour as before. I had more experience and less courage, and looked more like a father than a son; I was less arrogant than I used to be, and had small faith in my powers of conquest. The young person seated by my side seemed gentle; she was pretty and simply dressed, but very neat and clean, after the manner of her countrywomen. She was fair and rather small; her pretty white throat was just visible under a muslin kerchief; she looked well bred and modest; and her innocent, virginal airs inspired me with both interest and respect.

'I hope you speak French, madame?'

'Yes, and a little Italian, sir.'

'I consider myself very lucky in having to take you to Rome.'

'Perhaps I am even luckier than you!'

'I am told you came on horseback?'

'Yes; but I shall not be so silly another time.'

'Your husband ought to have sold your horse and bought a carriage.'

'It does not belong to him; he only hired it, and has to give it up in Rome, from whence we are going to Naples.'

'You are fond of travelling?'

'Very, but I like to travel in comfort.' So saying, her face of alabaster, so white that not a drop of blood seemed to course in her veins, became crimson, and I, to spare her, looked out of the window and pretended to admire the beauties of nature. It was easy for me to guess that there was something equivocal in my young companion's position. I determined to watch and wait patiently.

At Bon Couvent we were to dine, and her husband was to meet us there. As drivers in Italy go very slowly, we expected to find him waiting for us, but we were told that, after breakfasting and baiting his horse, he had gone on, leaving word that he would meet us in the evening and have supper ready for us. I thought this strange, but said nothing. The poor English girl complained somewhat of his behaviour, and begged me to excuse his thoughtlessness.

'I consider it a mark of confidence, madame. I have no cause to be offended.'

The landlord came in just then to ask me if he was to present his bill to me or to the coachman, and she asked him if her husband had ordered the driver to pay for her? On his answering no, she said very quietly that she would not take any dinner at all.

'Madame,' I said, when we were alone, 'I beg you to consider me as an old friend. I suppose you have no money about you, and think it necessary to fast, but I beg you not to do so. Your husband can repay me if he likes. You must understand that when you tell the landlord only to prepare dinner for me, you are casting a dishonourable reflection on your husband, yourself, and more particularly on me.'

'I quite understand that, sir. Dinner must be served for two, but I shall not eat any. I do not feel well, and I shall go and lie down.'

'In which case, madame, I will leave you alone. Dinner will not be ready for two hours, and will be laid in the next room. I hope by then you will feel better.'

The name her husband, or rather her betrayer—for I felt certain they were not married—had given me, was the Comte *de l'Etoile.* This alone was enough to raise suspicion. I was concerned, I was now sure, with an elopement or an abduction; it was Miss Betty's good angel, I told myself, who had brought me across her path, to save her from what I did not exactly know—perhaps from infamy and beggary. I flung myself on my bed, building castles in the air.

When dinner was announced, I went softly to the English girl's room; she was still sleeping.

'I cannot eat anything, madame, unless you do me the pleasure of dining with me. You have slept for five hours, and I hope you feel better.'

'As you wish, sir; I will come down.'

He orders beefsteak and plum-pudding for the English miss.

She eat little, but she was agreeably surprised to find *beef-steak* and a *plum-pudding* which I had ordered, and the composition of which I had superintended myself. When the landlady came, she asked if the cook was an Englishman, and when she heard that these, her national dishes, were of my ordering, she showed herself most grateful, and becoming a little more lively, congratulated me on my good appetite. I made her drink some delicious Montefiascone wine, and she took her share bravely but moderately, so that she remained quite calm, while I grew rather excited. She told me she was born in London, and had learned to speak French at a boarding-school. I nearly died of joy when, on asking her if she knew la Cornelys, she told me she had been at school with her daughter.

News of his daughter.

'Tell me, has Sophie grown?'

'No; she is short, but extremely pretty and clever.'

'She must be seventeen now.'

'Yes, we are the same age'; saying this, she blushed and cast down her eyes.

'What is troubling you?' I asked.

'I want to say, but I hardly dare, that Sophie resembles you closely.'

'Why should you be afraid to say it? I have often heard it before. How long is it since you saw her?'

'About eighteen months; she was going home to be married, but I forget to whom.'

'You have given me most interesting news,' I said.

When the landlord brought me the bill, I saw three paoli put down for what de l'Etoile had had for himself and his horse.

'The gentleman said you would pay,' said mine host.

The poor girl flushed crimson, and I paid without a word, glad to see these marks of her confusion, for they proved to me that she was not an accomplice in the proceedings of her supposed husband.

I was longing to ask why and how she had left London, and how she came to be associated with this Frenchman, but I did not like. We continued to talk about Sophie, and I asked her if she also knew a Miss Nancy Stein, who had dined with me and my daughter. At the name of Nancy she sighed, and said that Nancy had left the school six or seven months before she did.

'Is she as pretty as she was?'

'Prettier; but beauty is often a fatal gift. Nancy was my most intimate friend; perhaps the reason why we felt such sympathy for one another was because the same fate awaited us both—we were both destined to fall into the snares spread for us. Nancy is perhaps more miserable to-day than I am.'

'More miserable! What do you mean? How can you be miserable, gifted as you are?'

'Alas, sir!—but let us speak, I beg you, of other things.'

'Will you tell me why you think Nancy is unhappy?'

'She ran away with a young man whom she loved, and whom her parents would not allow her to marry. Nothing has been heard of her since, so you see I am justified in fearing she is unhappy.'

'I would do anything in my power to help her. She dined with me and Sophie, and I also knew her father.'

'Ah! now I know who you are! How often Sophie has spoken to me of you. I heard that you had gone to Russia and fought a duel with a Polish general—is it true? How I wish I could tell all this to Sophie, but I fear I shall never see her again.'

'Why should you fear that, and why should you not write to any one you choose? If you will confide your communications to me, I promise you they shall reach their destination.'

'I am much obliged to you,' and so saying she sank back in the carriage and became silent.

Count L'Etoile.

At seven o'clock we reached San-Quirico, when the *soi-disant* count came out to welcome us, and taking her out of the carriage covered her with kisses, which she returned, looking as happy as possible. We supped excellently. L'Etoile was gay, amusing, and witty. His sallies, some of which were in doubtful taste, made his wife laugh heartily, and I was obliged to join in spite of myself. I watched him carefully, for I could not quite decide in what category to place him. He was, perhaps, a giddy young officer, a man of condition, spending his fortune thoughtlessly, and treating everything and everybody in the same airy fashion. I had met many men like that; light, frivolous, dangerous fellows, keeping their honour in their pockets, and ready to risk it on a card or at the sword's point. I was not over well pleased, for it seemed to me he was treating me rather cavalierly. If the girl was his wife, he was behaving as though I was of no consequence, and I was disagreeably conscious of playing second fiddle. There were two beds in the room where we supped, but when the chambermaid came with the sheets I ordered her to prepare another room for me. But the count politely insisted on my sharing their room, though I felt but small inclination to remain at such close quarters with them. As my new companions had only a small trunk, which was fastened on to my carriage, I supposed they had sent the rest of their baggage on by another route.

When I was dressing in the morning, I heard a violent dis-

pute in the courtyard, and on looking out of window, saw that the Frenchman and the driver had come to blows. The latter was holding a horse by the bridle, which the former was trying to pull out of his hands. I guessed the reason of the contest, and was prepared to take some steps, when l'Etoile, catching sight of me, called out: 'This scoundrel does not understand me, nor I him. As, perhaps, he is in the right, be so good as to give him two sequins, which I will repay you in Rome. I happen to be without money for the moment, but he has nothing to fear, for he has my trunk on his carriage. Do me this service, sir; you will learn in Rome who I am.'

The count deserts Miss Betty.

Without waiting for a reply, he ran downstairs, leaving the driver, who had followed him, in my room. I put my head out of the window, and, incredible as it seems, I saw him jump on the horse, dressed as he was in silk stockings and morning coat, and gallop off as hard as he could. His wife stood speechless with surprise beside me, and the poor driver was thunderstruck. I sat down on my bed, rubbing my hands and laughing immoderately, the whole scene was so comic.

'Laugh, madame, laugh, I beg of you, for, sentiment apart, your doleful expression is quite out of place. Laugh, I tell you, or I won't move from this place.'

'It is funny, I own, but I have not the heart to laugh,' she said sadly.

I drew two sequins from my purse and gave them to the driver, telling him we would start in a quarter of an hour when we had had our coffee.

'I can understand,' said I to the girl, 'your being distressed, and justly so, but I beg you to cheer up, at least while we are travelling; I will pay for everything, and will only ask you one question. Tell me, on the honour of an Englishwoman, is that singular individual your husband, or only your lover?'

'I will tell you the truth: he is not my husband, but we are to be married in Rome.'

'I breathe again. You will never be married, and so much

the better for you; you are in love with him just now, but you will soon get over it.'

'Impossible, unless he is deceiving me.'

'He is deceiving you. I am sure he has told you that he is rich, a man of position, that he will make you happy, and so forth, all of which is false.'

'How do you know?'

'As I know many other things, my dear miss, by experience. Your lover is mad, disorderly, and brazen-faced; he will marry you, perhaps, but only to become your master; then he will traffic in your beauty, and live by it.'

'I know he loves me.'

'Certainly he loves you, but not with an honourable and worthy love. He does not know me, he sees me for the first time, does not even ask my name, and delivers you over to my mercy; do you think an honourable man would do that?'

'He is not jealous; Frenchmen are never jealous.'

'A Frenchman's honour is the same as an Englishman's, or an Italian's; an honest man is an honest man all the world over. If he loved you, would he leave you here without a penny, and at the mercy of a stranger? Now what would you do if I behaved like a regular brute? Speak, you needn't be afraid.'

'Defend myself.'

'Good. Then I should leave you here, and what would you do then? But be assured, no harm will come to you; I am the very man you need in your trouble, and it seems to be almost a miracle that I am here. The man whom you love is a monster. I am sorry to make you weep, dear miss, but I must be cruel to be kind. I will go so far as to tell you that you interest and please me very much, and I will not abandon you even when we reach Rome, but be sure I will not ask you for so much as one kiss, though long before we get to our journey's end I shall convince you that the so-called count does not care for you, and that, furthermore, he is a scoundrel.'

Beauty in distress; Casanova to the fore.

I then paid the bill without so much as looking at the

poor lost lamb, and after a couple of cups of coffee, we set off side by side, and in perfect silence travelled till we reached the inn at La Scala where we were to dine. After dinner we walked about a little, and I felt myself becoming more and more attracted to my companion, whose name was Betty. She spoke Italian, with many faults of pronunciation and construction, but in a silvery, English voice, most charming to the ear. Was it devotion which made me so attentive to her; so anxious to spare her annoyance? She excited my pity certainly. But why should I try to dress myself in peacock plumes of virtue? Better say frankly that had she been ugly and disagreeable I should have abandoned her to her fate!

It was the fête-day of some local saint, and all the church bells were ringing gaily. Betty told me she had never assisted at a Catholic function, so I was glad to give her this innocent pleasure. She behaved perfectly, doing what she saw the people around her doing, and so naturally, that no one would have taken her for a Protestant. After service she told me she thought the Catholic faith more suited for poetic souls, and more calculated to make people love their religion than the reformed faith.

At Radicofani the postmaster presented me with a bill for three paoli, saying that the French gentleman who was riding ahead had told him I would pay, which I did, but it seemed there was more to follow.

'The gentleman,' said the landlord, 'beat three of my postillions with the flat of his sword; one of them, whom he wounded in the face, has gone after him, and it will cost him dear, I promise you. He beat them because they tried to prevent him from leaving without paying.'

Poor Miss Betty was in despair, but I tried to cheer her up with frivolous conversation and excellent Muscat wine, of which the landlord served us an immense flagon. Our driver wanted to persuade us to remain at Radicofani until the cool of the evening, but I replied that madame's husband might have

need of assistance, pursued as he was by a furious and wounded postillion, and incapable of speaking enough Italian to explain matters. For this I was rewarded with a look of gratitude which went straight to my heart. I sent for one of the other postillions, and made him tell the whole story; he owned to having been struck with the sword, but boasted that he had flung a stone at the count, and had more than revenged himself. I gave him a paolo, and promised him a crown if he would go to Centino and witness against his comrade, which he instantly agreed to do; and then and there he began to speak in defence of l'Etoile, in a manner which made us both laugh heartily, and to console us, he assured us the Frenchman had only been hit with half a dozen stones. I foresaw that the affair would end in nothing. At Centino we learned that l'Etoile had gone on to Acquapendente, and to please Miss Betty I consented to follow him, leaving a good inn and a good supper behind us. It only took us an hour, however, to reach the last-named place, and there we found the young madman in the highest spirits. He clasped his Dulcinea in his arms, and she seemed wild with joy at finding him safe and sound. He declared he had thoroughly thrashed the postillions, and only received a few slight blows in return. After supper he showed us the bruises on his legs and sides. The scamp was really handsome enough to turn the head of any young girl; nevertheless, her adoring airs were beginning to irritate me.

Next day he announced his intention of riding on to Viterbo, and asked me to lend him a sequin to pay for his dinner; at the same time he showed me carelessly a letter of credit for three thousand crowns on a banker at Rome. I would not even look at it, and gave him the money he asked for, fully convinced that I should never see him again. When he had gone, Betty said—

'You see, sir, that it is only from thoughtlessness that he is without money, for he has a letter of credit.

'I am afraid it is forged.'

Casanova tests the count's affection.

'Oh, now you are spiteful!'

'No, I am only judging from his general behaviour. I should be delighted to find I was mistaken. Twenty years ago I should have believed as you do, that the letter is genuine, but to-day I see things differently. If it is all right, how is it he could not change it at Siena or Florence?'

'You persist in your idea that he does not love me!'

'I persist in my idea that he loves you, in a way which should make you detest him.'

'What do you mean?'

'Would you not hate a man who only loved you because you were a source of profit to him? I can convince you that that is the nature of his affection for you, if you will allow me.'

'Do so, then, for should it be as you say, you will be doing me an inestimable service.'

'No later than this evening, then. But tell me, how long have you known him?'

'A month; but we have only been together five days.'

'Did he take you from your father?—brother?—lover?'

'From my lover. We were at Leghorn, and he had to go to London on business, leaving me in the care of a confidential servant. He will return to Italy in a week or ten days.'

'My poor Betty! Tell me if the Englishman you were with was good enough for you?'

'I never cared for any one but him until, happily or unhappily for me, I met this Frenchman, who persuaded me to be unfaithful to a man who adored me, and who will be in despair when he returns and finds I have gone.'

'Is he rich?'

'In easy circumstances; he is in trade, and is about your age; he is kind, honest, and good, and is only waiting for his wife to die to marry me. She is in a consumption. But I see now, that God did not mean me to be his wife, for M. de l'Etoile has completely subjugated me.'

'Tell me how it is you have no baggage with you?'

'I ran away on horseback, but my trunk containing my

linen and all my belongings will be in Rome when we get there. I had it taken away from my lodgings the day I left; the count sent a man for it.'

'Farewell, for ever, to your baggage, my poor Betty!'

'O my friend, you foresee nothing but misfortunes!'

We reached Viterbo about seven o'clock, and, as usual, found the count in the highest spirits. As I now had but one idea in my head, to prove his unworthiness to Betty, I began to put my plan into execution at once, by praising Betty in most extravagant terms, declaring how glad I was to have met her, and how much I envied him the possession of such a treasure. He fell into the trap at once, saying, that so far from feeling jealous, he was pleased that the woman he loved should attract others besides himself. I assiduously plied him with wine during supper, with the result that he treated us to a dissertation on the complaisance which two lovers should show towards one another.

'For instance,' he said, 'I adore Betty, and if I have a passing caprice for Fanny, or Molly, or whoever it is, she should do her best to help me to gratify it; while I, in my turn, if I saw she had a fancy for any one, should not oppose her whim.'

Betty listened, open-mouthed, to her idols' strange theories.

'I own,' said I, 'dear count, that your system is sublime, but you will allow me to say that I do not think it practicable. However great your courage may be theoretically, I am sure you could not suffer another man to approach your mistress. I bet you twenty-five sequins you would not leave me alone with her.'

'And I bet you fifty that I would. Betty, dear Betty, punish this unbeliever, I beg you.'

'You are joking.'

'No. I am only anxious to show my absolute confidence in you. I shall love you all the more dearly.'

'You must be mad.'

The count took her in his arms, and caressing her tenderly,

The count fails.

besought her not to make him look foolish. At first she repulsed him gently, but finally she became indignant, and told him she would rather he killed her, than forced her to commit such an infamy. At this he became furious, and assailed her with the vilest epithets, declaring that her resistance was only hypocritical, and that he was convinced she had already given me every mark of affection. Unable to bear with him any longer, and seeing poor Betty trembling and pale as death, I drew my sword, and would surely have passed it through his body, had he not rushed out of the room and taken refuge in the neighbouring chamber, into which he securely bolted himself. Betty was in an alarming condition. Her eyes were standing out of her head, she could hardly breathe, her teeth were clenched; I could do nothing but soothe her with tender words. After an hour she fell asleep, worn out physically and mentally, and I remained by her side, ready to console her on awakening. L'Etoile left the inn at break of day, and I was glad to have him go.

Betty is left on his hands.

When Betty opened her eyes, she asked me to get her some tea. As few people in Italy know how to prepare this drink, so simple and so dear to the English heart, I went downstairs and made it myself. After several cups her face recovered its freshness, and showed little sign of what she had gone through. I found on the floor the famous letter of credit, which was drawn on a merchant at Bordeaux, established at Paris, and was altogether a most strange production. Betty begged me to take care of it for her. 'For pity's sake,' she said, in heartrending tones, 'do not abandon a miserable girl, who is more to be pitied than blamed. Be a father to me; do not advise me what to do, command me, and I will obey you gladly. You cannot imagine what hatred and loathing I now feel for the wretch who, but for you, would have dragged me down to the lowest depths of infamy.'

'Do you think your Englishman will forgive you?'

'I think so.'

'Then shall we go back to Leghorn? Is this good

advice? Do you feel yourself capable of following it? I warn you, that if you take it, you must do so at once. Young, pretty, and innocent as you are, you do not imagine that I will leave you alone, or in company with people of whom I know nothing. I love you, and I think I am worthy of your esteem. I will treat you as a daughter, and prove to you that there are men in this world as upright and honourable as your seducer is vile and contemptible.'

Betty sat silent for a good quarter of an hour, with her elbows on the table, and her head propped on her hands, staring at me fixedly. She looked neither sad nor surprised, only pensive. At last she said: 'Do not imagine, dear friend, that my silence is a sign of distrust or irresolution. I have sense enough to appreciate the wisdom of your counsel, and to recognise the generosity which prompts you. I thank Providence for putting me into your hands, and I beg you to do by me as you would by your daughter. Let us go back to Leghorn, and at once. I was only hesitating as to the best way to induce Sir B. M. to forgive me. That he will do so I feel sure, but we must set about it carefully, for I must tell you that his temper is very violent, and he is very strict on all points of honour. He might kill me perhaps in a fit of anger.'

'You can think all this over as we go along.'

They compose a letter to Sir B. M.

'He is very intelligent, and it would be impossible to deceive him with a trumped-up story. I think I had better write him a full confession, and hide nothing from him, for the slightest deception would only irritate him. If it is you who write to him, you must be careful not to tell him that I merit forgiveness, let him find that out for himself; if he once says he will forgive me, all will be well, for he is a slave to his word, and he will live the rest of his life with me, without reproaching me once for my misdoings. Oh! how I regret ever having been untrue to him!'

'Do not be offended if I ask you if this is the first time?'

'The first and only, and last.'

'What manner of life has Sir B. M. led?'

'His first wife made him very unhappy. He has been in the army, and has twice fought in the Antilles. He married a second time, and for certain reasons lives apart from his wife. I met him two years ago, when he came to our school with Nancy's father. I had just then lost my own father, and was on the point of leaving the school, as I could not afford to remain there. Sir B. M. undertook to finish my education for me. He made me a small allowance, sufficient for my wants, and when I heard he was about to leave England, I implored him to take me with him. He told me, honestly, that he cared for me too deeply to contemplate living with me as my guardian merely. 'No matter in what way you love me,' said I, 'so as you love me, and will let me be with you and try to make you happy.' He then, and of his own accord, gave me a written paper promising to marry me as soon as he legally could. I have never had the smallest cause to complain of him since we have been together.'

'Wipe your eyes, dear Miss Betty, and let us start at once. I will not leave you till you are again under the protection of Sir B. M., whom I feel, already, I love as a friend. If the gentleman remains inexorable, I will keep you with me, and take you back to England if you like.'

Before starting we opened the little trunk, which had constituted the baggage of Betty and her count. Besides her few belongings we found some ragged shirts, two or three much-mended pairs of stockings, a bag of powder, a pot of rouge, and about twenty pamphlets, all plays and comedies; furthermore, a packet of letters addressed to Monsieur A. M. l'Etoile, comedian, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Bayonne, and so forth.

Betty duped by a comedian.

Poor Betty! she had been the dupe of a miserable strolling player; her shame and grief threw her into hysterics!

As we had now to retrace our steps, I told the coachman that I had left a valuable pocket-book somewhere on the road. He grumbled at having to turn back, but a couple of piastres restored his good-humour, and that same evening we reached

Viterbo. After supper, Betty begged me to leave her, while she changed her dress, and I offered to hire another room, although the one we were occupying contained two beds.

'No, generous friend, why should I increase the burden you have so nobly taken on yourself; besides, I cannot bear to be parted from you now.'

At Acquapendente we found a heavy waggon laden with boxes and cases, among which Betty recognised her own trunk. We tried to obtain possession of it, but the driver assured us he could not give it up without the receipt, which was in the possession of l'Etoile; the only thing he could do was to promise to retain it for one month at Rome, so as to give Betty time to prove her right to it. As he was only acting in accordance with the law, we were obliged to submit, and to congratulate ourselves that at least the fine clothes and jewels it contained would not fall into that scoundrel's hands.

I wrote a long letter to Sir B. M., explaining the circumstances under which I had met his erring sweetheart, and Betty wrote him a touching epistle in which the sincerity of her repentance showed through every line. We stopped at Radicofani for dinner, and after re-reading our productions, decided to add a postscriptum to each. We were at the same table, Betty at the one side, and I on the other. I was against the door, and seated in such a manner, that any one coming into the room would not see me without turning round. As it was exceedingly hot, I had taken off my coat. But in Italy one can show oneself in shirt-sleeves. I could have appeared before the most strait-laced lady in the land.

Hurried entrance of Sir B. M.

I heard some one coming hurriedly along the corridor, and the next moment the door was flung violently open, and a man rushed in, and seeing Betty, exclaimed: 'Ah! here you are!'

I did not give him time to see me, but springing on him, seized him by the shoulders. If he had turned round, he would have shot me with the pistol he had in his hand. Jumping on him I had banged the door to, and while he cried, 'Let me go, traitor!' Betty flung herself at his feet, crying,

'No, no, you are mistaken, this is my saviour!' But Sir B. M., blind with fury, continued to ejaculate, 'Let me go, villain!' which, considering the weapon he held, was the last thing I intended to do. In our struggles he fell heavily to the ground; fortunately I was on top of him. The noise of our wrestling brought up landlord and servants, but as we were wedged in between the table and the door, their efforts to open it were useless. Betty, with much presence of mind, wrenched the pistol out of his hand, and as soon as I saw he was powerless to injure me, I let go of him, saying, 'You are mistaken, sir, I am not the man you suppose me.'

Betty again flung herself on her knees, and I entreated him to be calm, repeating that I was her saviour.

'What do you mean by your saviour?' he asked.

'Read this,' she said, handing him her letter. Without even rising from the ground the Englishman read my letter, and during his perusal of it, I opened the door and ordered the landlord to bring dinner for three; our little difference was amicably settled, I said, and he could order his servants to withdraw.

CHAPTER LVII

SOCIETY IN ROME AND NAPLES

In my struggle with the Englishman, I had struck my hand against a nail, and the blood was pouring from it as though a vein had been cut through; Betty helped me to tie it up with a handkerchief, while Sir B. M., still sitting on the ground, read my letter through attentively. I judged from Betty's action and her quiet demeanour that she felt sure of the forgiveness of her hot-tempered lover, and taking my coat over my arm, I withdrew into an adjoining room. I had been there about half an hour, when I heard a knock at the door, and the Englishman entered. He looked distressed and ashamed of himself. He offered me his hand, at the same time saying that he was convinced I had not only saved his Betty from a most terrible situation, but that I had cured her of the folly of loving the scoundrel who had deceived her.

'You must forgive me,' he said, 'if I did not at once guess that the man whom I found with my friend was her deliverer. I bless the chance which made you attack me from behind, otherwise I should certainly have killed both of you, and should be by now the most miserable of men. Forgive me, sir, and let us be friends.'

I grasped his hand cordially, assuring him that his conduct was natural, and that in his place I should have behaved as he did. My hand was still bleeding, and I was obliged to send for a surgeon, and after he had bound up the wound, I repaired to my friend's room. As poor Miss Betty was still weeping bitterly I took the liberty of saying to Sir B. M. that I thought he ought to forgive her.

'What!' he said, 'do you think I have not already done so? I should be a brute otherwise! She is crying because she is sorry she let herself be led astray. You do not know her as well as I do. I am certain she will never do wrong again.'

Sadness is catching. Sir B. M., who was deeply moved, could not prevent his tears from falling, and I, casting aside all restraint, wept with him. When we had exhausted ourselves with sobbing, we grew calmer; worn-out nature insisted on repose. Sir B. M. began to caress his Betty, and by and by we sat down to talk with good appetites and brighter faces, and some excellent Muscat wine to drink completed the cure. Sir B. M. told me how he had traced the fugitives, by means of a watch which l'Etoile had left as a pledge, with the post-master from whom he had hired his horse. We agreed all three to leave for Rome the following day, where we hoped to be able to punish the wretched comedian. I made him promise that he would do nothing without first consulting me; though he could have killed l'Etoile somewhere along the road, without fear of punishment, in Rome it would be a different matter.

A cheerful party of three.

After dinner, Sir B. M., who was worn out with fatigue, retired to bed, and Betty and I spent the remainder of the day together. She told me we must forget what had taken place between us, and for the future be only friends, not a hint of passion was to mar the purity of our love. I consented to this fact, and I must own, without too much difficulty.

On arriving at Rome, I went to the custom-house, and obtained possession of Miss Betty's trunk, after which I visited the *bargello*, a most important personage, and one who usually acts quickly, if the affair submitted to him is not too complicated, and if the solicitors are not afraid of expense. The *bargello* is generally rich, and lives in luxury, and has easy access to the cardinal vicar, his governor, and even the Holy Father himself. Having obtained a private interview, I told him the whole story. We only wanted the rogue to be imprisoned for a short time, and then driven out of Rome. I

laid down fifty crowns for *current expenses*, and handed him over the forged letter of credit, and the little trunk containing his papers and belongings.

I had many things to do in Rome; first and foremost among them was to see the Cardinal de Bernis, but I put off everything until this affair was settled. I went to engage a carriage for Sir B. M., and was surprised to recognise in the livery stable keeper a near connection of mine, Roland, whose daughter, Teresa, had married my brother John in 1762; from him I learned that my brother was in Rome with Prince Beloselski, the Russian minister to the Court of Dresden. Family news.

'I thought,' said I, 'that my brother could not come to Rome?'[1]

'He is here with a safe-conduct from the Dowager Electress of Saxony. He wants his unfortunate case to be tried over again; and he is wrong, for if he should be rejudged a hundred times, it would only be to be recondemned. No one will have anything to do with him. Every one keeps out of his way; even Mengs will not see him.'

'What! Is Mengs here? I thought he was in Madrid.'

'He has a year's leave of absence, but his family has remained in Spain.'

This was rather disagreeable news, as I did not wish to meet either my brother or Mengs. Roland also told me that he had given up his inns to his daughter. On my asking if she had many foreigners staying with her, he answered that for the moment there was only one, a Frenchman, the Count de l'Etoile, who had a fine horse which he wished to sell.

'I should advise you,' said I, 'to wait till to-morrow, if

[1] Casanova perhaps refers here to the trouble arising from his brother's quarrel with Winckelmann, whose blind admiration for all things antique he did not share. He sent the *savant* two pictures painted by himself, but supposed to have been discovered in Jerusalem. Winckelmann was completely deceived, and published engravings of them in his *History of Ancient Art*, prefacing them with a pompous dissertation. When the fraud was discovered, he was naturally furious, and refused to believe that Jean Casanova had only intended to hoax him.

you are thinking of buying it, and, above all, not to say where you got this advice. I cannot say more for the present, but you will do well to be warned by me.'

In the afternoon, we heard from the *bargello* that our bird was caged, and that we could, if we chose, have him condemned to the galleys. We decided, however, that before taking any definite step, we would see him. The *bargello* had got me an advocate, who had drawn up a paper, in which he asked the prisoner for payment of our travelling expenses, and his arrest, and damages to be paid to the person he had deceived, unless he could, in six weeks, prove his right to the title of count, which right must be certified by the French ambassador. We found l'Etoile with this paper in his hand. It was being translated to him. As soon as he saw me he burst out laughing, and declared I owed him twenty-five sequins, as I had lost my bet to him. The Englishman, when this was explained to him, called him a liar, adding, however, that he knew all that had passed between him and Betty.

'Are you her lover?' asked l'Etoile.

'Yes, and if I had met you with her I would have blown your brains out, for you have doubly deceived her. You are no count, only a vagabond actor.'

'I have three thousand crowns.'

'I will go bail for six thousand that your letter of credit is false. You will remain here till we find out, and if it proves a forgery, you will have time to repent at the galleys.'

In this, however, the scoundrel was too sharp for us, for though he consented to give up his letter of credit so that it might be verified, he would only do so on condition that Sir B. M. allowed him a crown a day to live on while in prison.

The departure of Miss Betty and Sir B. M.

The Englishman had started for Rome with nothing but a small bag, so we had to buy him everything he required during his sojourn there. I accompanied them wherever they went, for I had conceived a strong liking for the good fellow; he at first only meant to remain a couple of weeks in the

eternal city, but his friend, Lord Baltimore, persuaded him to stay longer, and then go on to Naples for a time. Lord Baltimore, who was travelling with a couple of servants, and a very pretty French mistress, undertook the entire management of the expedition to Naples, and insisted that I should be of the party. I was delighted, and lodgings were taken for us all at the 'Crocielles,' at Chiaggia, or Chiaga, as the Neapolitans say. The day after our arrival, I was unpleasantly surprised to see the Chevalier Goudar walk in. He had come to pay a visit to my lord. My readers will remember that he had been associated with me in London at the time of my unfortunate infatuation for the wretched Charpillon. It transpired that the chevalier had a house at Posilipe, where he lived with his wife, who proved to be none other than the beautiful Irish girl, Sarah, once a servant in a tavern in London, and whom our readers have not, perhaps, forgotten.[1] As Goudar knew that I had been acquainted with Sarah, he explained matters to me before inviting us all to dine with him.

Sarah received me without the slightest embarrassment,

[1] Goudar's beautiful wife is almost as interesting a personage, in her way, as Casanova himself. An ignorant Irish girl, unable to read or write, servant in a low London tavern, in a few years she became an elegant and accomplished lady, a royal favourite; not only holding her own in the most aristocratic society, but maintaining a correspondence with Lord Pembroke and others, in which she dealt with art, literature, music, and politics with much literary skill and technical knowledge. In the time which elapsed between Casanova's meetings with her in London and Naples, she had married, become a widow, and remarried the astute Goudar, himself a man of considerable parts. He saw that the beautiful Sarah would be a more fruitful source of income to him than even his writings, and after some years spent in educating her, set himself, with a fine sense of altruism, to profit by her attractions. To counterbalance the ascendency which Caroline, wife of Ferdinand of Naples, exercised over her husband, the courtiers determined to make use of Sarah: they contrived to throw her constantly in the king's way. Sarah managed to cross his path whenever he went hunting. If he went to the theatre, Sarah occupied a box in front of his. Finally he succumbed to her attractions. Then began for the Goudars a period of great prosperity, a palace in the city, a villa in the country, till Caroline, outraged beyond endurance, rose in her wrath and gave the pair twenty-four hours to leave Naples. They continued their adventurous

but I was astounded. She was beautifully dressed, and her manners were perfect. She did the honours of the house in a way which was at once both easy and well-bred. She spoke Italian fluently, and conversed intelligently on every topic;[1] added to this, her beauty, always striking, had become perfection. I was dumb with amazement, and could hardly believe my eyes.

A quarter of an hour after our arrival, five or six ladies of the highest society came in, followed by dukes, princes, marquesses, and titled foreigners of every nationality. More than thirty of us sat down to table. After dinner, Madame Goudar took her place at the harpsichord, and played her own accompaniment to several songs, which she sang like a siren, with a training and assurance which won praises from all. Goudar alone had worked this miracle. He had been carefully educating her for the last six or seven years. He had married her so as to have an incontestable right over her, and had taken her to Paris, Vienna, Florence, and Rome. As he had not found the fortune he sought in any of these places he had settled in Naples, where, the better to bring his wife into notice, he made her abjure the Anglican heresy,

career with more or less success for many years, living in Italy, Holland, Paris, and England. Goudar deserted his wife, and eventually died in misery in London. Sarah, whose *Remarks on the Anecdotes of Madame du Barry* (London, 1777), and *Collected Works* (Amsterdam, 1779) met with tolerable success, existed in comparative comfort for some time. She was probably employed as a spy by the French Government, and died in Paris in abject poverty in 1800.

[1] Sarah was outspoken enough. Some of her witticisms perhaps led to her banishment from Lucca. She said in one of her letters that the republic was so small that one had to take a microscope to see it! But when the archduke took possession of the government of Milan, Lucca sent its congratulations by the colossus, Monte Catena, and Sarah remarked that 'the smallest state in the world had sent the biggest ambassador!' She excuses herself in a letter to Orloff from going to Russia: 'I don't like a country where the beasts have to be flayed to keep the men warm!' Although Casanova gives himself out for such a great friend of hers, she only alludes to him once in her Memoirs, and then contemptuously. She is reading a translation of Homer, by 'Signor Casanova, a Venetian,' and stigmatises it as 'something below mediocrity.'

and be received into the Church under the auspices of the queen. The most amusing part of this comedy was, that Sarah being Irish, was born a Catholic, and had never ceased to be one. Another thing which was very absurd, was that all the nobility, even the court, frequented her house, but she went nowhere, and was not invited to a single entertainment. This proves what parasites the nobility are in every country! Goudar confided to me that he had no other means of livelihood than the gaming-table; faro and biribi supplied the funds for his establishment, and as everything was on a most magnificent scale, they must have brought him in plenty of money. He invited me to share in his profits, and I accepted gladly, for my purse was becoming attenuated, and I had no other means of replenishing it; but first I returned to Rome with Betty and Sir B. M., who insisted on repaying me all I had spent for her. I heard afterwards that l'Etoile remained two months in prison, and was then liberated, thanks to the protection of Cardinal de Bernis. The following year, I was told that Sir B. M. had gone back to England, where he doubtless married his Betty as soon as possible.

Many foreigners[1] came to Naples while I was there; among others the famous Miss Chudleigh, who had become Duchess of Kingston. She was accompanied by a numerous retinue, and recognised me the first time we met. She received my homage most graciously. While I was talking to her, Mr. Miss Chudleigh.

[1] Madame Goudar is very severe in her strictures on the travelling English of her day, from whom nevertheless her own and her husband's fortunes were largely gathered. 'One cannot put one's foot down (on the Continent) without treading upon an Englishman,' she says. 'They will have it that they are travelling for the sake of economy, but is living so cheap anywhere as in Yorkshire or in Wales? They always travel with a following of horses, dogs, servants, lackeys, and couriers, and, moreover, a two-footed animal called a tutor, who generally winds up the procession. Once these tutors were lively Frenchmen, who taught their pupils little drinking-songs, and the style of the *beau monde*, but the British father, finding this style of education too frivolous, has taken to selecting a native of any one of the Thirteen Cantons. A Swiss, an it please you! The English nation consequently grows heavier and more stolid than ever, for even in point of actual weight one Swiss outweighs three Frenchmen, and after four years' touring with a Bernese, our Briton is as solemn as a Burgomaster.'

Hamilton appeared, and I was delighted to make his acquaintance. He was a clever man, but ended by marrying a young woman who was clever enough to bewitch him. Such a fate often overtakes a man of intelligence when he grows old. It is always a mistake to marry, but when a man's physical and mental forces are declining, it is a calamity. Seven years ago, I nearly fell into a trap of this kind. Thank God I just managed to evade it![1]

The Duchess of Kingston invited me to dine with her, after which we all went to the play. Madame Goudar was in the box next to ours, and Hamilton told the duchess the pretty Irishwoman's story. After supper we played cards, but the stakes were small, and I took no part in the game. The following day, we dined with the Prince de Francavilla. In the evening he took us to a bath which he had had made by the seashore, and there we assisted at the most extraordinary spectacle. A priest flung himself into the water, and without making the slightest effort to maintain himself, floated like a plank. There was no trick in this, and it was undoubtedly due to some peculiarity in his organism. After this, the prince called up his pages, all handsome boys from fifteen to seventeen years of age, and made them dive for our amusement, after which they swam about, and played a thousand pretty tricks. The Englishmen present asked the prince if it would not be possible to substitute Hebes for these Ganymedes, and he asked them to meet him at a superb house he had near Portici, and where he had had a great bath of marble built in the middle of the garden. This prince was a rich epicurean, whose motto was *Fovet et furet.* According to his promise, he met us the next day, and showed us ten or twelve pretty girls swimming about. Miss Chudleigh and her friends found this performance dull.

[1] A theory, which has some show of validity to recommend it, is that Casanova's priestly vows were of a more serious nature than he leads us to suppose, and forbade him to marry. If it were not so, would he not have surmounted his unconquerable prejudice against marriage in favour of the widow d'Urfé, or the rich and beautiful Esther Hope?

One day we went for a picnic to Sorrento; there were fifteen of us, and we left Naples at four o'clock in the morning in a felucca with twelve rowers. We reached Sorrento at nine, and went to the gardens of the Duke de Serra Capriola. He happened to be there at the time with the duchess, who was as beautiful as a star and much in love with her husband. The duke had been banished to his estate for a couple of months for having violated the sumptuary laws, by driving about in a too magnificent equipage. The land of this exile was a perfect paradise, but paradise would not be perfect if one were condemned to live there. I was obliged to take the bank in the evening, and to put on a brave face, though my poor purse only contained the four hundred ounces I emptied on the table. I lost all the time, until I only had about forty ounces left. Everybody had won except a certain Englishman named Rosbury, who, as he had no gold about him, punted with English bank-notes, which I stuffed in my pocket without counting. Great was my surprise when on reaching my room I found I had four hundred and fifty pounds sterling, more than double what I had lost.

A visit from Master Cornelys.

This was a time of unforeseen encounters. One fine morning who should walk into my room but Joseph, the son of Madame Cornelys, and the brother of my dear Sophie.

'What brings you to Naples? And who are you with?'

'I am all alone. I wanted to see Italy, and my mother said I might. I have seen Turin, Milan, Florence, Venice, Rome, and am going on into Switzerland and Germany, after which I shall go to Holland, to return from there to London.'

'And when you get back to London do you think you will remember all the interesting things you have seen?'

'I hope to be able to convince my mother that her money has been well spent.'

'How much will your travels cost you?'

'Five hundred guineas which she gave me, and not a penny over.'

'What! Do you mean you can make this grand tour and live for six months on five hundred guineas? Impossible!'

'Perfectly possible, and it can be done for less.'

'You are not afraid of falling in with bad company.'

'I keep myself to myself. When I am spoken to I answer in monosyllables, and I arrange the price before dining or sleeping anywhere. As I only travel in public carriages I run no risk of being overcharged.'

'Very good. In the meantime you can save while you are here, for I will pay your expenses and give you an excellent guide, who will cost you nothing.'

'You must forgive me if I decline, but I promised my mother I would accept nothing from anybody.'

'It seems to me I might be an exception.'

'No. I have relations at Venice, but in accordance with the vow I made to my mother I would not even dine with them. When I have made a promise I keep it.'

The fate of Madam Cornelys.

As I knew what a fanatic he was, I did not insist. He was then twenty-three years old, but as he was very small and very pretty, he might easily have passed for a girl in disguise. I learned from him that Madam Cornelys was eaten up with debts, that her creditors locked her up five or six times a year, and that she only recovered her liberty by getting her friends to go bail for her, or by making arrangements with her creditors to let her out to give her entertainments, which were the only means she had of making some money to pay them with. My daughter was seventeen, very pretty, and patronised by the highest ladies in the land. She gave concerts, and was distressed by the goings on of her mother. When I asked if it was true that she was engaged to be married, her brother replied that he had heard nothing about it.

As I was on intimate terms with all the English at Naples, Goudar thought it well to be civil to me, and even asked me to invite him and his wife to dine at my house to meet some of the rich insulars.

'It would be worse than murder,' he said, 'not to make

those people play; they are made expressly to lose money to honest folk like you and I.'

The dinner was delicate and gay; the beautiful Irishwoman surpassed herself. She had every quality calculated to enslave men, beauty, grace, wit, youth, talents, a lively disposition, and, above all, a distinguished yet easy manner which made her irresistible. This tavern servant could have worthily occupied a throne, but Fate is blind.

The King of Sicily's amusements.

The king, Ferdinand, was only nineteen at this time, and full of boyish fun and nonsense. One day when we were at Portici we assisted at a curious sight; he was amusing himself with the queen and the court in an immense hall, when suddenly the idea occurred to him that he would like to be tossed in a blanket. A king tossed in a blanket! transforming himself into a Sancho Panza; this was a strange fancy to enter a crowned head! A king's desires are soon executed, and in a few minutes his Sicilian majesty was tossed to his heart's content, after which the young monarch wanted to divert himself at the expense of his courtiers. He began by proposing the game to the queen, who laughed and refused; the king did not insist. The old courtiers, who felt uneasy, discreetly disappeared, to my great regret, for I should have loved to have seen them flying all fours in the air, especially Prince Paul Nicandre, who had brought the king up very badly. They tossed three or four young fellows who showed more or less courage, while the queen and her ladies held their sides and laughed the frank Neapolitan laugh, which is neither the stifled cackle of Madrid nor the heartless grin of Versailles, nor the half-yawn of the northern courts of Europe. When the king was looking round for fresh victims, his eyes fell on two young Florentine noblemen, newly arrived at Naples with their tutor. The unfortunate youths had been cast in the most ungracious mould; they were small, humpbacked, and ugly. At his majesty's proposition their faces grew long and their eyes troubled, but there was nothing for it; they had to take off their coats, and at their strange appearance the

laughter broke out afresh. The king, assuring them there was no danger, politely took one of them by the hand and led him up to the blanket, which, however, did not prevent the sorry gentleman from shedding abundant tears. After having danced a jig up in the air three or four times, and exposed his thin legs to the admiration of all, he retired into a corner to arrange his toilette, and his brother took his place, with a much better grace, which won him a certain amount of applause. The tutor, fearing lest his majesty should bestow a like attention on him, had slipped away.

The scoundrel Medini, whom, as my readers will remember, I had already quarrelled and fought with, turned up in Naples while I was there, and became an assiduous frequenter of Goudar's house. For some time we maintained an outward appearance of friendship, till one night when he was taking his coffee on the balcony I accosted him and told him in a low voice that I was not inclined to stand his temper any longer, for he had several times shown himself most uncivil to me.

'You would find me still ruder,' he said, 'if we were *tête-à-tête*, and without witnesses.'

'*Tête-à-tête*,' said I, 'it would be easy to correct you.'

'I am curious to know how you would proceed.'

'Follow me, and you will see.'

An informal duel.

He walked after me till we came to a secluded part of the beach, and rushed at me furiously, his hat in his left hand, his drawn sword in his right. Seeing that I was in danger of being killed I drew my sword and made a lunge at him; instead of parrying he thrust at me, the result of our double manœuvre being to entangle our blades in each other's sleeves, with this difference, however, that while he had only pierced my coat I had run him through the arm. He fell back, and seeing that his parade was weak, I told him I would give him quarter if his wound prevented him from defending himself; as he did not answer, I pressed on him vigorously; he fell, and I put my foot on his chest.

Foaming with rage, he stuttered out that I had the better of him this time, but that he hoped I would give him his revenge.

'Most willingly,' I said, 'when I am in Rome, and I hope my third lesson will be more complete than the two you have already received.'

As he was losing a quantity of blood, I advised him to go to Goudar's house and get his wound dressed. Then wiping my sword, I returned to Crocielles as though nothing had happened. The following morning at eight o'clock I went away in a postchaise without saying good-bye to any one.

CHAPTER LVIII

THE UNFINISHED EPISODE

As I had determined to pass six months in Rome I took lodgings opposite the palace of the Spanish Ambassador, Monseigneur d'Aspura. Strangely enough, it was the same apartment which my master of languages had occupied, when, twenty-seven years before, I went to him for lessons, while I was living with Cardinal Acquaviva. Signor Dandolo, who was always my faithful friend, sent me two letters of introduction, one to Signor Erizzo, the Venetian ambassador, and one to the Duchess of Fiano. I saw that I had a good chance of getting into the best houses in Rome, and it was a pleasure to me to think that when I presented myself to de Bernis I should already have a good standing in the city.

My first visit was to the Duchess of Fiano. She was an ugly woman, whose *cavaliere servente* was the Prince de Santa Croce. Cardinal de Bernis, on the other hand, was the devoted admirer of the princess, who was young and pretty, but so anxious to keep the cardinal that she allowed no one to hope to usurp his place. I went to see my old friend de Bernis, who was extremely pleased to see me.

'Your eminence has grown a little stouter,' I said; 'but for the rest I find you fresh-looking and unchanged.'

'You are quite mistaken, my friend, I am altogether changed. To begin with, I am fifty-five years old, whereas when you knew me I was only thirty-six, and I am obliged now to eat nothing but vegetables.'

'Do you do that in order to mortify the flesh and so cheat the devil!'

'I should like people to believe that.'

He was delighted to hear I had a letter to the Venetian ambassador, though I had not yet presented it, and assured me he would speak for me. He congratulated me on my being well provided with money, and determined to live simply and soberly.

'I will tell all this to M. M.,' he said, 'for I keep up a correspondence with our beautiful friend, and I am sure she will be glad to hear of you. You can ask the Prince de Santa Croce to present you to the princess, and we may pass many agreeable hours together, but not in the way we passed the time at Venice, for the princess is not in the least like M. M.'

'All the same your eminence delights in her.'

'Yes, but in a different way, as you will see.'

The next day he told me that the ambassador Signor Erizzo had expressed a wish to make my acquaintance, and on my presenting myself to his excellency I was very well received.

The new flame of the Cardinal de Bernis.

The Prince de Santa Croce told me I might pay my respects to his wife any day at eleven, or two in the afternoon. I went at the latter hour and found her in bed, but being a man of no importance I was admitted; in a quarter of an hour I knew all about her. She was young, pretty, gay, curious, always laughing and always talking, asking questions without waiting for a reply. She was a toy made to amuse a man like the cardinal, who had grave affairs to occupy him, and who wanted in his leisure moments to be amused and distracted. He went to see her regularly three times a day, the morning, the afternoon, and the evening, when he played piquet with her so cleverly as to always lose six sequins, no more and no less. This made her the richest young woman in Rome. Her husband, though somewhat jealous, was too reasonable to quarrel with an arrangement which gave his wife eighteen hundred francs a month, without the slightest cause for

reproach or the slightest cause for scandal. Furthermore, the presence of the cardinal was a protection against other gallants, amongst whom was the Constable Colonna, who was over head and ears in love with the princess, and whom the prince once caught *tête-à-tête* with her in her room. He ordered her to leave Rome and follow him to the country; and only the intervention of the cardinal prevented him from carrying out this sinister design.

In less than a month I became the shadow of the three principal personages of this comedy, and was as necessary to them as a billiard-marker is to the players. I did not mix myself in any way with their disputes, and when they were dull I amused them with stories and anecdotes. I became very fond of the princess, but never hoped for any return. I should have wounded the pride of the cardinal, whom age and the purple had sadly changed. He was not the same man who had shared the beautiful M. M. with me. I remembered what he had said about loving the princess as a father, by which he meant me to understand that he would take it in bad part if I attempted to be more than the chief among her humble servitors.

He meets Mengs.

One day when I went to the Capitol to assist at a distribution of prizes to the young pupils of painting and drawing I saw Mengs; he was a judge. As I had not forgotten his behaviour to me at Madrid, I pretended not to see him, but he came up to me with his hand extended.

'My dear Casanova,' he said, 'in Rome we may forget everything which happened in Madrid; we are in a free country here, and can speak frankly.'

'I have no objection, so long as we keep off the subject of our disagreement, for on that subject I feel I could not maintain my calm.'

'Had you known Madrid well, you would have understood how careful I had to be not to give rise to talk, and you would not have obliged me to act as I did. I was strongly suspected of being a Protestant, and if I had shown myself

indifferent to your behaviour I might have been seriously compromised. Come, let us dine together to-morrow, and we will try and drown our resentment.'

I accepted the invitation as simply as it was given.

One day when I was engaged to dine with the Venetian ambassador, his excellency told me I should meet the Count di Manucci, who had just come from Paris, and who had expressed great delight on hearing I was in Rome.

'I suppose,' said the minister, 'that you know him intimately; will you tell me exactly who this count is, for I am to present him to-morrow to the Holy Father?'

'I met him at Madrid, at Signor Mocenigo's; he is a modest, polite, and good-looking fellow, that is all I know about him.'

'Was he received at the Spanish court?'

'I believe so, but I cannot say for certain.'

'Well, I don't think so; however, I see you will not tell all you know. However, I shall not run much risk in presenting him to the Pope. He says he is a descendant of Manucci, the famous explorer of the thirteenth century, and of the printers who did so much for literature.'

I was much surprised that a man who had tried to have me assassinated should speak of me as an intimate friend, but when he appeared, and advanced towards me with every mark of affection, I did not show any astonishment. He talked a great deal, and told lies about what I had done in Madrid, evidently with the intention of disarming me, and forcing me to speak highly of him in my turn.

I was perfectly happy; every evening I spent with the Duchess of Fiano, and every afternoon with the Princess of Santa Croce; the rest of the time I amused myself at home with my landlady's daughter, Marguerite, and a young man named Menicuccio, who lodged in the same house, and for whom I had formed a strong attachment. He was in love, and by continually talking of the object of his affections he inspired me with a desire to make the lady's acquaintance.

She was in a convent, where she had been placed at the age of ten, and which she could only leave to marry, and by the permission of the cardinal, who presided over the establishment. Every girl had the right to a dowry of two hundred Roman crowns. Menicuccio's sister was in the same institution, and he went to visit her every Sunday. It was there that he had seen the object of his passion, and the unfortunate fellow had only been able to speak to her five or six times in as many months. The women who directed the institution were not, properly speaking, nuns, as they had taken no vows, and wore no monastic habit, but they were seldom tempted to leave their prison, for once outside they might find themselves reduced to begging their bread. As for the young girls, they could only escape, as I have said, by marrying, or by running away, and both expedients were difficult. It was a great ill-built house, just outside one of the gates of the city. There was a double grating in the parlour, so close that a child's hand could not pass through the bars; this made it extremely difficult to distinguish the features of the persons speaking from either side.

The sister of Menicuccio.

'How,' said I to Menicuccio, 'did you manage to see enough of your sweetheart to fall in love with her?'

'The first time the governess left, by accident, a candle burning, at other times she has come with my sister as her friend, but without a light.'

'And to-day?'

'To-day, she will probably come without a light, as the portress will have informed the superior of your presence.' As a matter of fact, three female forms appeared while we were talking, but it was impossible to see them in the almost total obscurity. Menicuccio's sister had a delightful voice, which made me understand how blind men can fall in love. The governess was young, not quite thirty, and it was to her I addressed most of my conversation. She told me that when the recluses attained the age of twenty-five they became the governesses of the younger girls, and at thirty-five they

could leave if they chose, but most of them preferred to remain. A Roman nunnery.

'Then, you have many old women among you?'

'We are over a hundred, and our number only diminishes by death or marriage, but I have been here twenty years, and have only known four who left to be married, and they never saw their husband till they met him at the altar. Any one who asks the cardinal protector to give him one of us as a wife must be either mad or desperately in need of the two hundred crowns. Nevertheless, the cardinal does not give his permission till he is sure that the suitor can provide for his wife.'

'And how does he make a choice?'

'He mentions the age and the attributes he prefers, and the cardinal leaves it to the superior to decide.'

'I suppose you at least are well-fed and well-housed?'

'Neither the one nor the other. The revenue is only three thousand crowns a year, and that is not sufficient for a hundred persons; those who earn something by their work are the best off.'

'And what sort of people are they who put their children into such a prison?'

'Very poor, or very bigoted people, who fear that their daughters will fall a prey to vice; it is for this reason that we only have pretty girls here.'

'And who is judge?'

'The parents, a priest, a monk, or the cardinal himself. If the girl is not considered good-looking enough, she is rejected without pity, for they say ugly girls are in no danger of being seduced by the world. So you may imagine that, miserable as we are, we curse the fate which made us attractive.'

'Whoever founded this house ought to be in hell.'

'So we hope he is; and I can assure you we don't pray for his deliverance.'

I could not conceive how such a monstrous establishment could be tolerated, for under the existing rules it was almost

impossible for the poor creatures to find husbands. As the founder had assigned two hundred crowns to each one, I imagined that he must have counted on two marriages a year, and that some one appropriated these sums to his own profit. I spoke of it to de Bernis in the presence of the princess, who said we must present a petition to the Pope, asking that the inmates of the establishment might receive visitors in the parlour, with the same rules and restrictions as in other convents. The cardinal asked me to draw up the petition, and to take it to the superior that she might get it signed by the community; after which the princess collected a number of signatures, and Cardinal Orsini promised to present it to the Holy Father. After a very brief delay the necessary permission was granted. Pope Ganganelli,[1] who was a most estimable man, did more than this; he ordered that an inquiry should be made in the accounts; that the number of girls should be reduced from a hundred to fifty, and that the amount of the dowries should be doubled; that each girl who reached the age of twenty-five without finding a husband should be dismissed with her dowry; that twelve matrons should be appointed to look after the girls, and twelve servants employed to do the rough work of the house.

All these innovations took six months to accomplish. The first day that visitors were admitted I went with Menicuccio. The object of his affection was a very pretty girl, but his sister was ravishing; she was nearly sixteen, tall, and well formed. I have never seen such a white skin, or such black hair and eyes. Her governess, who was ten or twelve years her senior, was interesting on account of her languid pallor, which seemed to come from an inward and consuming fire.

[1] Giovanni Ganganelli, Pope Clement XIV., was elected in 1769; he was originally a Franciscan monk. He signed the decree for the suppression of the Jesuits in 1773. He died in 1774. No pope has better merited the title of a virtuous man, or has given a more perfect example of integrity, unselfishness, and aversion to nepotism. He was a statesman, a scholar, and an accomplished man of the world.

She told me all about the confusion which the new régime had caused.

'The superior is pleased,' she said, 'and all my young companions, but the old ones are horrified, and cry scandal.' Emilia and Armellina.

This first visit lasted two hours. I returned home, my mind full of Armellina, Menicuccio's sister, and of Emilia, her melancholy friend, but, above all, of the former. It seemed to me that my passion for her was the strongest I had ever experienced, but I took care to tell her brother that I was a married man, at the same time begging him not to mention the fact. This precaution I considered necessary, in the first place, to protect myself against any foolish impulses of my own, and, in the second, to prevent Armellina from nursing false hopes.

Menicuccio went to see his friend every Sunday and fête-day, but I, madly in love as I was, managed to see his sister every day at nine o'clock. I took my chocolate with her and Emilia, and remained until eleven. On New Year's Day 1771, I sent them each a warm winter's dress, and presented the superior with a quantity of chocolate, sugar, and coffee. Sometimes one, sometimes the other, would come to the grating alone, and for a quarter of an hour or so I could enjoy a *tête-à-tête*. I kissed their pretty little hands, which until that time had never even felt the touch of a man's lips. On one occasion I begged Armellina to kiss me; she blushed, and casting down her eyes, did not even answer me; I complained, but in vain. I used to amuse the princess and de Bernis by telling them about my unhappy love-affair, and one day the cardinal suggested that we should all visit the convent together, so that after having made Armellina's acquaintance, the princess could obtain permission for her to come out occasionally. This was a delightful project. I guessed that in making it the cardinal was gratifying his own curiosity, but I was not alarmed. New Year's Day 1771.

The news of our approaching visit threw the whole community into a state of the wildest excitement, for, since its

foundation, no one, excepting an occasional priest or doctor, had ever been inside. The Duchess of Fiano insisted on being one of the party, and we all arrived about three one afternoon. When we had visited the dormitories and refectory, the inmates were summoned to the parlour to be presented to us. The cardinal noticed Armellina at once, and indeed she was the prettiest in that crowd of pretty girls. The princess was charming; she caressed Armellina, and taking Emilia's hand said, 'I know that you are sad, and I guess the reason, but never mind, you are pretty and good, and I will find you a husband who will know how to brighten you up.'

At these words the superior smiled approvingly, but a dozen superannuated old bigots looked grim.

A few days later the princess asked Cardinal Orsini to grant her leave to fetch some of the girls occasionally to spend the day, or go to the theatre with her. The cardinal granted this, on condition that she would always send her carriage for them, with servants wearing her livery. The first time, the princess herself went for them and took them to her palace at the Campo di Fiore, when I was visiting with the cardinal, the prince, and the Duchess of Fiano. Every one spoke kindly to them, petted and encouraged them to speak freely, and say what was passing in their minds. It was all of no avail; finding themselves for the first time in their lives in a splendid apartment, surrounded by brilliant personages, they became dumb with confusion, and dared not open their mouths for fear of saying something silly. We conducted them to the theatre *di Torre di Nona*, where they were playing farces, at which they were obliged to laugh, and after the play we supped at a tavern, where, thanks to the good cheer and wine, they became a little less reserved. Naturally it fell to me to escort them home, and I had counted on this moment; but I had counted without my host, for when I tried to snatch a kiss I was repulsed, and the little hand I sought was snatched away. When I complained, I was told I was behaving badly; when I grew angry I was allowed to rave, and when I threatened

not to go near them again, they did not believe me. Not being of an age or disposition to enjoy these manœuvres, I decided to abandon the enterprise.

Eight days went by without my seeing the charming but ferociously virtuous recluses, and then I received a note from the superior begging me to go and see her. She went straight to the point, and asked me why I had discontinued my visits?

'Because I am in love with Armellina.'

He tells the superior of his love for Armellina.

'I pity you; but from my point of view that is not a reason for abandoning her. Do you not see to what slanders you are exposing the poor child; people will say that your love for her was merely a caprice, and that having satisfied it, you deserted her.'

'Very good, madame. Then I will come to breakfast to-morrow, and after that, if you will allow me, I will take the two girls to the opera, and I beg you will tell Armellina that I have only decided to see her again in consideration of what you have said.'

Emilia came down alone when I presented myself the following day, and reproached me for what she called my cruel conduct; she said that no man who really cared for a girl would have behaved as I had done; she also said I was wrong to tell the superior that I loved Armellina. 'The poor child has been miserable ever since she met you.'

'And why, if you please?'

'Because she feels certain that you only want to persuade her to be faithless to her duty.'

That is precisely why I stayed away. Do you think it cost me nothing? My peace of mind depends on my not seeing her.'

'Then she will be convinced you do not care for her.'

'She must think what she likes. I know that if she cared for me we should get on quite well.'

'We have duties which you do not believe in.'

'Be faithful to them, then, and do not misjudge an

honourable man who respects them by keeping away from you.'

When Armellina appeared I thought her looking changed.

'Why are you so pale,' I asked, 'and why do you not smile?'

'You have grieved me terribly.'

'Well, set your mind at ease, but let me try and cure myself as I best may. I will always be your friend, and will come and see you once every week as long as I remain in Rome.'

'Once a week! You used to come every day!'

'I want to see you as little as possible, so that I may grow patient.'

'It seems hard that you cannot love me as I love you.'

'That is to say, without passion.'

'I don't say that; but I can control myself when indulgence is inconsistent with my principles.'

'That is a science which at my age I cannot hope to learn, and which, to be frank, I do not care to learn. Would you mind telling me if your self-control is painful to you?'

'I should be sorry to stifle the emotions you cause in me. I should like you to become Pope. I should like you to be my father. I should like you to be changed into a girl, like myself, so that we could be together every hour of the day.'

These naïve and charming aspirations, so natural and so odd, made me laugh. After the opera we repaired to the tavern for supper. The waiter asked if I should like some oysters, and as I saw my companions were curious to know what oysters were like, I asked the price.

'They are from the Arsenal at Venice,' he said, 'and we cannot give them for less than fifty paoli a hundred.'

I ordered a hundred, and when Armellina heard that they were to cost me five Roman crowns, she wanted me to countermand them, but held her peace when I answered that I considered nothing too good nor too dear for her. After she

had swallowed half a dozen, she said to her companion that it must be a sin to eat such delicate morsels.

'Yes, but not because they are so nice, but because each one we put in our mouths costs half a paolo,' said Emilia.

'Half a paolo! and our Holy Father the Pope does not forbid them! If that is not a sin of gluttony I do not know what is. I have eaten them, but I shall certainly accuse myself of gluttony when I go to confession.'

We drank two bottles of champagne at supper, and afterwards I had some rum and lemons brought up, which I made into punch with a third bottle of champagne. The two girls grew very lively, and laughed loudly when they found they could not walk straight across the floor.

Marriage of Emilia.

At the beginning of Lent a suitor, a merchant of Civita Vecchia, presented himself for Emilia, but he had only four hundred crowns, whereas the convent demanded that he should have six hundred. Seeing, however, that Emilia's happiness depended on her making a good marriage, and as the man was in every other way desirable, I succeeded in procuring the needful money. In eight days everything was arranged for the wedding. The day that she left the convent she went to Civita Vecchia with her husband, and the same week Menicuccio married his sweetheart and established himself comfortably in Rome.

Scolastica, a new nun.

The good superior gave Armellina a new governess, a young girl, only three or four years older than my little friend, and very good looking; she did not interest me much, however. Her name was Scolastica, and she was sought in marriage by a man in a very good position, but who, being the son of her cousin, came within the prohibited degrees. It would not have been difficult to get a dispensation for a small sum of money, but I promised to try and obtain one gratis. Scolastica had never been to the theatre, but Armellina begged me to take them to a ball instead; this was rather more difficult. I asked the two friends if they would mind dressing as men if I procured everything needful for the disguise; they consented

gladly. I hired the clothes necessary to transform them into two handsome boys, and had them sent to the tavern. There was a good fire in the room, and I told them that if they wished to be alone I would go into the next apartment in spite of the cold.

'I am sure,' said Scolastica, 'that I am in your way. It is easy to see that you two love each other. I am not a child, why do you treat me as such?'

'You are right, Scolastica; I love Armellina, but she does not love me, and is always looking out for pretexts to make me unhappy.' So saying, I left the room. A quarter of an hour after Armellina tapped at the door; they could not manage without me, she said. The shoes were too small, and they could not fit them on. I looked very sulky, but she threw her arms round my neck, and smothering me with kisses soon restored my good humour. Scolastica burst out laughing.

'I was sure I was in the way,' she said; 'and if you do not show more confidence in me, I warn you I will not go to the Opera with you to-morrow.'

'Well then, kiss my friend,' said Armellina.

This generosity on her part was rather displeasing to me; I had rather she had shown a little jealousy, but I embraced Scolastica cordially, thinking that by doing so I might perhaps punish Armellina, but on the contrary she was delighted. Our new friend was quite as pretty as Armellina, and I was beginning to think I had better perhaps cultivate a liking for her, as she seemed more accessible, when the shoemaker arrived with a fresh provision of shoes. In a few minutes my girls were transformed into two boys.

There was small fear of my being recognised at the ball, as it was given by a society of small trades-people; but luck was against me, for the first person I saw was the Marquis d'Août, with his wife and a friend. I must have turned all colours, but it was too late to go back, for they had seen me, and coming forward complimented me on my companions;

the poor creatures, being utterly unused to the ways of the world, stood speechless. But I was still more annoyed when a tall young lady, who had just finished a minuet, came up and invited Armellina to dance. I guessed this person to be none other than a young Florentine, who had once brought a letter to my box at the theatre, and had markedly shown his admiration for Armellina; in his feminine disguise he was remarkably handsome. Armellina, not wishing to show she was taken in, said she thought she had seen him before.

A ball: Armellina makes a new friend.

'You are mistaken,' he answered, 'but I have a brother who is exactly like me, and you must have a sister who is your living portrait, and whom my brother had the happiness to speak to once for a few minutes at the Capronica theatre.'

This repartee made us all laugh. Armellina excused herself from dancing, and we sat down; it was of course my duty to devote myself to the marquise, and not even to notice that the Florentine was talking to my sweetheart.

But I was by nature as jealous as a tiger, and raged inwardly. To my further discomfort Scolastica rose, and going towards a middle-aged man at the other side of the room, began to talk to him; after a few minutes they retired into a corner and remained in earnest conversation. I approached them, when Scolastica, rising and taking me by the hand, said timidly that this was the man she had spoken to me about, and who desired to marry her. I spoke as civilly to him as possible, and he thanked me for the interest I had shown in them both, and I left the two together, for my uneasiness would not permit me to be long away from Armellina. To my surprise, I saw she was dancing a country dance with the obtrusive stranger, and by carefully following his instruction was acquitting herself very passably. The Marquise d'Août, who was evidently much amused at our strangely assorted party, told me in an easy tone, but at the same time with the imperious accent of a grand dame, who admits no denial, that she expected me and my companions to supper.

'I fear I cannot have that honour, madame,' I said, 'and

my friends know why.' Then turning to Armellina, I said, laughingly, and as with an affectation of gentleness, 'You know that you must be home at half-past twelve at the very latest.'

'It is true,' she replied, 'but still you are the master.'

'I am not master enough to break my vow,' said I somewhat sadly, 'though you can force me to do so if you choose.'

The marquise, her husband, the Florentine, even Armellina herself, entreated me to give way, and at last I said if Scolastica consented, I would consent. I went to her, and in the presence of his friend begged her not to oblige me to compromise myself. I had no need to ask her, she said, she was determined to leave the ball at midnight, and not to sup with any one, so after a few minutes we made our farewells and departed.

We arrived at the hotel, without my having said a word to either of them, but Scolastica avenged me by speaking most severely to her companion, and scolded her for having forced me to appear impolite and jealous, or to break my word. The poor girl's cheeks were seamed with tears. I could not bear to see her so unhappy, and forced myself to console her; the supper was excellent. Scolastica did the honours, but Armellina, contrary to her custom, ate little; she listened sadly to her friend's account of how she had met her *fiancée*. Great as my personal vanity was, I could not hide from myself the fact that she was attracted by the Florentine, that she too wanted to be married, and that he was the husband she fancied.

I took them back to their convent, promising I would fetch them next day for the Opera, and went to bed, very undecided as to whether I had lost or won in the part I had played. It was only on awakening that I was able to pronounce definitely. . . . . .

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NOTE.—Here there are two chapters missing in the Brockhaus manuscript. It is the one lacuna in the whole of the Memoirs. The episode of Armellina

remains unfinished, but the reader's experience will doubtless tell him what transpired. When next we take up the tale, Casanova is in Florence. One would like to know why he left Rome and the life of pleasure he was leading there. Did he go of his own free will? Did he get into some difficulty which obliged him to fly? Did the Pope bid him go? And what became of Armellina and the young Florentine?

But it was probably the author himself who detached those chapters, to re-write them, or alter the text. Illness and death possibly carried him off before he had replaced them, for in 1798 Casanova was still correcting and re-writing his Memoirs, which were never finished.

CHAPTER LIX

HIS VIEWS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

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In Florence. WITHOUT going into lengthy explanations, I simply asked the young grand duke to afford me an asylum in his states for as long as I chose, and, to forestall his questions, told him the reasons of my exile from my country.

'As for the means of existence,' I said, 'I beg your royal highness to believe that I have no need of assistance from any one. I have funds, and I hope to devote all my time to study.'

'So long as your conduct is satisfactory,' answered the prince, 'my country's laws will protect you. Nevertheless, I am glad you came to me first. What friends have you in Florence?'

'Ten years ago, your highness, I knew all the most distinguished people here, but as I mean to live quietly, I shall not seek to renew my acquaintance with them.'

After this conversation with the young monarch, I considered myself safe from molestation. My adventure ten years ago in Tuscany seemed forgotten, or almost so, and the new government had nothing in common with the old one. I took two rooms in the house of an honest tradesman, whose wife was ugly, and who had neither daughter nor niece to distract me. There I lived for three weeks, as discreetly and quietly as the rat in the fable.

Then Count Stratico arrived in Florence with his pupil, the Chevalier Morosini, who was about eighteen years old. Stratico had recently broken his leg, and could not go out. He begged me to accompany Morosini, and if necessary

become the companion of his pleasures, otherwise, he might get into bad company, and run serious risks.

This interrupted my studies, and changed the plan of life I had marked out for myself, but as a matter of kindness I was forced to become the comrade of a dissipated youth. Morosini was a libertine, who cared neither for literature, good company, nor sensible men. He liked to ride wildly about the roughest country, not caring if he killed his horses and endangered his own life; he drank deeply, and was never satisfied till he was drunk; he was brutally licentious with women of the lowest class, whom he often ill-used: such were his pleasures and his daily amusements.

In the two months he spent in Florence I saved his life twenty times. I loathed his society, but I thought it my duty not to abandon him. As far as expense was concerned, I did not have to put my hand in my pocket, for he was prodigally liberal, yet this often caused disputes between us, because, as he paid, he would insist on my eating and drinking as much as he, and imitating him in his other debaucheries; on these points, however, I seldom yielded. Another friend of mine was Zanowitch, a handsome young man of graceful and easy bearing, and most infectious gaiety. I recognised in this young man the makings of a successful adventurer, who with due circumspection might go far. He was very much what I was fifteen years before, but the extravagance of his dress and equipage made me fear he would fall into the same errors which had been fatal to me. At Zanowitch's house, again, I met Alois Zen, the son of the captain in command of the fortress of Saint-André when I was imprisoned there as a boy. I did not become intimate with either of these men, and only met them at places of public resort, yet it was owing to them that the events I am about to recount happened.

Zanowitch and Zen.

Lord Lincoln, a young man not yet twenty, and, I believe, the only son of the Duke of Newcastle, was in Florence at this time, and madly in love with a Venetian dancer named Lamberti. Every day, after the opera, the Englishman paid

her a visit in her box, and people wondered that he was not bold enough to accompany her home. He would have been well received, firstly, because he was an Englishman, which is as much as to say a rich man, and secondly, because he was remarkably handsome.

Zanowitch made a note of the state of the affairs, managed to become intimate with La Lamberti, and then took Lincoln to her house. Lamberti, who, of course, was in the plot, showed herself most gracious to the young lord, who after that supped at her house constantly, and played faro afterwards, with Zanowitch and Zen. The rogues took care that he should win some hundreds of sequins to begin with; the poor boy was a mere apprentice in their hands. He found the hook so nicely baited with love and money, most alluring, and swallowed it eagerly. According to the noble custom of his countrymen, he regularly got so drunk after supper as not to be able to tell his right hand from his left, which made him all the easier prey. By and by the pillage began; they were, in gambling terms, preparing him for the grand cleaning out. Zanowitch won large sums from Lincoln, which Zen lent the young lord, who had promised his tutor never to play on credit. In this way the unfortunate dupe's debt went on increasing, until he owed Zen the enormous sum of twelve thousand guineas. He paid three thousand guineas down, and signed three bills for the same amount, and drawn on his banker in London. It was Lord Lincoln himself who told me all this, when I met him some time afterwards at Bologna.

He is requested to leave Florence.

The day after the famous sitting, every one in Florence was talking about it. Tasso Tassi, the banker, had paid Zanowitch six thousand sequins on my lord's order. Imagine my surprise when three days later an individual came into my room, and after having demanded my name, ordered me, on the grand duke's authority, to leave Florence within three days, and Tuscany in a week!

This was the 28th of December. On the same day three years before I had received orders to leave Barcelona. I

dressed hastily, and went round to the auditor, to know what was the motive of this order, which to me seemed inexplicable. I was not reassured, when I recognised in him the same man who had banished me from Florence eleven years previously, on account of the Russian's forged letter of credit. When I asked him why he had sent word to me to leave the city, he replied coldly, that it was his royal highness's pleasure.

'But his royal highness must have some reason to give, and I have a right to demand it.'

'I do not contest your right; go and ask the prince himself what his motives are; he is at Pisa, where you are at liberty to join him if you like.'

'If I go, will he pay my travelling expenses?'

'I doubt it.'

'I shall not go to Pisa, then, but I will write to his highness, if you will see that he gets the letter.'

'Certainly, it is my duty to do so.'

'Very well, sir; before break of day, to-morrow, I shall be on the Pope's territory.'

On leaving the auditor I met my old enemy, Medini, with whom, by the way, I had established a kind of armed neutrality. We had met many times, lately, in comparative amity.

'What!' said I, laughing, 'have you too received orders to leave?'

'Yes.'

'What have you been doing?'

'Nothing; and you?'

'Nothing; let us go to Pisa to-morrow.'

'You can, if you like, but I am off out of this city to-night.'

I went back to my inn, and having ordered my carriage and four horses to be ready at sundown, I wrote the following letter to the grand duke:—

A letter to the duke.

Monseigneur,—Jupiter placed the lightning in your hand for the punishment of guilty people only; you have disobeyed him, and launched it at my head. Seven months ago you

promised me that I should live in perfect peace in your dominions, so long as I did not disobey the law. I have scrupulously kept this condition, and consequently it is your royal highness who breaks faith. I am only writing to you, monseigneur, to let you know that I forgive you. The consequence of this forgiveness will be that I shall complain to no one. I shall not accuse you of injustice by voice or by letter, in any of the houses of Bologna where I am going. I wish I could forget this insult to my honour, which comes from your arbitrary will alone, but I must remember it, so as never by inadvertence to return to the country of which God has made you master. The auditor, the chief of your police, told me I could go to Pisa to speak to you, personally, but I fear that such a proceeding would appear over bold to a prince who, according to public law, may not speak to men after having condemned them, only before.—I remain, etc., etc.

I was just sitting down to table, when in came Medini. He was in a boiling rage with Zanowitch and Zen, who he declared were the cause of our common misfortune; it was because of the twelve thousand guineas they had won from the Englishman that we were obliged to leave Florence, and yet, he protested, they refused to lend him the hundred sequins he needed for his immediate use. Of course, he asked me to lend him the money, and, of course, I refused.

My departure from Florence cured me of a very unfortunate love-affair, which might otherwise have had disastrous results for me. I have spared my readers this story, because I cannot recall it without sorrow; the widow whom I loved, and to whom I was weak enough to declare my passion, only attached me to her chariot the better to humiliate me. She disdained me, and convinced me of her disdain with all the pride of a young and beautiful woman. I had not yet become accustomed to the fact that I was growing old, and that old age, especially when it is poor, cannot touch a young heart. This is a fatal and inevitable experience which every man must make, unless he is wise in time.

I reached Bologna on the last day of the year 1772, and on New Year's day I presented myself to Cardinal Brancaforte, the papal legate, whom I had known in Paris twenty years before, when he was sent by Benedict III. to take the blessed swaddling-clothes to the newly-born Duke of Burgundy. We had been together to the Freemason's lodges (for the members of the Sacred College, though they fulminate against the masons, know that their anathemas only frighten the weak members); we had also assisted at many a supper with pretty sinners, and had been sinners with them. The cardinal was a *bon vivant* and a man of much wit. Bologna, 1772.

'Oh, here you are!' he cried, 'I expected you.'

'How could you expect me, monseigneur! Nothing obliged me to select Bologna as a place of refuge!'

'For two reasons. Firstly, Bologna is better than any other city; and secondly, I flattered myself you would think of me. But I beg you *not* to talk here about the life we led when we were young.'

All the other exiles arrived four days after me. La Lamberti only passed through on her way to Florence, Zenowitch and Zen spent a week there, but apart, as they had quarrelled over the division of the plunder; they went on to Milan, but the government ordered them to leave Lombardy, and I never heard what became of them, though I was told that Lord Lincoln paid the bills on presentation. Medini, after a stay of nearly a month, went to Germany, where he found a generous patron in the elector palatine, under whose auspices he brought out his *Henriade*; then after wandering about Europe for a dozen years, he died miserably in prison in London. I had warned him to avoid England. I was certain that he would get into trouble there, and that once behind English bars, he would never get out; but he despised my advice. Medini was well born, and clever, but poor and extravagant, he tried to indulge his expensive tastes on money made by gambling, and when Fortune frowned on him, attempted to correct her. He was always in debt, and always flying from

imprisonment; in this way he lived seventy years, and might be living still, had he listened to me. The same prophetic spirit moved me to tell Cagliostro, when I met him in Venice twenty years ago, and where he was calling himself Count Pellegrini, that he must never set his foot in Rome; had he believed me he would not have died a prisoner in the fortress of San Leo.

I must not forget that I also was warned by a wise man to beware of Spain, but I went in spite of him, and the reader knows with what results.

A call on Albergati.

Among the people most talked of in Bologna at this time was the Marquis Albergati Capacelli. I wanted to know him, so I wrote to Signor Dandolo for a letter of introduction, and a week after received through my good old friend a letter written by Signor di Zaguri, a Venetian nobleman and intimate friend of Albergati's. The marquis was at his country house, where he usually spent the spring, so I drove out there one day. As no one came in answer to my summons, I went up the stairs and entered a room where a gentleman and a very pretty woman were just sitting down to table. After bowing politely, I asked if I had the honour to address the marquis, and on his replying yes, presented him with the letter; he put it in his pocket without even looking at the address, thanked me for the trouble I had taken, and assured me he would read it.

'It was no trouble,' I said, 'and I beg you will read it now; it is from Signor di Zaguri, from whom I obtained it as I wished to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance.'

He answered laughingly that he never read letters at table, but that he would read it after dinner and be sure to execute his friend's orders. We were both standing throughout this little dialogue; as I considered him most impolite, I left the room without saluting him. Just as I was getting into my carriage, a servant came running up to say his excellency begged I would go back.

I contented myself with handing my card to the servant and drove off.

I wrote the same day to Signor di Zaguri, and told him exactly what had taken place, at the same time begging him to inform the marquis that, as I considered myself offended, I should expect him to accord me the usual satisfaction.

The following day Albergati called on me. I was out, but he gave his card in person to my landlady, with his title 'The General Marquis Albergati,' so I was forced to accept this as apology.

'What right has he to the rank of general?' I asked Severini, who answered that three years ago the King of Poland had conferred the order of St. Stanislas, and the title of Chamberlain, on him.

'I see,' I cried, 'in Poland a chamberlain ranks as an adjutant-general, so Albergati calls himself general, but general of what?'

Delighted at being able to avenge myself by turning the good man into ridicule, I wrote a burlesque dialogue, which I had printed, and which the bookseller sold for a '*baiocco*' apiece; in a few days the entire edition was exhausted. The marquis had the sense not to notice this dialogue, and there the matter ended.

Signor di Zaguri, who since the Albergati affair had kept up a regular correspondence with me, had conceived a project for obtaining my pardon, and permission for me to re-enter my native country. We had worked in concert with Dandolo, my ever-devoted friend, who desired nothing so much as to see me reinstated. He wrote to me that I ought to live nearer the Venetian States, as near to them as possible, so that the inquisitors could have me watched, and assure themselves of my good conduct. Signor Zuliani, the brother of the Duchess of Fiano, promised to use all his influence in my favour.

To Trieste, his last station before his pardon.

I decided on Trieste, where Signor di Zaguri had an intimate friend to whom, he said, he would recommend me. I found several letters awaiting me there: one from

Negotiations with Venice.

Signor Dandolo, enclosing one from his friend, the patrician Marco Dona, addressed to the Baron Pittoni, chief of police. It was left open so that I could read how warmly I was recommended to this magistrate. I hastened to deliver it, and Pittoni assured me I could count on his protection. I spent the first ten days of my sojourn at Trieste in compiling the Memoirs I had collected at Warsaw, concerning all that had happened in Poland since the death of Elizabeth Petrovna, and I undertook to write a history of the troubles of the unhappy country up to its dismemberment, which was going on at that very time.

I had foreseen this event, when the diet of Poland recognised the Czarina (who has just died) as Empress of all the Russias, and the Elector of Brandenbourg as King of Prussia. I never published more than three volumes of my history, owing to the knavery of the printer, who did not abide by our conditions. The four last manuscript volumes will be found among my papers at my death, and whoever takes possession of my papers can publish them if he thinks fit. This thing has become indifferent to me.

Views on the French Revolution.

It was revenge, ambition, and folly, which lost Poland. It was folly, daughter of shame and indolence, which caused the downfall of France. Every dethroned king must have been a fool; every fool of a king deserves to be dethroned. Louis perished in consequence of his folly. If he had had the prudence and the wit which a king should have who seeks to govern a wise and witty people, he would still be on the throne, and he would have spared France the horrors into which she has been plunged by a gang of scoundrels, by the cowardice and perversity of her aristocracy, and the avarice of a despotic, fanatic, and too powerful priesthood. The sickness now raging in France could be easily cured elsewhere, but I fear the French are incurable. Posterity will know, as for me, I am too old. The French emigrants may inspire pity in those kinds of people who are always ready to pity anybody and anything, but they only inspire me with contempt, for I believe if they

had rallied firmly round the throne, they might have opposed force to force, and have crushed, no matter how, the common herd, without giving it time to assassinate the nation. Finally, I repeat that their duty, their interest, and their honour demanded that they should save their king, or bury themselves under the ruins of the throne. Instead of this they have gone to parade their pride and their disgrace in foreign lands, doing no good to themselves, and much harm to those who are forced to feed them. What will become of France? I cannot say, but I know this, that a headless body cannot last long, for it is in the head that reason lodges.

It was the fault of the emigrant nobles.

On the 1st of December, Baron Pittoni sent me a message begging me to go to his house, where I should meet some one who had come from Venice on purpose to see me. I dressed hurriedly, and in a state of extreme curiosity; the baron presented me to a handsome man about five-and-thirty or forty, who looked at me with evident interest.

'My heart tells me,' said I, 'that you are Signor di Zaguri.'

'You are right, my dear Casanova. When I heard from Dandolo that you were here, I determined to come and congratulate you on your approaching return to your country, which will take place, if not this year, at least next.'

A fine old man, who was in the room, joined in these congratulations, and begged Pittoni to bring me with him to dine at his house, although, he added, he had not the pleasure of my acquaintance.

'What!' exclaimed Zaguri, 'Casanova has been in this little town for ten days, and the Venetian consul is not acquainted with him?'

I hastened to say, 'It is my own fault; I thought it better not to pay the consul a visit, as he might consider me contraband merchandise.'

The consul replied wittily, that from that moment he would consider me as transitory merchandise, in quarantine for the time being, and that in consequence his house would always be open to me. The friendship of this good old man, which

I was fortunate enough to win, was of the greatest use to me during the two years I spent at Trieste, and I have always thought that he contributed largely to obtaining my pardon, which was at that time the only thing I lived for, for I was suffering from nostalgia, what the Swiss and Germans call *Heimweh*, and the French *mal du pays*.

Heimweh, a mortal disease.

Heimweh is a mortal disease; for I verily believe I should have died of homesickness had I not at last been enabled to return, and spend nine years in the bosom of the country which had always proved such a cruel step-mother to me. When Zaguri returned to Venice, I accompanied him to the very borders of the state, and then went back to Trieste.

I lived quietly at Trieste, for I had only fifteen sequins a month certain income, and was obliged to practise economy. I never gambled, and I dined every day at some friend's house—the Venetian consul's, the French consul's, or Baron Pittoni's. I was able to render some service to my beloved country, through the medium of the consul. These services consisted in the arrangement of certain old treaties of commerce, and the launching of new ones, by both of which the Venetian States profited considerably, in return for which I received several gratifications of a hundred ducats at a time, and a pension of ten sequins a month. These sums sufficed to put me at my ease, and to enable me to spend a little money on my pleasures. I was not displeased, either, to find myself in the pay of the very tribunal which had deprived me of my liberty, and whose power I had braved. It was to me a great triumph, and honour demanded that I should serve it as well and faithfully as I could. About this time the Venetian general, Palmanova, a patrician of the Prota family, came to Trieste on a visit to the governor. He was accompanied by the procurator, Erizzo. I met them both at the French consul's house, and the general asked me if I amused myself as well at Trieste as I had done in Paris, sixteen years before. I answered that the sixteen years more, and the hundred thousand francs less, obliged me to lead a very different life. Just then the consul came in,

and said the felucca was waiting. It seemed there was a Venetian man of war anchored outside the port, and the whole party was going to visit it. Madame de Lantieri, the consul's daughter, asked me to join them, and her father added his invitation to hers, and the three Venetian nobles joined in. I answered, laughingly, that a duty laid upon me many years before forced me to deprive myself of the pleasure of accompanying them—it was forbidden me to set my foot on Venetian territory.

He declines to visit a Venetian ship.

At this every one cried out: 'You have nothing to fear. You will be with us. We are not traitors. Your doubts are offensive.'

'All this is very well, ladies and gentlemen, and I will give in willingly if one of their excellencies here can assure me that the State Inquisitors will not be informed (and perhaps no later than to-morrow) that I had the temerity to share in this expedition without my sentence of banishment being raised.'

At these words every one was mute, no one dared to hazard such an assertion. The captain of the ship, who was present, and whom I did not know, spoke for some time with the consul, in a low voice, and finally the party went without me. The next day I heard that the captain declared I had acted wisely, for if any one had told him my name and the charges against me while on his ship, he should have felt it his duty to retain me. The procurator, Erizzo, while congratulating me on my prudence, assured me that the tribunal should be acquainted of my respect for its decisions.

The tribunal informed of his respect for its decisions.

CHAPTER LX

WAITING FOR A PARDON

The ladies of Trieste being all seized with a strong desire to act French comedies, chose me as stage manager and general director. I had not only to choose the pieces, but to distribute the parts. I found my duties brought me a great deal of trouble, and none of the pleasure I had anticipated.

Views on conventual education.

All my actresses were novices; I had to teach them everything, and run about all day long from one to the other, trying to make them learn their speeches by heart. As soon as they knew one page they forgot the preceding one. Every one knows that if a revolution of any kind is necessary in Italy, it is in education—especially feminine education. The best families are content with sending their daughters to a convent for a few years, whence they pass into the arms of a husband, whom they have often never seen till the day before the wedding, and to whom they often remain indifferent all the days of their life. Both sides then correct the chances of matrimony by *sigisbéeisme*; and one may safely say that in good society in Italy lineal descent is merely a matter of convention. Few and far between are the noble lords who can say, 'I bear the same name as my father.'

Now, in convents, and above all Italian convents, what can a young girl learn? Certain exercises of piety, mere mummeries, a little religion, a great deal of intrigue and dissimulation, perverse habits, often a good deal of libertinage and coquetry, a little reading and writing, a thousand kinds of fancy work, all perfectly useless, and a certain amount of

music and drawing; no history, no geography, no mythology, hardly any arithmetic, and nothing at all of the duties of a good wife and mother. As for foreign languages, they are unheard of.

I have allowed myself to write these truths to ease my conscience, and in spite of my national vanity, I know that if ever I am read by any of my pretty compatriots, they will, figuratively speaking, fling stones at me, but their anger will not hurt me. I shall not be there to feel it, for when these pages see the light, I shall have closed my eyes to it for ever.

As I despaired of ever getting their parts into their heads, I turned prompter, and I learned by bitter experience all that is meant by that word. The work of a prompter is that of a galley slave; the actors never own to their obligations to him, and always accuse him of being the cause of all that goes wrong. A Spanish doctor is in about as happy a condition as a prompter. If his patient gets well, it is thanks to the intervention of some saint; if he dies, it is because of the remedies prescribed for him.

A visit to Gorice.

Among the people of quality who came to Gorice for the French plays was a certain Count Torriani, who persuaded me to spend the autumn with him at a country house he possessed about six miles from Gorice.

He was not yet thirty, and unmarried. His pasty face expressed cruelty, disloyalty, treason, pride, brutality, sensuality, hatred, and jealousy, but his invitation was proffered so graciously that I could not but hope I misjudged him. Every one spoke well of him. The only thing against him was that he was too fond of the fair sex, and was ferocious in avenging an affront. Neither of these qualities seemed unworthy of a gentleman, so I promised him I would meet him at Gorice the first day of September, and that we would go together to Spersa, his country seat.

When I arrived at his home at Gorice I was told he was out; but when I said I was his guest, my baggage was taken in from the carriage. I went off to see my friend Count Torres,

and remained with him till supper-time, when I returned to my host. I then heard that he had gone to the country, and would not be back till next day, but a room had been taken for me, and supper ordered at the inn. I went to the inn, where I was badly lodged, and badly fed—no matter. I concluded he had no room for me in his house, though he ought to have told me so. Early next morning he appeared, thanked me for my punctuality, spoke of the pleasure he should have in my society, but regretted that he could not leave for Spersa for two days as on the morrow he had to attend the court, where judgment was to be pronounced in a case which he had against a farmer, who, he said, did not only owe him money which he refused to pay, but made claims on him as well.

'Well,' said I, 'I will go with you and hear the case; it will amuse me.'

A moment after he went off without even asking me when I was going to dine, or excusing himself for having been obliged to send me to the inn. I was at a loss to understand, but unwilling to believe that he was purposely rude.

'Come, Casanova,' said I to myself, 'you must have made a mistake. The knowledge of man is a bottomless pit, which you think you have explored, but there are depths beyond your experience. Let us go over it again. The count invited you to his country house; well then, being still in town, the good man does not owe you any hospitality. Patience, all will come right. You ought perhaps to have excused yourself for arriving inopportunely, though I can hardly see how that might be; well, as I said before, patience.'

A case in the courts.

I was one of the first in the audience-hall next day, where I saw assembled the judges, the contending parties, and their respective advocates. The peasant's lawyer was an honest-looking, middle-aged man; the count's had all the appearance of a scoundrel; his client stood by him, a disdainful smile on his face. Count Torres, who was with me, said he was acquainted with the whole affair; the peasant had twice lost

his cause, but had twice appealed to a higher court, and had paid his expenses. Torriano would win, again, he said, unless the peasant could prove that the receipts in his possession were really signed by the count, which the latter denied. If the peasant lost, said Torres, he would be not only ruined, but condemned to the galleys; whereas if he wins, he added, it is Torriano and his advocate who will deserve to be sent there. The peasant was surrounded by his wife and two daughters, who were pretty enough to win all the cases in the world. Their mien was modest, but calm and assured. They were poorly dressed, and one could tell by their humble look and downcast eyes that they were the victims of oppression. Each advocate had the right to speak for two hours. The peasant's defender only spoke for thirty minutes; he laid before the judge the book of receipts, all endorsed with the count's signature, until the day on which he gave him notice because, like a worthy man, he refused to allow his daughters to go alone to the count's house. He then produced the other book by means of which the count tried to prove that these receipts were all forged. He pointed out their absurdities, and finished by saying that if the case were carried to a court of criminal jurisprudence his client could make known to justice the two forgers who had been paid by the count to hatch these infamous documents, and ruin an honest family. He demanded that all expenses should be paid by the count, as well as damages for his client's loss of time and reputation.

The case between count and peasant.

The count's barrister spoke for two hours, and then the judge had to silence him. There were no insults which he did not shower on his opponent, the experts, and the peasant, whom he assured he would visit when in the galleys. After this violent harangue we retired into another hall to await the sentence. The peasant and his family stood in a distant corner; they had no flattering friends or covert enemies to talk to, while round Count Torriano were at least a dozen persons, all crying out that he was sure to win his cause, but that if such an extravagant thing as his losing it were to

happen, he must compel the peasant to prove the forgeries by taking it into a higher court.

I whispered to Torres that the count ought to lose if only on account of the infamous speech of his advocate, who ought to have his ears slit, and be placed in the pillory for six months.

'And his client with him?' said Torres in a loud voice.

After an hour the magistrate's clerk appeared with two papers in his hand, one of which he gave to Torriano, the other to the peasant; the count burst out laughing, and read his out in a loud voice.

The court condemned him to recognise the receipts given to the peasant, and to pay him one year's wages as damages, reserving to the latter the right to attack him again in virtue of other grievances which he might have against him.

Torriani's advocate seemed downcast, but his employer gave him six sequins, and we all went away. Left alone with the condemned man, I asked him if he would appeal in Vienna.

'My appeal will be of another kind,' he said grimly. I did not ask him for an explanation.

We left Gorice next morning, and got to Spersa in less than two hours. The house was a large one on a hill. Torriani showed me over it, and then led me to my apartment, a single room on the ground floor, badly furnished, with very little air or light.

'This,' said he, 'was a favourite room of my father's; like you, he delighted in study. You will enjoy complete liberty here, no one will come near you.'

We dined very late, and had no supper. The food was passable, so was the wine, and the society of a priest who acted bailiff for him; but one thing which shocked me was, that my host, who ate very rapidly, had the impertinence to tell me, laughingly, it is true, that I ate too slowly. After dinner, he said we should meet next day, and I went to my room to put my affairs in order; I was then at work on the second volume of my Polish history. When night closed in I

went out to ask for a light; a servant brought me one tallow candle. I thought this abominable; I should have had wax candles, or a lamp. When I asked if there was any particular servant charged with attending on me, I was told that the count had given no orders on that head, 'but,' added the man, 'we are at your service when you call.' The count's hospitality.

As there was no bell in my room, I saw I should have to hunt all over the house for them when I wanted a service.

'And who will do my room?'

'One of the maids.'

'Has she a private key?'

'She has no need of one, sir, there is no lock on your door; you can fasten it at night with the bolt.'

I was half inclined to laugh, but not so when a little later I put the candle out by accident in snuffing it. As I could not run about a strange house in the dark, I undressed and got into bed as best I could. Next day I rose and, in my dressing-gown and nightcap, went to wish my host good morning. I found him in the hands of his valet. When I said I had come to breakfast with him, he replied that he never breakfasted, and begged me not to derange myself in the morning, as he was always busy with his peasants, who, he said, were all thieves. Then he added that if I was in the habit of taking breakfast, I had only to order the cook to prepare me some coffee.

'Would you be good enough to tell your servant to dress my hair, when you have finished with him?'

'I am surprised you did not bring a servant with you.'

'Had I known that the slight amount of valeting I require would have inconvenienced you, I would have done so.'

'It won't inconvenience me, but you, for you will have to wait.'

'I will wait. And one thing more I must have, and that is a key to the door of my room. I have important papers lying about.'

'Everything is safe in my house.'

'I am sure of it, but a letter is easily mislaid.'

He waited five minutes, then told the servant to see that a lock was fitted to the door of my room.

There was a book at his bedside, and I asked him if I might see what he read to send himself to sleep. He answered politely, that he begged I would not look at it. I stepped back from it promptly, saying with a smile that I was sure it was a prayer-book, but that I would promise not to tell any one.

'You guessed rightly,' he said laughing.

Humble details.

I was much piqued. I had always been treated with the greatest consideration. I returned to my room, and thought it seriously over. My first idea was to leave at once, particularly when I thought of the wax candle I had seen on his table, and the miserable tallow one which graced my own, and though I only possessed fifty ducats in the world, I was as proud as when I was rich. I rejected the idea of leaving, however, as I did not want to put myself in the wrong.

Next morning the servant brought me a cup of coffee, ready poured out, and sweetened to his taste, or the taste of the cook. I could not touch it, and told him with a laugh—I had either to laugh or throw it in his face—that that was not the way to serve it.

While he was dressing my hair, I asked him why he gave me a tallow candle, instead of two wax ones.

'Sir,' he replied, 'I could only give you what was given to me. I was given one wax candle for my master, one tallow one for you.'

When I saw the priest-bailiff, I begged him to sell me a pound of wax candles at the price he paid for them, as it was he who was charged with the purchase of stores for the house; he agreed to do so, but at the same time said he should be obliged to acquaint his master of the fact. I had been told that dinner was at one o'clock, and I went to the dining-room punctually at half-past twelve, and was surprised to hear that the count had been at table some time! I restrained

myself, and simply said the abbé had told me dinner would be at one.

'So it is, ordinarily,' said the count, 'but as I have some visits to pay, I ordered it for twelve to-day.' He then told the servants to bring back the dishes which had already been presented, but I refused, contenting myself with what was on the table. I went with him to visit the family del Mestre, who live in the neighbourhood, and we finished the day agreeably with them. Next day the priest returned me the money for the candles, saying his master had said I was to be treated in every way as he was himself; and the servant brought my coffee on a tray, with the sugar and cream separate; the valet came to dress my hair; there was a padlock on the door; all was changed.

'I have taught him a lesson,' I thought; 'all will go well now'; but I counted without my host. Before a week had passed, he went off, without a word of warning, to Gorice, where he remained ten days. On his return, I told him I had gone to Spersa to keep him company, but that as my presence did not seem to be appreciated, I would return to Trieste, as I had no desire to die of *ennui* in his dull house. He made the most ample apologies, assured me such a thing would never happen again, and succeeded in persuading me to stay. A lesson to the count.

His whole wealth consisted of vineyards, which yielded an excellent white wine, and brought him in about a thousand sequins a year; but yet he was on the high-road to ruin. Convinced that the peasants robbed him, he was always hanging about their huts. He would go in, and if he found any bunches of grapes, would distribute the most vigorous blows with his cane to the unlucky creatures. They might go down on their knees to him, but nothing averted his anger. I was often the unwilling witness of these arbitrary and cruel executions, and was much rejoiced one day when two vigorous peasants set on him with a broomstick, and gave him a good thrashing. He ran away with his tail between his legs, and only recovered his courage to quarrel with me for having

witnessed his humiliation. Soon the whole village was aware of his misadventure, and every one laughed, for he was feared by every one, and loved by none. The two peasants had to seek refuge in flight; and the count gave out that in future he would pay his domiciliary visits armed with a pistol. At this the whole community took alarm, and two deputies were chosen to inform him that unless he solemnly promised to give up molesting them in their modest dwellings, they would leave the village *en masse* within a week. There was to my way of thinking something sublime in the simple eloquence of these sturdy labourers.

'We have the right to eat a bunch of grapes from a vine which produces them, because we water it with the sweat of our brow; so your cook has the right to taste the dishes he prepares for you, before he serves them.'

This threat of desertion, coming as it did just before the vintage, brought him to reason, and he promised what they required of him.

The following incident ended my connection with him:—

I led a wearisome life at Spersa, with no sort of distraction. I became interested in a poor young widow, who was pretty and amiable. I made her a few little presents, and obtained her good graces. I persuaded her to visit me at night, so that no one should see her, and I let her in and out by a little door which opened on to the street. One morning after shutting the door behind her, I heard her cry out. I rushed forth, and saw the brutal Torriani holding her by her skirts, and beating her with a stick. I sprang on him, and we both fell to the ground, while the poor woman made off. I was at a disadvantage, as I had only my dressing-gown on, but I held the stick with one hand, and with the other tried my best to strangle him. I squeezed so hard that his tongue lolled out, and he was forced to let go of my hair, which he had grasped, for fear of choking. I then gave him one good blow on the head, before re-entering my room. As soon as I was dressed I went out and found a peasant

with a cart, who promised to take me to Gorice in time for dinner.

I was packing up my things, when one of the servants came to say the count begged I would speak to him a moment. I wrote in French, that after what had happened we must not meet, except away from his house. A moment later he appeared in person.

'As you will not come to me, I have come to you,' he said.

'What do you wish to say to me?'

'That in leaving my house in this manner you are disgracing me, and that I will not allow you to go.'

'Really! I should like to know how you will prevent me?'

'I can, at least, prevent you going alone, for honour demands that we leave together.'

'Ah! now I understand you; go and get your sword or your pistols, and you will find that there is room in my cart for two.'

'No, you must leave with me in my carriage, and after having dined with me.'

'I should be considered mad if I eat with you. Our fight is known to the whole village, now, and an ugly story it is!'

'Then I will dine here with you; people can say what they like. Send away your cart, and at least try to prevent any further scandal.'

I was obliged to give way to him, and he remained with me till noon, trying to persuade me that I was in the wrong, and that it was no business of mine if he chose to beat a peasant on the highway; she did not belong to me.'

'What,' said I, 'do you suppose I would allow you to ill-treat a woman—a feeble and amiable creature, who had only that moment left my arms! I should have been as cowardly and as monstrous as you had I not interfered. Could you in my place have remained indifferent to such a barbarous scene, even if her assailant had been a great prince?'

He had no reply, and after remaining silent a short time, declared that anyhow the duel would do no credit to the survivor, and he meant to fight to the death.'

'As far as that goes,' I said, laughing, 'you are at liberty not to expose yourself if you like. I am quite satisfied with the lesson I have already given you. As to the duel *à outrance*, I hope to leave you among the living, in spite of your fury, and shall content myself with laying you up for a long time, so as to keep you quiet and give you a chance to reflect on your past and your future. If, on the other hand, you are the better man, you can deal with me as you think fit.'

'We will go alone into a wood,' said he, 'and I will give my coachman orders to take you wheresoever you tell him, should you return to the carriage alone.'

'Very good. Now is it to be swords or pistols.'

'Swords.'

We left after an excellent dinner, during which I was very lively. I heard him tell the coachman to follow the Gorice road, and waited, expecting him to point out a spot in the woods where we could settle our differences. But we reached Gorice without his saying a word, and then he told the man to drive to the inn. I burst out laughing, for I saw now the famous duel would end in smoke.

'You are right,' he said, 'we must remain good friends. Promise me not to speak of this affair, or to treat it lightly if any one speaks of it to you.'

He bids the count adieu.

I promised, we shook hands, and there the matter ended. The following day I took a quiet lodging at Gorice, and set to work to finish the second volume of my book. I went backwards and forwards between Trieste and Gorice, for I could render no service to the State Inquisitors in the latter place, and naturally they did not pay me to remain idle. My quarrel with Torriani was talked of by everybody, but I treated it as a bagatelle, and he made a point of showing me most exaggerated marks of friendship whenever we met. Still, as I knew him to be a dangerous man, I made a point of declining

all his invitations to dinner or supper. During carnival he married a young lady of good family, and made her unhappy as long as he lived. Fortunately for her, he died after thirteen or fourteen years of matrimony, mad and miserable as he had lived. Waiting for his pardon.

I left Gorice the last day of the year 1773, and took up my quarters at the large inn on the public square at Trieste. . . .

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LETTERS WRITTEN TO MASTER FAULKIRCHER BY HIS BEST FRIEND JACQUES CASANOVA DE SEINGALT, 10th January 1792.[1]

Est hoc pro certo, quoties cum stercore certo vinco seu vincor, semper ego maculor.

(You cannot touch pitch without being defiled.—English Proverb.)

First Letter.

In the ordinary course of events there could be nothing in common between you and me, Mr. Faulkircher, excepting our joint presence in this Château of Dux, where I am employed as librarian and you as house steward, but in these days it is not the ordinary that happens, but the extraordinary. You stand accused of three crimes committed against my honour, and I want you to be tried according to judicial form. I must inform the public of the nature and circumstances of these crimes, and the public is an impartial judge whom you cannot bribe; there is not enough wine in all the cellars of Count Waldstein for that. The public shall decide whether you are or not a worthless man and a coward, and whether you know or not what honour and the laws of honour mean.

Pluck up courage, Faulkircher, and answer these letters, but be honest enough to send the replies in French, Latin, Italian, or if needs be Spanish. I have been at the pains to address you in German. I have had to pay a translator, you must do the same; let us not be ashamed to publish our ignorance, you, of all the languages of Europe, and I, of German. Another charge I bring

[1] There is no evidence to show that these letters were ever sent to Faulkircher, and there is no hint in Casanova's papers of his having received a reply. They were written, probably, to relieve the bitterness and acrimony of the author's heart, and show, more than anything else, how age, and the humiliation of his subordinate position, had weakened his mind.

against you, is of having exposed me in effigy, in the most vulgar and insulting manner, and for this I appeal to the laws of decency to punish, I do not exactly know how.

In the meantime I remain yours to command, with all the ceremonious phrases one puts at the end of letters, and which mean nothing at all.

Second Letter.

Although we have never been able to reason together, because you can only jabber in bad German, we might nevertheless have been on very good terms, if you had any education, either from books or good company, in which latter a man may at least learn morality and the laws of honour. You were obliged to become a soldier, at the age when I was learning to read, and you cannot be expected to have learned refinement of expression or sentiment in the guard-room, or barracks. You have not gained polish by the frequentation of educated people, or been able to enlarge your mind by reading instructive books, as I, poor and humble by birth as I am, have done. For this I should pity you, as sincerely as I congratulate myself. For the rest you have followed your military career so faithfully, and have known so well how to employ your talents, that in less than fifty years you have reached the high rank of sub-lieutenant! Having attained this noble grade, you had the courage to check your ambition, to repose on your laurels, and to simply ask for your discharge and a pension, both of which you obtained. You asked for your discharge on the score of infirmity, but laziness is the proper name for your disease. Fortunately for you this was not known, or you would have been deprived of your pension of the hundred florins, and the right to wear a uniform; this latter right puts you on a footing with other gallant sons of Mars, who do not live in the private domestic service of a *grand superior*. It is true that you are very generous with your master's wine, and distribute it freely, not only to the officers quartered at Dux, but to all who come, either on business or pleasure. You may be sure these officers know you have no business to be so lavish, but they consider that it is not for them to teach you honesty. If your proceedings reached the ears of Jupiter, or his councillors, you would be sent packing, without your uniform, and without your pension. Count Waldstein would, I am sure, give you a pension of four hundred ducats as compensation, but you would no longer be called lieutenant, and this little matter gratifies your vanity.

Third Letter.

When you first came to Dux, Master Faulkircher, and saw me and learned what my position and employment were, you began to rack your brains in vain to understand what need Count Waldstein had of a librarian, at a salary of a thousand florins a year.

In your zeal for his interests you advised him to get rid of me, and as you could not persuade him to do this, you formed the project of plaguing me to such an extent, and of making things so disagreeable to me that I should of my own accord throw up my situation. During the first two years it was not easy for you to succeed—the Count was not at Dux, I took my meals alone in my room, and paid for them myself, so I had nothing to do with you; but since then I have had the misfortune to be cheated by the bookseller Hilscher, at Leipsic, through whom I lost four thousand florins, to make up which I have to lay aside half my salary, and this has obliged me to accept the Count's offer to eat in the servants' hall, when he is absent. It is an advantage, but a fatal one, for it obliges me to sit opposite a creature like you. This circumstance has put it in your power to inflict on me all the petty miseries your fine mind delights in, either directly or indirectly, for, ass that you are, you like to put on a lion's skin. Unfortunately for you the ears always stick out, the mask falls, and you are shown in your natural ugliness. Though I always knew just what you were, false, ignorant and pretentious, I made an effort to treat you with an appearance of consideration, and you imagined that I had some esteem for you. Pray undeceive yourself. If we had been in a country where duels were permitted, and I had provoked you to fight, either with sword or pistol, I am sure fear would have rendered you paralytic, and you would probably have got your friend Viderol to assassinate me. The things which you have done, since the month of September 1790, confirm me in my knowledge and judgment of your character.

Fourth Letter.

The Count had hardly left Dux when you managed to put the inspector at my heels, and he, at your instigation, insulted me deeply. I will write the story down.

One day the worthy inspector, Stelzl, told me, no doubt with the best intentions in the world, that if I had not published my

Icosameron, I should not now be in want of money, and that if in future I wished to live at my ease I ought never to touch a pen again, the more so as I had enough to live on without writing. I repeated this to Count Waldstein, and made fun of the counsel, but not of the counsellors, for Stelzl does not understand that the only thing which makes life bearable to me is the liberty to write, and publish my writings. I know that literary work may appear hard labour to Monsieur Stelzl, who, though very clever in his trade, only exercises it as a means of livelihood, and not to express his own ideas; writing must be to him what chopping wood is to a woodcutter. He was right in his way, and I was right in mine, when I made fun of his point of view to the Count, who, laughing himself, repeated what I had said to you, and you in turn had nothing better to do than to hurry off and tell the inspector, whose vanity, of course, was hurt, and who reproached me for the way in which I spoke of his intelligence, declaring he would give me no more advice. I tried to justify myself as well as I could, but he would not listen to my excuses. He remained angry with me, and the following day when he met me did not return my salutation. The day after it was still worse, for when I went to his wife's reception she did not admit me into the circle, or offer me a seat. You were there, Faulkircher, by the side of your friend Viderol, and you laughed. I swallowed the affront as well as I could, and for four months I have not left my room, except to dine with you in the servants' hall. You hated to see me go to the inspector's house, for when I was there I spoke Latin with him, or French with his wife, and you could not put in any of your stupid observations, as you did not understand us.

On New Year's day 1791, I took upon myself to go and wish him the compliments of the season; the inspector offered me a chair, which I did not accept. An hour afterwards he returned my visit, and did not accept the seat I offered him. I showed you the same mark of politeness, but as you know nothing of the ways of polite society you did not come to see me. So much the worse for you!

Fifth Letter.

There is, at the Château at Dux, an oratory, where only the Count, his family, his principal officers, and the officers of the garrison are allowed to attend divine service. I go there to hear Mass, because the Count told me it was my right place, and you go for the same reason. Viderol took to attending the services there; I spoke to the Count about it, and he was forbidden to do

so. In spite of this, he reappeared about ten months ago, in company with your Caroline, who, when she takes the trouble to think of such things, says she is a Lutheran. When I saw this pretty couple, I turned on my heel and went to make my devotions in the parish church, in the midst of my brethren, the honest Catholic peasants. Viderol continued to parade about near the altar with a missal in his hand, to make people think he could read. As a reward, you applauded him more loudly than ever, when he indulged in his usual sarcasm at my expense. I suppose you hoped that, teased beyond endurance, I should fling my plate at his head, and that he would fling his back at mine, while you preserved a dignified neutrality, sure that in the end he would batter me senseless. My patience knew how to resist, however, so you consulted with him as to a new insult, and one which it would be impossible for me to support. You, the house steward of the Count of Waldstein, you ordered him to do, what as a soldier I am sure you would have refused to do, had one of your officers commanded you—you ordered your vile satellite to put my portrait in an unmentionable place—and to write across it an epithet which you taught him. When I complained, you laughed, and said it was not a criminal affair; when I begged you at least to have my meals sent to my room, you refused, and by this I knew that you were the instigator of the plot.

Sixth Letter.

I resolved to punish your infamous flunky, so I consulted a lawyer, and wrote a complaint in German; but when you heard of this you came and begged me not to mention your name, as it might do you harm with the military authorities if they learned you were in the Count's service, as they supposed you only stayed with him as a friend. I tore up the first complaint, and wrote a second in Latin, and sent it to a magistrate at Dux. In it I simply asked to be guaranteed against further insult till the return of the Count. Monsieur Luser, the town magistrate of Dux, summoned Viderol before him, and made him swear, on pain of punishment, to cease his ill conduct to me. On leaving the magistrate, Viderol went straight to you, and you immediately intimated to the magistrate that the law had no jurisdiction in the Count's house, and during his absence. At the same time, you put Viderol up to stealing another of my portraits, out of one of my books, and exposing it for the second time, and in a still more infamous manner. I informed the magistrate of how his orders were obeyed. Viderol was summoned a second time, and

denied everything. I should have addressed myself to a higher tribunal had not the Dowager Countess advised me to wait till her son returned. You know that I told the whole story to every one who came to the Château, and I even conducted several people to the door of the place, where for six weeks your *chef-d'œuvre* was exposed. Every one said that as you did not order this abomination to be removed, it was because it pleased you to see it there, and that consequently you deserved the same punishment as your delightful favourite.

Seventh Letter.

Six weeks went by; Prince d'Anhalt-Koethen was coming to pass two days at the Château, and you knew that my first care would be to show the picture to this worthy personage, so you had it removed the very day of his arrival. This did not prevent me telling him the whole story, and explaining to his highness why I refused the dish your infamous menial offered me at table. The prince was indignant at your having allowed the scoundrel to wait upon him, and said that had he known his conduct, and yours, he would not have allowed him to stand behind his chair; he added that full justice would be done me when the Count returned. I was less surprised, however, when you made the wretched scoundrel wait on the Princesse de Clary and the Princess Jablonowska, when these illustrious ladies came some time after, for they knew your history, and you were too much ashamed to show yourself. You were warned of the arrival of the ladies, and I think that you, master of the magnificent Waldstein cellars, might have treated them better, and not served them such a miserable repast; you should surely have given them Tokay, and not the poor miserable wine of the country.

Eighth Letter.

Your character is written on your face with such distinctness, that any one can read it at a glance. In the network of wrinkles which cover your old physiognomy can be seen spite, meanness, malice, and ambitious ignorance. You only care about the society of your inferiors, so as to be made much off. When by chance you find yourself among your superiors, you look like a spy, and behave like one. Your jokes, which make people laugh because you laugh at them first, are always satirical and calumnious, the fruit of your hateful mind. It is on this account that fools say you are witty, and that all the inmates of the Château are afraid of you, except the oldest of all, the porter, Frederick, who

is surly and ill-mannered, but faithful; a miserly peasant, but an honest one; he does his duty, and despises you openly. I saw him in my own room throw a volume of Bayle's dictionary at your head; since then you have managed to make him die of grief. Your Caroline thought the old man had committed an unheard-of crime; naturally, for she cringes to you like a slave, and interlards her every sentence with *Monsieur le lieutenant*, therefore you are very good to her. You have given her an apartment where she can receive any friends she chooses, and they do say your unworthy behaviour has made the Château of Dux a scandal to the neighbourhood, and respectable people avoid it, for one is robbed and assassinated with impunity in the Château and the adjacent streets. You have brought shame on the noble dwelling of your master, and have changed a table which, though only a servants' table, was decent and supportable, into one of bad repute. It ought not to be so, for Caroline observes the decorum of an honest woman, and the cook and his wife are decent creatures, and you, if you behaved differently, could take the head of it with dignity. I should have been well enough satisfied if you had known how to maintain order, and should not have considered that Count Waldstein had conferred a doubtful benefit on me. As it is, I am like a noble horse whose misfortunes oblige him to herd with asses; he is forced to suffer their kicks and hustlings, as he feeds at the same rack with them. If I had been young, instead of old, I should have laid about me with a stick, for I own the old porter's courage made me blush for my own cowardice. The brave fellow never thought of his eighty years when he threw the book at your head, or of how you, being the stronger, might crush him. I am jealous of his bravery, but it is sword in hand that I should like to send you into another world, and you, old soldier as you are, dare not stand up at twelve paces from me!

Then I have to reproach you for saying that I was wrong in accusing Viderol of having written that if I succeeded in having him punished he would kill me. Who else could have written this anonymous letter but he? Do you suppose I invented it to make him appear worse? Monster that you are, do you think I need invent grievances against you when you both deserve the gallows?

Ninth Letter.

Poor old Frederick is dead of grief and sorrow. He told me twenty times that since you accused him of stealing the wine by means of false keys, he had not had a moment's rest. O

heartless, soulless man, you ought to pine away with remorse for having distressed the good old fellow! What if he did take a few bottles, do you suppose the Count would grudge them to him at his age? You hastened the end of an honest man, who after fifty years' faithful service deserved better treatment. After his death I put a padlock on the library door, and you dared to take it off, saying I had no right to put it there. Rest assured, if so much as one book is missing I shall accuse you of having abstracted it, during the few hours in which the padlock was removed, for in spite of your almighty power it was put back. Every one is scandalised at your behaviour, and if it came to the ears of the authorities, you would lose the two hundred florins pension which the Emperor allows you in your quality of disabled soldier, but——.

Tenth Letter.

Well, Master Faulkircher, you did a master stroke when you ordered your favourite to attack me and beat me in the streets of Dux, at ten o'clock of a Sunday morning, the 11th of December 1791. Nothing indeed could be easier. I am old, I was unarmed, I had not even my cane, I could offer no resistance, and I had to take refuge in the magistrate's house; he, by the bye, was away from home.

After this noble deed, the executioner of it informed the magistrate that he only laid hands on me in obedience to your orders, and the magistrate, to whom I complained, assures me that in future the rogue will leave me in peace.

'And you will not imprison him?' I said.

'You see he is in the Count's service,' he answered.

And you think that you can behave thus, you vile and cowardly souls, under laws sanctioned by Leopold II.

It is you, Faulkircher, who have caused the ruin of the poor magistrate, who, more stupid even than you are, allowed himself to be influenced by you. I ought to denounce him, but I am sorry for his family.

You have conquered, Faulkircher, you have done everything in your power to oblige me to leave Dux,[1] and you have succeeded; but your triumph is a small one, and I shall obtain justice elsewhere. A magistrate such as Luser is only to be found at Dux. I shall find one who will resist your seductions, and prefers honours to all the riches of the earth.

[1] As he did not leave Dux, this was probably one of his many threatened departures of which the Prince de Ligne speaks.

Eleventh Letter.

Young Luser, the magistrate at Dux, who you have been clever enough to bribe, writes to me all the impertinence which you dictate to him in bad Latin. He says you say you only know two facts about me: one is that in 1767 I was driven out of Paris (which is a lie); the other is an infamous anecdote which you read in a libel which was printed about me at Töplitz in 1790. But if you quote an infamous libel you become infamous yourself, according to the code of Justinian, which you probably never heard of, and which Luser probably never read.

As for my being expelled from Paris, I deny it formally, though I will own that I had the honour to receive from the King of France a letter signed by his own hand, a letter which I still possess, and which I show to my friends. In it his majesty orders me, for reasons known to himself, to leave his kingdom. The bearer of the letter was a chevalier of the Order of Saint Louis, who told me I could leave at my own convenience, only it must be understood that I was not to go to the Hôtel d'Elbœuf, where I had had the foolhardiness to challenge the Marquis de Lille, who was not then twenty years old. I obeyed, and after having diverted myself for a year and a half in Spain, I returned to Paris, where I supped with the same Marquis de Lille at Monsieur d'Aiguebelle's. In 1783 I spent another three months in Paris, and what is more, a week at Fontainebleau, where I went with my brother, and provided with a passport from Monsieur de Vergennes. If you do not believe me you have only to go to Vienna, and ask my brother, whom you will find every day at the Prince de Kaunitz's table. You will perhaps sit next to him, for of course you will not be sent to the servants' hall. Such ways are peculiar to Dux. I can assure you I consider that a *lettre de cachet* does me more honour than your brevet of sub-lieutenant from His Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Majesty.

A major-general who knows you by reputation tells me, and I believe him, that you are an officer; it is true, but not in the same way that the others are!

Twelfth Letter.

As the good man Luser says you only know two things about me, I will tell you a few facts, by which you may know me in future.

But as I wish to avoid the accusation of fatuity, I will confine myself to negative indications, as theologians do when they wish to make some one understand what the devil is like.

1. I was not brought up in barracks.
2. I have never been beaten with a stick, till by your orders at Dux.
3. I have never held a military position by virtue of which I had to go from Peter to Paul at my superior's orders.
4. I have never been a drunkard.
5. I have never been seen in low company, or eating with such, until you obliged me to do so at Dux.
6. I never forged certificates to keep a pension which otherwise I should have lost.
7. I never allowed any one to be wanting in respect to a man with whom I was at table.
8. I have never refused to fight a duel with any one who demanded satisfaction from me.
9. I have never in my life forgiven a deliberate insult until I had the rogue who propounded it under my heel.
10. I have never calumniated any one.
11. I have never believed a defamatory libel.
12. I have never been wanting in the respect due to old age. I have never forgotten that due to a man who, without being born a gentleman, has made himself one by study and literature.
13. I have never been an habitual adulterer.
14. I have never made, or caused to be made, an effigy of any one.
15. I have never allowed any of my companions to kiss my hand before leaving the table.
16. I have never been driven to pass my time in low company in pot-houses for want of employment, my love of literature having always preserved me from this.
17. I have never broken open doors or locks, of which I was not the master, so as to cast suspicion on the probity of others.
18. I have never ordered a defenceless old man to be assassinated in the street.
19. I have never intercepted letters.
20. Finally, I have never exhausted myself by trying to find means of injuring and wounding my neighbours.

These twenty negative qualities may assist you in deducing some positive ones by which you will know me, but it may be impossible for you to do so, as to deduce one fact from another,

one principle from another, implies a certain amount of reason, method, judgment, and study in all of which you are wanting. How can I make you understand me? Poor sub-lieutenant! You must ask Viderol; *he is witty*, he has a *prodigious talent*. This is what you said yourself one day, when you stupidly and spitefully allowed him to take off your master and his, the Count von Waldstein, at table. For shame! you should blush, Faulkircher, and hide yourself from every eye!

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